



Mr. John Dryden.

Kerue. S.



Mr John Dryden.

Kentue. S.

The DRAMATICK
WORKS

O F

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

SECRET LOVE: *Or,*
The MAIDENQUEEN.

Sir MARTIN MAR-
ALL: *Or, The Feign'd*
Innocence.

The TEMPEST: Or,
The Enchanted Island.

EVENING'S LOVE:
Or, The MOCK
ASTROLOGER.

TYRANNICK LOVE:
Or, The ROYAL
MARTYR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakespear's Head*
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Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Crown and Lion in the Strand.

M DCCXXII

SECRET LOVE;

OR, THE

Maiden - Queen.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants.

*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

Horace.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

SECRET LOVE

OR THE

Maiden-Queen



THEATRE ROYAL

His Majesty's Serenities

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT has been the ordinary Practice of the *French* Poets, to dedicate their Works of this Nature to their King, especially when they have had the least Encouragement to it, by his Approbation of them on the Stage. But I confess, I want the Confidence to follow their Example, though perhaps I have as specious Pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boast of: It having been own'd in so particular a Manner by His Majesty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby rescued it from the Severity (that I may not say Malice) of its Enemies. But, though a Character so high and undeserv'd has not rais'd in me the Presumption to offer such a Trifle to his most serious View, yet I will own the Vanity to say, That after this Glory which it has receiv'd from

P R E F A C E.

a Sovereign Prince, I could not send it to seek Protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then sacred to him without the tedious Form of a Dedication, and without presuming to interrupt those Hours which he is daily giving to the Peace and Settlement of his People.

For what else concerns this Play; I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the strictest of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a Commendation which many of our Poets now despise, and a Beauty which our common Audiences do not easily discern. Neither indeed do I value my self upon it, because with all that Symmetry of Parts, it may want an Air and Spirit (which consists in the Writing) to set it off. 'Tis a Question variously disputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent Judge of his own Works. As to the Fabrick and Contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the Employment of the Judgment; which, as a Master-builder, he may determine, and that without Deception, whether the Work be according to the Exactness of the Model; still granting him to have a perfect Idea of that Pattern by which he works; and that he keeps himself always constant to the Discourse of his Judgment, without admitting Self-love, which is the false Surveyer of his Fancy, to intermeddle in it. These Qualifications granted (being such as all sound Poets are presupposed to have within them) I think all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly judge of the Frame and Texture of their Works. But for the Ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and
bizarre

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bizarre in Poesie than in any other kind, as it is properly the Child of Fancy, so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one, of its own Excellencies or Failures from the Judgment. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the Offices of the Judgment) here predominates: And Fancy (if I may so speak) judging of it self, can be no more certain or demonstrative of its own Effects, than two crooked Lines can be the adæquate Measure of each other. What I have said on this Subject may, perhaps, give me some credit with my Readers, in my Opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the rest of my Follies of this kind: Yet not thereby in the least dissenting from their Judgment, who have concluded the Writing of this to be much inferior to my *Indian Emperor*. But the Argument of that was much more Noble, not having the Allay of Comedy to depress it: Yet if this be more perfect, either in its kind, or in the general Notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I desire to have granted for the Vindication of my Opinion, and, what as nearly touches me, the Sentence of a Royal Judge. Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philocles* to be faulty; some for not discovering the Queen's Love, others for his joining in her Restraint. But though I am not of their Number, who obstinately defend what they have once said, I may with modesty take up those Answers which have been made for me by my Friends; namely, that *Philocles*, who was but a Gentleman of ordinary Birth, had no Reason to guess so soon at the Queen's Passion, she being a Person so much above him, and by the Suffrages of all her People, already destin'd to *Lyfimantes*:

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Besides, that he was prepossessed, (as the Queen somewhere hints it to him) with another Inclination which rendred him less clear-sighted in it, since no Man, at the same time, can distinctly view two different Objects; and if this, with any shew of Reason, may be defended, I leave my Masters, the Criticks, to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the Beauty of my Plot, that *Philocles* should be long kept ignorant of the Queen's Love, than that with one leap he should have entred into the Knowledge of it, and thereby freed himself, to the disgust of the Audience, from that pleasing Labyrinth of Errors which was prepar'd for him. As for that other Objection, of his joining in the Queen's Imprisonment, it is indisputably that which every Man, if he Examines himself, would have done on the like Occasion. If they answer, that it takes from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wise Censors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what necessity was there he should be so, the Variety of Images being one great Beauty of a Play? It was as much as I design'd, to shew one great and absolute Pattern of Honour in my Poem, which I did in the Person of the Queen: All the Defects of the other Parts being set to show, the more to recommend that one Character of Virtue to the Audience. But neither was the Fault of *Philocles* so great, if the Circumstances be consider'd, which, as moral Philosophy assures us, make the essential Differences of good and bad; he himself best explaining his own Intentions in his last Act, which was the Restauration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honesty of his

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his Expressions, when he was unavoidably led by the Impulsions of his Love to do it. That which with more reason was objected as an Indecorum, is the Management of the last Scene of the Play, where *Celadon* and *Florimel* are treating too lightly of their Marriage in the Presence of the Queen, who likewise seems to stand idle, while the great Action of the *Drama* is still depending. This I cannot otherwise defend, than by telling you, I so design'd it on purpose to make my Play go off more finartly; that Scene being, in the Opinion of the best Judges, the most divertising of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice succeeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a Fault, since it pleas'd His Majesty, the best Judge, to think it so. I have only to add, that the Play is founded on a Story in the *Cyrus*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*; in whose Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he represents that of the famous *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface to the *Maiden-Queen*; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that Satisfaction which you have had in seeing it on the Stage; the chief Parts of it, both serious and comick, being performed to that height of Excellence, that nothing but a Command which I could not handsomely disobey, could have given me the Courage to have made it publick.

P R O.



PROLOGUE.

HE who writ this, not without Pains and Thought,
From French and English Theaters has brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled Chime
Of Johnson's Humour, with Corneille's Rhyme.

III.

But while dead Coburs he with Care did lay,
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which howe'er fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o'er-seen Defendants wessy'd.

V.

And with that Art you make Approaches now;
Such skilful Fury in Assaults you show,
That every Poet without shame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly would attend your Doom,
If Soldier-like, he may have Terms to come
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and stays while a Tune is play'd,
after which he returns again.



Second PROLOGUE.

I Had forgot one half, I do protest,
And now am sent again to speak the rest.

He

P R O L O G U E.

He bows to every great and noble Wit,
 But to the little Hectors of the Pit
 Our Poet's sturdy, and will not submit.
 He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not stay
 To see each peevish Critick stab his Play:
 Each puny Censor, who his Skill to boast,
 Is cheaply witty on the Poet's Cost.
 No Critick's Verdict should, of right, stand good,
 They are excepted all as Men of Blood:
 And the same Law shall shield him from their Fury,
 Which has excluded Butchers from a Fury.
 You'd all be Wits——

But Writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
 The most compendious Method is to raib:
 Which you so like, you think your selves ill us'd
 When in smart Prologues you are not abus'd.
 A civil Prologue is approv'd by no Man;
 You hate it as you do a civil Woman:
 Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
 To have it quicken'd e'er you see a Play.
 Just as old Sinners worn from their Delight,
 Give Money to be whip'd to Appetite.
 But what a Pax keep I so much ado
 To save our Poet? He is one of you;
 A Brother Judgment, and as I hear say,
 A curs'd Critick as e'er damn'd a Play.
 Good salvage Gentlemen your own Kind spare,
 He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear;
 Yet think not he'll your ancient Rights invade,
 Or stop the Course of your free damming Trade.
 For he, (he Vows) at no Friend's Play can sit,
 But he must needs find Fault to shew his Wit:
 Then, for his sake, ne'er stint your own Delight;
 Throw boldly, for he sits to all that write;
 With such he ventures on an even lay,
 For they bring ready Money into Play.
 Those who write not, and yet all Writers nick,
 Are Bankrupt Gamesters, for they damn on Tick.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Queen of Sicily.</i>	<i>Mrs. Marshall.</i>
<i>Candiope, Princess of the Blood.</i>	<i>Mrs. Quin.</i>
<i>Asteria, the Queen's Confident.</i>	<i>Mrs. Knep.</i>
<i>Florimel, a Maid of Honour.</i>	<i>Mrs. Ellen Guyn.</i>
<i>Flavia, another Maid of Honour.</i>	<i>Mrs. F. Davenport.</i>
<i>Olinda, } Sisters.</i>	<i>Mrs. Rutter.</i>
<i>Sabina, }</i>	<i>Mrs. E. Davenport.</i>
<i>Melissa, Mother to Olinda and Sabina.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cory.</i>
<i>Lyfimantes, first Prince of the Blood.</i>	<i>Mr. Burt.</i>
<i>Philocles, the Queen's Favourite.</i>	<i>Major Mohun.</i>
<i>Celadon, a Courtier.</i>	<i>Mr. Hart.</i>

Guards, Pages of Honour, Soldiers.

The SCENE SICILY.

SECRET



SECRET LOVE;

OR, THE

Maiden-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is Walks near the Court.

Enter Celadon, and Asteria, meeting each other, he in riding Habit, they embrace.

CELADON.



EAR *Asteria!*

Asteria. My dear Brother, welcome; a thousand Welcomes: Methinks this Year you have been absent, has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your good Humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Ast. Or at a Funeral.

Cel

Cel. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whose Book perished with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Melissa's* two fair Daughters?

Ast. When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'll answer you.

Cel. Which of 'em, naughty Sister, what a Question's there? With both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em.

Ast. Bless me! you are not serious!

Cel. You look as if it were a wonder to see a Man in Love: Are they not handsome?

Ast. Ay, but both together——

Cel. Ay, and both asunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em, the tall singing and dancing one, and the little innocent one?

Ast. But you cannot marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em I trust in Heav'n; but I can keep th m Company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is somewhat better than musty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleasure, that cannot go to the Cost of variety: But I am out of Danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally, I can never make Choice between 'em. Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she, perhaps, be out of Humour; there were a Visit lost: But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own Gaiety, besides a thousand things that I could name.

Ast. And none of 'em to any purpose.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Ast. You know I am always busie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, 'till I am a little flush'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to prey for my self. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end the trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

Ast. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And reason good: Many a Man haps himself for the loss of one Mistress: How do you think then I should bear

bear the loss of two; especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown?

Asf. There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune

Cel. I am for her before the World: Bring me to her, and I'll release you of your Promise for the other two.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, the Queen expects you.

Cel. I see you hold her Favour; adieu, Sister; you have a little Emissary there, otherwise I would offer you my Service.

Asf. Farewel, Brother, think upon *Florimel*.

Cel. You may trust my Memory for an handsome Woman, I'll think upon her, and the rest too; I'll forget none of 'em.

[*Exit Asteria.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman walking over the Stage hastily: After him Florimel, and Flavia mask'd.

Fla. *Phormio*, *Phormio*, you will not leave us——

Gent. In Faith I have a little Business—— [*Exit Gent.*]

Cel. Cannot I serve you in the Gentleman's room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you serve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Who, could you not be constant to one?

Cel. Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good Purpose, if I must be constant to one; give me some twenty, some forty, some a hundred Mistresses, I have more Love than any Woman can turn her to.

Fla. Bless us, let us be gone, Cousin; we two are nothing in his Hands.

Cel. Yet for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any Man: I desire no Superfluities; only for necessary Change or so; as I shift my Linnen.

Fla. A pretty odd kind of Fellow this: he fits my Humour rarely.——

[*Aside.*]

Fla. You are as unconstant as the Moon.

Fla.

Flo. You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun; he would see all the World in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam; but, like him, I would visit and away.

Flo. For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover.

Cel. A rare Creature this!——Besides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks, when after all his eagerness of two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint Kiss and a cold Complement. Ladies both, into your Hands I commit my self; share me betwixt you.

Flo. I'll have nothing to do with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than lose either of you, I'll do more; I'll be constant to an hundred of you: Or, (if you will needs fetter me to one,) agree the Matter between your selves; and the most handsome take me.

Flo. Tho' I am not she, yet since my Mask's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good Faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once, I'll make a blind Bargain with you: Strike Hands; is't a Match, Mistress?

Flo. Done, Servant.

Cel. Now I am sure I have the worst on't: For you see the worst of me, and that I do not of you 'till you shew your Face.——Yet now I think on't, you must be handsome.——

Flo. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Just such a one as yours.

Flo. What's that?

Cel. Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazel Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows, and Hair as you have for all the World.

Flo. But I can assure you she has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, Envy; nay, I can be constant and I set on't.

Flo. 'Tis true she tells you.

Cel. Ay, ay, you may slander your self as you please; then you have,——let me see.

Flo.

Flo. I'll swear you sha'not see.

Cel. A turn'd up Nose, that gives an Air to your Face:
Oh, I find I am more and more in love with you! a
full neather Lip, an Out-mouth, that makes mine water
at it: The bottom of your Cheeks a little Blub, and two
Dimples when you smile; for your Stature 'tis well, and
for your Wit 'twas given you by one that knew it had
been thrown away upon an ill Face; come, you are
handsome, there's no denying it.

Flo. Can you settle your Spirits to see an ugly Face,
and not be frightened? I could find in my Heart to lift up
my Mask and disabuse you.

Cel. I defie your Mask, would you would try the Ex-
periment.

Flo. No I won't; for your Ignorance is the Mother
of your Devotion to me.

Cel. Since you will not take the pains to convert me,
I'll make bold to keep my Faith: A miserable Man I am
sure you have made me.

Flo. This is pleasant.

Cel. It may be so to you, but it is not to me; for
ought I see, I am going to the most constant *Maudlin*.—

Flo. 'Tis very well, *Celador*, you can be constant to
one you have never seen; and have forsaken all you have
seen.

Cel. It seems you know me then: Well, if thou should'st
prove one of my cast Mistresses, I would use thee most
damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flo. You are i'th' right: An old Mistress or Servant is
an old Tune, the pleasure on't is past, when we have
once learn'd it.

Flo. But what Woman in the World would you wish
her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward,
would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Hu-
mour.

Flo. Do you hear that, Cousin?

[To *Flor.* *aside.*

Flo. *Florimel's* not handsome: Besides, she's unconstant;
and only loves for some few Days.

Cel.

Cel. If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter Days and Summer Nights i'faith.

Flo. When you see us together you shall judge: In the mean time adieu sweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won't be so inhuman to carry away my Heart, and not so much as tell me where I may hear News on't?

Flo. I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you had it, you would bestow it worse: Farewel, I must see a Lady.

Cel. So must I too, if I can pull off your Mask.

Flo. You will not be so rude, I hope.

Cel. By this Light, but I will.

Flo. By this Leg, but you shan't.

[*Exeunt Flo. and Fla. running.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Philocles, and meets him going out.

Cel. How! my Cousin the new Favourite!— [*Aside.*]

Phil. Dear *Celadon*! most happily arriv'd.

I hear y'have been an Honour to your Country
In the *Calabrian Wars*, and I am glad
I have some Interest in it.

Cel. ————— But in you
I have a larger Subject for my Joys:
To see so rare a thing as rising Virtue,
And Merit, understood at Court.

Phil. Perhaps it is the only Act that can
Accuse our Queen of Weakness.

Enter Lyfimantes attended.

Lyf. O, my Lord *Philocles*, well overtaken!
I came to look you.

Phil. Had I known it sooner,
My swift Attendance, Sir, had spar'd your trouble.

——— Cousin, you see Prince *Lyfimantes* [*To Celadon.*]
Is pleas'd to favour me with his Commands:

I beg you'll be no Stranger now at Court.

Cel. So long as there be Ladies there, you need
Not doubt me. [*Exit Celadon.*]

Phil.

Phil. Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert.

Lys. My Lord *Philocles*, I'm glad we are alone;
There is a Business that concerns me nearly,
In which I beg your Love.

Phil. Command my Service.

Lys. I know your Interest with the Queen is great;
(I speak not this as envying your Fortune,
For frankly I confess you have deserv'd it.)
Besides, my Birth, my Courage and my Honour,
Are all above so base a Vice——

Phil. I know, my Lord; you are first Prince o'th' Blood;
Your Country's second Hope;
And that the Publick Vote, when the Queen weds,
Designs you for her Choice.

Lys. I am not worthy,
Except Love makes Desert;
For doubtless she's the Glory of her time;
Of faultless Beauty, blooming as the Spring
In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchless in Virtue,
And largely soul'd where-e'er her Bounty gives,
As with each Breath she could create new *Indies*.

Phil. But jealous of her Glory.

Lys. You are a Courtier; and in other Terms,
Would you say she is averse from Marriage,
Least it might lessen her Authority.
But, whensoever she does, I know the People
Will scarcely suffer her to match
With any neighb'ring Prince, whose Power might bend
Our free *Sicilians* to a foreign Yoke.

Phil. I love too well my Country to desire it.

Lys. Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)
The Provinces have sent their Deputies
Humbly to move her she would chuse at home:
And, for she seems averse from speaking with them,
By my Appointment, have design'd these Walks,
Where well she cannot shun them. Now, if you
Assist their Suit, by joining yours to it,
And by your Mediation I prove happy,
I freely Promise you——

Phil.

Phil. Without a Bribe command my utmost in it:—
And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me
The Confidence to name:—

Lys. 'Tis yours whatever:
But tell me true; does she not entertain
Some deep and settled Thoughts against my Person?

Phil. I hope not so; but she of late is froward;
Reserv'd, and sad, and vex'd at little things;
Which her great Soul asham'd of, strait shakes off,
And is compos'd again.

Lys. You are still near the Queen; and all our Actions
come to Princes Eyes, as they are represented by them
that hold the Mirror.

Phil. Here she comes, and with her the Deputies—
I fear all is not right.

*Enter Queen, Deputies after her; Asteria, Guard, Flavia,
Olinda and Sabina. Queen turns back to the Deputies,
and speaks entering.*

Queen. And I must tell you,
It is a sawcy Boldness, thus to press
On my Retirements—

1 Dep. Our Business being of no less concern
Than is the Peace and Quiet of your Subjects—
And that delay'd—

2 Dep. ——— We humbly took this time
To represent your People's Fears to you.

Queen. My People's Fears! who made them States-men?
They much mistake their Business, if they think
It is to govern:—

The Rights of Subjects, and of Sovereigns
Are things distinct in Nature: Theirs, is to
Enjoy Propriety, not Empire.

Lys. If they have err'd, 'twas but an Over-care;
An ill-tim'd Duty—

Queen. Cousin, I expect
From your near Blood, not to excuse, but check 'em.
They would impose a Ruler upon their lawful Queen:
For what's an Husband else?

Lys. Far, Madam, be it from the Thoughts
Of any, who pretends to that high Honour,

To wish for more than to be reckoned
As the most grac'd, and first of all your Servants.

Queen. These are the insinuating Promises
Of those who aim at Pow'r: But tell me, Cousin;
(For you are unconcern'd, and may be Judge)
Should that aspiring Man compass his Ends,
What Pawn of his Obedience could he give me,
When Kingly Pow'r were once invested in him?

Lys. What greater Pledge than Love? when those fair Eyes
Cast their commanding Beams, he that could be
A Rebel to your Birth, must pay them homage.

Queen. All Eyes are fair
That sparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:
But now I see my Government is odious;
My People find I am not fit to Reign,
Else they would never——

Lys. So far from that, we all acknowledge you
The Bounty of the Gods to Sicily:
More than they are, you cannot make our Joys;
Make them but lasting in a Successor.

Phil. Your People seek not to impose a Prince;
But humbly offer one to your free Choice;
And such a one as he is, (may I have leave
To speak some little of his great Deserts.)

Queen. I'll hear no more——
For you, attend to morrow at the Council, [To the Dep.
There you shall have my firm Resolves; mean time
My Cousin I am sure will welcome you.

Lys. Still more and more Mysterious: But I have
gain'd one of her Women that shall unriddle it:——
Come, Gentlemen——

All Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

[Exeunt Lysimantes and Deputies.

Queen. Philocles, you may stay.

Phil. I humbly wait your Majesty's Commands.

Queen. Yet now I better think on't you may go.

Phil. Madam!

Queen. I have no Commands——or, what's all one,
You, no Obedience.

Phil. How, no Obedience, Madam?

I plead no other Merit; 'tis the Charter
By which I hold your Favour, and my Fortunes.

Queen. My Favours are cheap Blessings, like Rain and
Sun-shine,

For which we scarcely thank the Gods, because
We daily have them.

Phil. Madam, your Breath which rais'd me from the Dust,
May lay me there again:

But Fate nor Time can ever make me lose
The Sense of your Indulgent Bounties to me.

Queen. You are above them now, grown Popular:
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you

That Usage! no Tongue but yours

To move me to a Marriage? ———

[Weeps.]

The factious Deputies might have some end in't,

And my ambitious Cousin gain a Crown;

But what Advantage could there come to you?

What could you hope from *Lysimantes* Reign,

That you can want in mine?

Phil. You your self clear me, Madam, had I sought
More Pow'r, this Marriage sure was not the way.

But, when your Safety was in Question,

When all your People were unsatisfied,

Desir'd a King, nay more, design'd the Man,

It was my Duty then ———

Queen. Let me be Judge of my own Safety;
I am a Woman,

But danger from my Subjects cannot fright me.

Phil. But *Lysimantes*, Madam, is a Person ———

Queen. I cannot love ———

Shall I, I who was born a Sovereign Queen,

Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives

The meanest Slave, a Freedom in my Love?

——— Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own Thoughts;

When next I need your Counsel, I'll send for you ———

Phil. I'm most Unhappy in your high Displeasure;

But, since I must not speak, Madam, be pleas'd

To peruse this, and therein read my Care.

[He plucks out a Paper, and presents it to her; but drops,
unknown to him, a Picture. Exit *Philocles*.]

Queen

Queen reads. A Catalogue of such Persons—

What's this he has let fall? *Asteria:* [Spies the Box]

Ast. Your Majesty—

Queen. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles*.

[She takes it up, looks on it, and smiles]

Queen. How now, what makes you merry?

Ast. A small Discovery I have made, Madam.

Queen. Of what?

Ast. Since first your Majesty grac'd *Philocles*,
I have not heard him nam'd for any Mistress,
But now this Picture has convinc'd me—

Queen. Ha! let me see it— [Snatches it from her]
Candispe, Prince *Lyssimantes*' Sister!

Ast. Your Favour, Madam, may encourage him—
And yet he loves in a high Place for him:
A Princess of the Blood, and what is more,
Beyond Comparison the fairest Lady
Our Isle can boast.

Queen. How! she the fairest
Beyond Comparison! 'Tis false, you flatter her;
She is not fair—

Ast. I humbly beg Forgiveness on my Knees,
If I offended you: But next yours, Madam,
Which all must yield to—

Queen. I pretend to none.

Ast. She passes for a Beauty.

Queen. Ay, she may pass— But why do I speak of her?
Dear *Asteria* lead me, I am not well o' th' sudden—

[She faints]

Ast. Who's near there? help the Queen.

[The Guards are coming]

Queen. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a Qualm,
And 'tis already going—

Ast. Dear Madam, what's the matter!
You're of late so alter'd, I scarce know you.
You were gay humour'd, and you now are pensive,
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my Boldness, that I press thus far
Into your secret Thoughts: I have at least
A Subject's share in you.

Queen. Thou hast a greater,
That of a Friend; but am I froward, say'st thou!

Ast. It ill becomes me, Madam, to say that.

Queen. I know I am: Prithee forgive me for it.
I cannot help it, but thou hast
Not long to suffer it.

Ast. Alas!

Queen. I feel my Strength each Day and Hour consume.
Like Lillies wasting in a Lymbeck's Heat.

Yet a few Days——

And thou shalt see me lye all damp and cold,
Shrowded within some hollow Vault, among
My silent Ancestors.

Ast. O dearest Madam!

Speak not of Death, or think not, if you die,
That I will stay behind.

Queen. Thy Love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The Pleasure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing so strange, so horrid of my self——

Ast. Bless me, sweet Heav'n!

So horrid, said you, Madam?

Queen. That Sun, who with one Look surveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me: And could the World
Take a right Measure of my State within,
Mankind must either pity me, or scorn me.

Ast. Sure none could do the last.

Queen. Thou long'st to know't;
And I to tell thee, but Shame stops my Mouth.
First promise me thou wilt excuse my Folly,
And next be secret——

Ast. ——Can you doubt it, Madam!

Queen. Yet you might spare my Labour;
Can you not guess——

Ast. Madam, please you, I'll try.

Queen. Hold, *Asteria*:

I would not have you guess, for should you find it,
I should imagine that some other might,
And then I were most wretched;
Therefore, though you should know it, flatter me:
And say you could not guess it——

Ast.

Asf. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot—and yet,
Might not Ambition trouble your Repose?

Queen. My Sicily, I thank the Gods, contents me.
But since I must reveal it, know 'tis Love:
I who pretended so to Glory, am
Become the Slave of Love——

Asf. I thought your Majesty had fram'd Designs
To subvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant,
Or vex your Neighbours with injurious Wars;
Is this all, Madam?

Queen. Is not this enough?
Then, know, I love below my self; a Subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.

Asf. He must be told it, Madam.

Queen. Not for the World, *Asteria*:
Whene'er he knows it, I shall die for shame.

Asf. What is it then that would content you?

Queen. Nothing, but that I had not lov'd.

Asf. May I not ask without Offence who 'tis?

Queen. Ev'n that confirms me I have lov'd amiss;
Since thou canst know I love, and not imagine
It must be *Philocles*.

Asf. My Cousin is indeed a most deserving Person;
Valiant and wise; and handsome, and well-born.

Queen. But not of Royal Blood:
I know his Fate unfit to be a King.
To be his Wife, I could forsake my Crown; but not my
Glory:

Yet——would he did not love *Candiope*;
Would he lov'd me——but knew not of my Love,
Or e'er durst tell me his.

Asf. In all this Labyrinth,
I find one Path conducing to your Quiet.

Queen. O tell me quickly then.

Asf. *Candiope*, as Princess of the Blood,
Without your Approbation cannot marry:
First break his Match with her, by Vertue of
Your Sovereign Authority.

Queen. I fear that were to make him hate me.
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him:
Could you not do it of your self?

Ast. I'll not be wanting to my Pow'r:
But if your Majesty appears not in it;
The Love of *Philocles* will soon surmount
All other Difficulties.

Queen. Then, as we walk, we'll think what means are
best,
Effect but this, and thou shar'st half my Breast. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Queen's Apartment.

Asteria sola.

Nothing thrives that I have plotted:
For I have sounded *Philocles*, and find
He is too constant to *Candiope*:
Her too I have assaulted, but in vain,
Objecting want of Quality in *Philocles*.
I'll to the Queen, and plainly tell her
She must make use of her Authority
To break the Match.

SCENE II.

Enter Celadon looking about him.

Brother! what make you here
About the Queen's Apartments?
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn to
make me soundly in Love.

Ast. Then I'll bespeak you one, you will be desp'rately
in Love with; *Florimel*: So soon as the Queen heard
you were return'd, she gave you her for Mistress.

Cel.

Cel. Thank her Majesty; but to confess the Truth, my Fancy lyes partly another way.

Asl. That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are already in Love with her.

Cel. She wrongs me horribly, if ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel*——

Asl. Well, take your Fortune, I must leave you.

[*Exit Asteria.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Florimel, sees him, and is running back.

Cel. Nay i'faith I am got betwixt you and home; you are my Pris'ner, Lady Bright, till you resolve me one Question. [*She makes signs she is dumb.*] Pox; I think she's dumb: What a Vengeance dost thou at Court, with such a rare Face, without a Tongue to answer to a kind Question? Art thou dumb, indeed? then thou canst tell no Tales——

[*Goes to kiss her.*]

Flo. Hold, hold, you are not mad!

Cel. Oh, my Miss in a Mask! have you found your Tongue?

Flo. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flo. Ay, if my Mask had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

Cel. Well; will you believe me another time? Did not I say you were infinitely handsome: They may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but i'faith she must come short of you.

Flo. Have you seen her, then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her, she is not to be seen twice without a Surfeit.

Flo. However you are beholden to her, they say she loves you.

Cel. By Fate she shan't love me: I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox o' these coming Women: They set a Man to Dinner before he has an Appetite.

[*Flavia at the Door.*]

Flo. *Florimel*, you are call'd within. ————— [Exit.]

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*.

Flo. Ev'n she, at you Service; the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have describ'd.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already: I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flo. But, without railery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conscience I could marry you.

Flo. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; But if you are really in love, you have done me the greatest Pleasure in the World.

Cel. That Pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

Flo. This Animal, call'd a Lover, I have long'd to see these two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Mask on all the while; for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your Wish.

Flo. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover; but I must have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You shall have the best that I can give you.

Flo. I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his Neck, poison himself, for very Despair: He that will scruple this, is an impudent Fellow, if he says he is in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of these four things would you have your Lover do? For a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and poison himself, all together.

Flo. Well then, because you are but a Beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of Love to you, than any of those Tragical ones you have mentioned.

Flo. However you will grant it is but decent you should be pale, and lean, and melancholick, to shew you
are

are in Love: And that I shall require of you when I see you next.

Cel. When you see me next? Why you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be lean at twenty four Hours warning? In the mean while we burn Day-light, lose Time and Love.

Flo. Would you marry me without Consideration?

Cel. To chuse, by Heav'n, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never do it; hang forecast; to make sure of one good Night is as much in reason as a Man should expect from this ill World.

Flo. Methinks a few more Years and Discretion would do well: I do not like this going to Bed so early; it makes one so weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much as your Pillow is laid, before you go to sleep.

Flo. Shall I make a Proposition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in; to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober and faithful, and to pay me all the Services of a Lover,——

Cel. And at the end of it you'll marry me?

Flo. If neither of us alter our Minds before.——

Cel. By this Light a necessary Clause.—— But if I pay in all the foresaid Services before the Day, you shall be oblig'd to take me sooner into Mercy.

Flo. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a Twelve-month to be prolong'd; so many Services, I will bate you so many Days or Weeks; so many Faults, I will add to your 'Prentiship so much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philocles and Lyfimantes.

Lys. Is the Queen this way, Madam?

Flo. I'll see, so please your Highness: Follow me, Captive.

Cel. March on Conqueror—— *[She pulls him.]*

[Exeunt Cel. Flo.]

Lys. You're sure her Majesty will not oppose it?

Phil. Leave that to me, my Lord.

Lyf. Then, tho' perhaps my Sister's Birth might challenge
An higher Match,
I'll weigh your Merits on the other side,
To make the Ballance even.

Phil. I go, my Lord, this Minute.

Lyf. My best Wishes wait on you. [Exit *Lyfimantes*.]

SCENE V.

Enter the Queen and Asteria.

Queen. Yonder he is; have I no other way?

Ast. O Madam, you must stand this brunt:
Deny him now, and leave the rest to me:
I'll to *Candiope's* Mother,
And under the pretence of Friendship, work
On her Ambition to put off a Match
So mean as *Philocles*.

Queen. You may approach, Sir: [To *Phil.*]
We two discourse no Secrets.

Phil. I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal Bounty.

Queen. Some Suit I warrant for your Cousin *Celador*.
Leave his Advancement to my Care.

Phil. Your Goodness still prevents my Wishes.—
Yet I have one Request,
Might it not pass almost for Madness, and
Extream Ambition in me.—

Queen. You know you have a favourable Judge;
It lies in you not to ask any thing
I cannot grant.

Phil. Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty:
But Love alone inspires me with Ambition,
Tho' but to look on fair *Candiope* were an Excuse for both.

Queen. Keep your Ambition, and let Love alone;
That I can cloy, but this I cannot cure.
I have some Reasons (invincible to me) which must forbid
Your Marriage with *Candiope*.

Phil. I knew I was not worthy.

Queen. Not for that, *Philocles*; you deserve all things,
And to show I think it, my Admiral I hear is dead.

His

His vacant place (the best in all my Kingdom)
I here confer on you.

Phil. Rather take back all you had giv'n before,
Than not give this.

For believe, Madam, nothing is so near
My Soul as the Possession of *Candiope*.

Queen. Since that Belief would be to your disadvantage,
I will not entertain it.

Phil. Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?
To give me all things which I did not ask,
And yet deny that only thing I beg:
And so beg, that I find I cannot live
Without the hope of it.

Queen. Hope greater things;
But hope not this. Haste to overcome your Love,
It is but putting a short-liv'd Passion to a violent Death.

Phil. I cannot live without *Candiope*.
But I can die without a murmur,
Having my Doom pronounc'd from your fair Mouth.

Queen. If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles*.
But live without (I was about to say) *[Aside.]*
Without his Love, but that I cannot do;
Live *Philocles* without *Candiope*.

Phil. Madam, could you give my Doom so quickly,
And knew it was irrevocable?
'Tis too apparent
You who alone love Glory, and whose Soul
Is loosen'd from your Senses, cannot judge
What Torments mine of grosser Mould endures.

Queen. I cannot suffer you
To give me Praises which are not my own:
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched
Than you can think your self.

Phil. Weak Bars they needs must be, that Fortune puts
Twixt Sovereign Power, and all it can desire.
When Princes love, they call themselves unhappy,
Only, because the word sounds handsome in a Lover's
Mouth,

But you can cease to be so when you please,
By making *Lyfimantes* fortunate.

Queen. Were he indeed the Man, you had some reason;
But 'tis another, more without my Power,
And yet a Subject too.

Phil. O, Madam, say not so,
It cannot be a Subject, if not he,
It were to be injurious to your self
To make another Choice.

Queen. Yet *Lyfimantes*, set by him I love,
Is more obscur'd than Stars too near the Sun;
He has a Brightness of his own,
Not borrow'd of his Father's, but born with him.

Phil. Pardon if I say, who e'er he be,
He has practis'd some ill Acts upon you, Madam;
For he, whom you describe, I see is born
But from the Lees o'th' People.

Queen. You offend me, *Philocles*.
Whence had you leave to use those insolent Terms
Of him I please to love? One, I must tell you,
(Since foolishly I have gone thus far)
Whom I esteem your Equal,
And far superior to Prince *Lyfimantes*;
One, who deserves to wear a Crown,——

Phil. Whirlwinds bear me hence, before I live
To that detested Day.——That Frown assures me
I have offended, by my Over-freedom;
But yet methinks a Heart so plain and honest
And zealous of your Glory, might hope your Pardon for it.

Queen. I give it you; but
When you know him better
You'll alter your Opinion; he's no ill Friend of yours,

Phil. I well perceive
He has supplanted me in your Esteem;
But that's the le'st of Ills this fatal Wretch
Has practis'd—Think, for Heav'n's sake, Madam, think
If you have drunk no Philter.——

Queen. Yes, he has given me a Philter;
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.

Phil. Hot Irons thank 'em for't.——

[Softly, or turning from her.

Queen.

Queen. What's that you mutter?
Hence from my sight: I know not whether
I ever shall endure to see you more.

Phil. But hear me, Madam

Queen. I say begone.—See me no more this Day.—
I will not hear one word in your Excuse:
Now, Sir, be rude again; *And give Laws to your Queen.*
[Exit Philocles bowing.]

Asteria, come hither.

Was ever Boldness like to this of *Philocles*?

Help me to reproach him, for I resolve

Henceforth no more to love him.

Ast. Truth is, I wonder'd at your Patience, Madam:
Did you not mark his Words, his Mien, his Action,
How full of Haughtiness, how small Respect?

Queen. And he to use me thus, he whom I favour'd,
Nay more, he whom I lov'd?

Ast. A Man methinks of vulgar Parts and Presence!

Queen. Or allow him something handsome, valiant,
Or so——Yet this to me!——

Ast. The Workmanship of inconsiderate Favour,
The Creature of rash Love; one of those Meteors
Which Monarchs raise from Earth,
And People wondring how they came so high,
Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Famine.

Queen. Ha!

Ast. One whom instead of banishing a Day,
You should have plum'd of all his borrow'd Honours,
And let him see what abject things they are
Whom Princes often love without Desert.

Queen. What has my *Philocles* deserv'd from thee,
That thou shouldst use him thus?

Were he the basest of Mankind, thou couldst not
Have given him ruder Language.

Ast. Did not your Majesty command me?
Did not your self begin?

Queen. I grant I did, but I have right to do it;
I love him, and may rail;——in you 'tis Malice;
Malice in the most high degree; for never Man
Was more deserving than my *Philocles*.

Or,

Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that Title?

Confess, and I'll forgive you—

For none can look on him, but needs must love.

Asf. I love him, Madam! I beseech your Majesty

Have better Thoughts of me.

Queen. Dost thou not love him then?

Good Heav'n, how stupid, and how dull is she!

How most invincibly insensible!

No Woman does deserve to live

That loves not *Philoctetes*—

Asf. Dear Madam, recollect your self; alas

How much distracted are your Thoughts, and how

Dis-jointed all your Words—

The Sibyls Leaves more orderly were laid.

Where is that harmony of Mind, that Prudence

Which guided all you did! that Sense of Glory,

Which rais'd you, high above the rest of Kings,

As Kings are o'er the Level of Mankind!

Queen. Gone, gone, *Asferin*; all is gone,

Or lost within me, far from any use.

Sometimes I struggle like the Sun in Clouds,

But straight I am o'er-cast—

Asf. I grieve to see it—

Queen. Then thou hast yet the Goodness

To Pardon what I said—

Alas, I use my self much worse than thee.

Loves rages in great Souls,

For there his Power most Opposition finds;

High Trees are shook, because they dare the Winds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the Court Gallery.

Philocles solus.

TIS true, she banish'd me but for a Day;
But Favourites, once declining, sink apace;
Yet Fortune, stop——this is the likeliest Place
To meet *Asteria*, and by her convey
My humble Vows to my offended Queen.

Enter Queen and Asteria.

Ha! she comes her self; unhappy Man!
Where shall I hide? ———— [*Is going out.*]

Queen. Is not that *Philocles*?
Who makes such haste away? *Philocles, Philocles*——

Phil. I fear'd she saw me. [*Coming back.*]

Queen. How now, Sir, am I such a Bugbear
That I scare People from me?

Phil. 'Tis true, I should more carefully have shunn'd
The Place where you might be; as, when it thunders.
Men reverently quit the open Air,
Because the angry Gods are then abroad.

Queen. What does he mean, *Asteria*!
I do not understand him.

Ast. Your Majesty forgets you banish'd him
Your Presence for this Day. [*To her softly.*]

Queen. Ha! banish'd him! 'tis true indeed;
But, as thou say'st, I had forgot it quite. [*To her.*]

Ast. That's very strange, scarce half an Hour ago.

Queen. But Love had drawn his Pardon up so soon,
That I forgot he e'er offended me.

Phil. Pardon me, that I could not thank you sooner:
Your sudden Grace, like some swift Flood pour'd in
On narrow Banks, o'er-flow'd my Spirits.

Queen.

Queen. No; 'tis for me to ask your Pardon, *Philocles*,
For the great Injury I did you
In my remembring I was angry with you.
But I'll repair my Fault,
And rowze my Anger up against you yet.

Phil. No, Madam, my Forgiveness was your Act of Grace,
And I lay hold of it.

Queen. Princes sometimes may pass
Acts of Oblivion, in their own Wrong.

Phil. 'Tis true, but not recal them.

Queen. But, *Philocles*, since I have told you there is one
I love; I will go on; and let you know
What pass'd this Day betwixt us; be our Judge
Whether my Servant have dealt well with me.

Phil. I beseech your Majesty excuse me:
Any thing more of him may make me
Relapse too soon, and forfeit my late Pardon.

Queen. But you'll be glad to know it.

Phil. May I not hope then
You have some quarrel to him?

Queen. Yes, a great one.
But first to justifie my self.
Know, *Philocles*, I have conceal'd my Passion
With such care from him, that he knows not yet
I love, but only that I much esteem him.

Phil. O stupid Wretch,
That by a thousand Tokens could not guess it!

Queen. He Loves elsewhere, and that has blinded him.

Phil. He's blind indeed!
So the dull Beasts in the first Paradise
With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their Kind;
There fix'd their Love: And ne'er look'd up to view
That glorious Creature Man, their Sovereign Lords.

Queen. Y'are too severe on little Faults, but he
Has Crimes, untold,
Which will, I fear, move you much more against him.
He fell this Day into a Passion with me,
And boldly contradicted all I said.

Phil. And stands his Head upon his Shoulders yet?
How long shall this most insolent——

Queen.

Queen. Take heed you rail not,
You know you are but on your good Behaviour.

Phil. Why then I will not call him Traitor——
But only Rude, Audacious and Impertinent,
To use his Sovereign so——I beg your Leave
To wish you have at least imprison'd him.

Queen. Some People may speak ill, and yet mean well:
Remember you were not confin'd; and yet
Your Fault was great. In short, I love him,
And that excuses all; but be not jealous;
His rising shall not be your Overthrow,
Nor will I ever marry him——

Phil. That's some comfort yet,
He shall not be a King.

Queen. He never shall. But you are discompos'd;
Stay here a little; I have somewhat for you
Shall shew you still are in my Favour.

[*Exeunt Queen and Aleria.*]

Enter to him Candiope weeping.

Phil. How now, in Tears, my fair *Candiope*?
So through a watry Cloud
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine.
For what Forefathers Sin do you afflict
Those precious Eyes! For sure you have
None of your own to weep.

Cand. My Crimes both great and many needs must shew,
Since Heav'n will punish them with losing you.

Phil. Afflictions sent from Heav'n without a Cause,
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.
But Heav'n, which moulding Beauty takes such care,
Makes gentle Fates on Purpose for the Fair:
And Destiny that sees them so divine,
Spins all their Fortunes in a silken Twine:
No mortal Hand so ignorant is found
To weave coarse Work upon a precious Ground.

Cand. Go preach this Doctrine in my Mother's Ears.

Phil. Has her Severity produc'd these Tears?

Cand. She has recall'd those hopes she gave before,
And strictly bids me ne'er to see you more.

Phil. Changes in froward Age are Natural;
Who hopes for constant Weather in the Fall?

The MAIDEN QUEEN.

'Tis in your Pow'r your Duty to transfer,
And place that Right in me which was in her.

Cand. Reason, like foreign Foes, would nie'er overcome,
But that I find I am betray'd at home.

You have a Friend that fights for you within.

Phil. Let Reason ever lose, so Love may win.

Enter Queen with a Picture in her Hand, and Asteria.

Queen. See there, *Asteria*,

All we have done succeeds still to the worse;

We hindred him from seeing her at home,

Where I but only heard they lov'd; and now

She comes to Court; and mads me with the Sight on't.

Ast. Dear Madam, overcome your self a little,

Or they'll perceive how much you are concern'd.

Queen. I struggle with my Heart——

But it will have some vent.

Cousin, you are a Stranger at the Court. [To *Cand.*]

Cand. It was my Duty, I confess,

To attend oftner on your Majesty.

Queen. *Asteria*, mend my Cousin's Handkerchief;

It fits too narrow there, and shows too much

The Broadness of her Shoulders——Nay fie, *Asteria*,

Now you put it too much backward, and discover

The bigness of her Breasts.

Cand. I beseech your Majesty

Give not your self this trouble.

Queen. Sweet Cousin, you shall pardon me;

A Beauty such as yours

Deserves a more than ordinary Care,

To set it out.

Come hither, *Philocles*, do but observe,

She has but one gross Fault in all her Shape,

That is, she bears up here too much,

And the malicious Workman has left it

Open to your Eye

Phil. Where, and 'please your Majesty?

Methinks 'tis very well.

Queen. Do not you see it? Oh how blind is Love!

Cand. And how quick-sighted Malice! [Aside.

Queen.

Queen. But yet methinks, those Knots of Sky do not
So well with the dead Colour of her Face.

Ast. Your Majesty mistakes, she wants no red.

[*The Queen here plucks out her Glass, and looks some-
times on her self, sometimes on her Rival.*]

Queen. How do I look to Day, *Asteria*!

Methinks not well,

Ast. Pardon me, Madam, most victoriously.

Queen. What think you, *Philocles*? come, do not flatter.

Phil. Paris was a bold Man, who presum'd
To judge the Beauty of a Goddess.

Cand. Your Majesty has given the Reason why
He cannot judge; his Love has blinded him.

Queen. Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye
Might hide that dismal Hollowness.

What think you, *Philocles*?

Cand. Beseech you, Madam, ask not his Opinion:
What my Faults are it is no matter;
He loves me with them all.

Queen. Ay, he may love, but when he marries you,
Your Bridal shall be kept in some dark Dungeon.
Farewel, and think of that, too easie Maid,
I blush thou shar'st my Blood.

[*Exeunt Queen and Asteria.*]

Cand. Inhuman Queen!

Thou canst not be more willing to resign
Thy part in me, than I to give up mine.

Phil. Love, how few Subjects do thy Laws fulfil,
And yet those few, like us, thou usest ill!

Cand. The greatest Slaves, in Monarchies, are they,
Whom Birth sets nearest to imperial Sway;
While jealous Pow'r does sullenly o'erspy,
We play like Deer within the Lion's Eye.
Would I for you some Shepherdess had been;
And, but each *May*, ne'er heard the Name of Queen.

Phil. If you were so, might I some Monarch be,
Then, you should gain what now you lose by me:
Then, you in all my Glories should have part,
And Rule my Empire, as you Rule my Heart.

Cand.

Cand. How much our golden Wishes are in vain?
When they are past, we are our selves again.

Enter Queen and Asteria above.

Queen. Look, look *Asteria*, yet they are not gone.
Hence we may hear what they discourse alone.

Phil. My Love inspires me with a gen'rous Thought,
Which you unknowing, in those Wishes taught.
Since Happiness may out of Courts be found,
Why stay we here on this enchanted Ground:
And chuse not rather with Content to dwell
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell? [great,

Cand. Those who, like you, have once in Courts been
May think they wish, but wish not to retreat.
They seldom go, but when they cannot stay;
As losing Gamesters throw the Dice away:
Ev'n in that Cell, where you Repose would find,
Visions of Court will haunt your restless Mind;
And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing Shapes of all you had before.

Phil. He, who with your Possession once is blest,
On easie Terms may part with all the rest.
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;
And those white Arms shall all my Wishes bound.
Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away;
Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Cand. Thus Hope mis-leads it self in pleasant way;
And takes more Joys on trust than Love can pay!
But Love, with long Possession, once decay'd,
That Face which now you Court, you will upbraid.

Phil. False Lovers broach these tenets, to remove
The Fault from them, by placing it on Love——

Cand. Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,
Old Age will come, and then it must expire:
Youth but a while does at Love's Temple stay,
As some fair Inn to lodge it on the way.

Phil. Your Doubts are kind; but to be satisfy'd
I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.

Cand.

Cand. Tryals of Love too dear the making cost;
For if successless, the whole Venture's lost.

What you propose, brings Wants and Care along.

Phil. Love can bear both.

Cand. But is your Love so strong?

Phil. They do not want, who wish not to have more;
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?

Cand. To answer generously as you have done,
I should not by your Arguments be won;
I know I urge your Ruin by consent;
Yet love too well that Ruin to prevent.

Phil. Like Water giv'n to those whom Feavers fry:
You kill but him, who must without it die.

Cand. Secure me I may love without a Crime;
Then, for our Flight, appoint both Place and Time.

Phil. Th' ensuing Hour my plighted Vows shall be;
The Time's not long; or only long to me.

Cand. Then, let us go where we shall ne'er be seen
By my hard Mother.

Phil. Or my cruel Queen. [Exeunt *Phil.* and *Cand.*

Queen above. O *Philocles*, unkind to call me cruel!

So false *Aeneas* did from *Dido* fly;

But never branded her with Cruelty.

How I despise my self for loving so!

As. At once you hate your self, and love him too.

Queen. No, his Ingratitude has cur'd my Wound:
A painful Cure indeed!

As. And yet not sound.

His Ignorance of your true Thoughts

Excuses this; you did seem cruel, Madam.

Queen. But much of kindness still was mix'd with it,
Who could mistake so grossly, not to know

A *Cupid* frowning when he draws his Bow?

As. He's going now to smart for his Offence.

Queen. Should he without my Leave depart from hence?

As. No matter; since you hate him, let him go.

Queen. But I my Hate by my Revenge will show:
Besides, his Head's a forfeit to the State.

As. When you take that, I will believe you hate.

Let

Let him possess, and then he'll soon repent:
And so his Crime will prove his Punishment.

Queen. He may repent; but he will first possess.

Ast. O, Madam, now your Hatred you confess:
If his possessing her your Rage does move,
'Tis Jealousie, the Avarice of Love.

Queen. No more, *Asteria*.

Seek *Lyfsmantes* out, bid him set his Guards
Through all the Court and City.
Prevent their Marriage first; then stop their Flight.
Some fitting Punishments I will ordain,
But speak not you of *Philocles* again:
'Tis bold to search, and dangerous to find
Too much of Heav'n's, or of a Prince's Mind.

[*Queen descends, and Exit.*

*As the Queen has done speaking, Flavia is going hastily over
the Stage; Asteria sees her.*

Ast. Flavia, Flavia, whither so fast?

Fla. Did you call, *Asteria*?

Ast. The Queen has business with Prince *Lyfsmantes*;
Speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him.

[*Exit Asteria from above.*

Fla. I suspect somewhat, but I'll watch you close;
Prince *Lyfsmantes* has not chose in me
The worst Spy of the Court——
Celadon! what makes he here!

*Enter Celadon, Olinda, and Sabina; they walk over the
Stage together, he seeming to court them.*

Olind. Nay, sweet *Celadon*——

Sab. Nay, dear *Celadon*.

Fla. O-ho! I see his Business now, 'tis with *Melissa's*
two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to see
if the Coast be clear; like an Hawk that will not plume,
if she be look'd on. [Exit *Cel.* *Olind.* and *Sab.*

So——at last he has trufs'd his Quarry——

Enter Florimel.

Flo. Did you see *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not ask'd the Question, I should have
thought you had come from watching him; he's just
gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

Fla.

Flo. *Melissa's* Daughters! he did not Court 'em, I hope?

Fla. So busily, he lost no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kissing the other's Hand.

Flo. O fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they so greedy of him! did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way; for my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' Service.——Nay, never vex your self, but e'en resolve to break with him.

Flo. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him first, and then hope the best from time.

Fla. From time! believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glass bring any thing but grey Hair, thin Cheeks, and loss of Teeth: You see *Celadon* loves others.

Flo. There's the more hope he may love me among the rest: Hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Fops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a Servant that is an high Flier at all Games; that is bounteous of himself to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of Matrimony, should come down with a Swing, and fly the better at his own Quarry.

Fla. But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

Flo. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the trial?

Flo. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flo. That's a good one, who shall take the Forfeit?

Fla. I'll go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strange combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flo. Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like some one better than all the rest.

Fla. But then your Bee must not leave his Sting behind him.

Flo.

Flo. Well; make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole noise of Fiddlers at his Heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband shall I have?—

Enter Celadon.

Flo. And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in discourse the while?

[Exit Flo.]

Cel. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run away thus? Pray stand to't, that we may dispatch this Business.

Flo. I think you mean to watch me as they do Witches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a bustle have you kept this Afternoon? What with eating, singing and dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear of any more Love this Fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you surfeit on't before tryal, Lord have mercy upon you when I have marry'd you.

Flo. But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cel. I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it ere he dies!

Flo. As long as ever he can, I'll pass my Word for him.

Cel. I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the news of a better World; and ne'er stay for him.

Flo. But e'en marry; and get him Grandchildren in abundance, and great Grandchildren upon them, and so inch him and shove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations:—if that be the way, you must excuse me.

Cel. But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flo. No, nor hope I shan't these twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemned to tell Stories, how many Men thou mightest have had; and none believe thee: Then thou growest froward, and impudently weariest all thy Friends to sollicite Man for thee.

Flo

Flo. Away with your old Common-place-wit: I am resolv'd to grow fat and look young 'till forty, and then slip out of the World with the first Wrinkle, and the Reputation of five and twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a reckoning betwixt us?

Flo. How do you mean?

Cel. To discount for so many Days of my Year's Service, as I have paid in since Morning.

Flo. With all my Heart.

Cel. *Imprimis*, For a Treat.

Item, For my Glafs Coach.

Item, For sitting bare and wagging your Fan.

And lastly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long Hour and half.

Flo. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service; now hear your Bill of Faults; for your Comfort 'tis a short one.

Cel. I know it.

Flo. *Imprimis*, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Meliss's* Daughters.

Cel. How the Pox came you to know of that? Gad I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells you of my Sins. [Aside.]

Flo. The Offence being so small, the Punishment shall be but proportionable, I will set you back only half a Year.

Cel. You're most unconscionable: When then do you think we shall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for some Cousin of *Methusalem's*, that I must stay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flo. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a Fort-night more for that.

Cel. So there's another puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of Scotland.

Flo. All this is nothing to your Excuse for the two Sisters.

Cel.

Cel. 'Faith if ever I did more than kiss 'em, and that but once,——

Flo. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou shalt know dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flo. You talk, you talk; could you kiss 'em, though but once, and ne'er think of me?

Cel. Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times, with the very force of Imagination.

Flo. The Gallants are mightily beholden to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses, upon other Womens Lips.

Cel. What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make some slight Excursions into the Enemies Country for Forage, or so, but I ever return to my head Quarters.

Enter one with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Mess. If your Name be *Celadon*. [*Cel. reads softly.*]

Flo. He's swallowing the Pill; presently we shall see the Operation.

Cel. to the Page. Child, come hither Child; here's Money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child.——[*Thrusts him out.*] Very good, the Sisters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there!——Now cannot I forbear and I should be damn'd, tho' I have scap'd a scouring so lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together; — there's the Riddle on't: But only for the sweet sake of Variety.—— [*Aside.* Well, we must all sin, and we must all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flo. What is it that makes you fidge up and down so?

Cel. 'Faith I am sent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a Business of Life and Death.

Flo. On my Life some Woman?

Cel.

Cel. On my Honour, some Man; do you think I would lie to you?

Flo. But you engag'd to sup with me!

Cel. But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in your Lodgings.

Adieu, dear Miss; if ever I am false to thee again.

[*Exit Celadon.*]

Flo. See what constant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em: And yet methinks I can't endure he should neither. Lord, that such a Mad-cap as I should ever live to be jealous! I must after him.

Some Ladies would discard him now, but I

A fitter way for my Revenge will find,

I'll marry him, and serve him in his kind. [Exit *Flo.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Walks.*

Melissa, after her Olinda and Sabina.

Mel. I Must take this Business up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my House again. Well, I'll be bold to say it, 'tis as easie to bring up a young Lion, without Mischief, as a Maidenhead of fifteen, to make it tame for an Husband's Bed: Not but that the young Man is handsome, rich and young, and I could be content he should marry one of 'em, but to seduce 'em both in this manner.——Well, I'll examine 'em apart, and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his Choice.——*Olinda*, Come hither Child.——

Olin. Your pleasure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but for your good, *Olinda*; what think you of *Celadon*?

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Olin.

Olin. Why I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet I have some Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs of the Guitarre, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earnest, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two so cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Musick. In short, we are each others counterpart.

Mel. But does he love you seriously?

Olin. Seriously! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I should not love him: But we sit and talk, and wrangle, and are Friends; when we are together we never hold our Tongues; and then we have always a noise of Fiddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare; and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me.

[*Olinda goes behind.*]

This is a Riddle past my finding out: Whether he loves her or no is the Question; but this I am sure of, she loves him:—O my little Favourite, I must ask you a Question concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at least if a Man's Word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what Expressions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part: He has spoken civilly to me, and I was not so young but I understood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have sworn never to marry; besides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you Mother, I would be content to be sacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am resolv'd to die a Maid, that's once, Mother.—

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I can not yet find he loves either of 'em.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel.

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Mel. Peace, Wanton; you had best ring the Bells for Joy. Well, I'll not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest best: I'll give him opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

Olin. This is something hard though. [Exit *Mel.*

Enter Celadon

Cel. You see, Ladies, the least Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Twas well you found us.

Cel. Found you! half this Brightness betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family; such a Voice, such a Wit, so noble a Stature, so white a Skin——

Olin. I thought he would be particular at last. [*Aside.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, so sweet an Innocence, such a Rose-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little withdrawing Room——A word, Madam.—— [To *Sab.*

Olin. I like not this—[*Aside.*] Sir, if you are not too busie with my Sister, I would speak with you.

Cel. I come, Madam.——

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finish your Discourse.— and as you were a saying, Sir,——

Olin. Sweet Sir.——

Sab. Sister, you forget, my Mother bid you make haste.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming.——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Messenger of ill News; but if you please, I'll send her word you won't come.——

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this.— [Exit *Olin.*

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple: She's so high, that every time she sings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that tolls to Church.——Ha! give me my little Fifth-rate that lies so snug.——She! hang her, a Dutch-built Bottom: She's so tall, there's no boarding her. But we lose time——Madam, let me seal my

Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiss.*] Soft and sweet by Heav'n! sure you wear Rose-leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord; what's the Matter with me! My Breath grows so short, I can scarce speak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll speak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me——

Cel. I warrant thee; sit down by me and kiss again.— She warms faster than *Pygmalion's* Image. [*Aside.*]—— [*Kiss.*]— Ay marry, Sir, this was the original Use of Lips; talking, eating, and drinking came in by the by——

Sab. Nay, pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me sit still, and look upon you like a little Puppy-dog, that's taught to beg with his Fore-leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flo. *Celadon* the faithful! in good time, Sir——

Cel. In very good time *Florimel*; for Heav'n's sake help me quickly.

Flo. What's the Matter?

Cel. Do you not see! here's a poor Gentlewoman in a Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senses.

Flo. Alas, how came she so?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you stay to ask Questions, run for Charity.

Flo. Help, help, alas poor Lady—— [*Exit Flo.*]

Sab. Is she gone?

Cel. Ay, thanks be to my Wit, that help'd me at a Pinch; I thank Heav'n, I never pumpt for a Lie in all my Life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*!

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance or so; but however to avoid Slander you had best be gone before she comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as she——

Cel. Ay, but the Truth is, I am a kind of scandalous Person, and for you to be seen in my Company—— Stay in the Walks, by this Kiss I'll be with you presently——

[*Exit Sab.*]

Enter

Enter Florimel running.

Flo. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needless now my Dear, she's recover'd, and gone off, but so wan and weakly——

Flo. Umh! I begin to smell a Rat: What was your Bu-
siness here, *Celadon*?

Cel. Charity, Christian Charity; you saw I was la-
bouring for Life with her.

Flo. But how came you hither? not that I care this—
but only to be satisfied—— [Sings.]

Cel. You are jealous, in my Conscience.

Flo. Who, I jealous! then I wish this Sigh may be th:
last that ever I may draw—— [Sighs.]

Cel. But why do you sigh then?

Flo. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath
well——But what will you say, if I wrote the Letter
you had, to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey Day! this is just the Devil and the Sinner;
you lay Snares for me, and then punish me for being
taken; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you
think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay,
and you go to tantalize a Man——'gad I love upon the
Square, I can endure no tricks to be used to me.

[*Olinda and Sabina at the Door peeping.*]

Olin. Sab. *Celadon! Celadon!*

Flo. What Voices are those?

Cel. Some Camerades of mine that call me to play;—
Pox on 'em they'll spoil all—— [Aside.]

Flo. Pray let's see 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth
your Sight; pray, Gentlemen, be gone, I'll be with you
immediately.

Sab. No, we'll stay here for you.

Flo. Do your Gentlemen speak with treble Voices? I
am resolv'd to see what company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear——

[*He lays hold of her to pull her back, she lays hold of
Olinda, by whom Sabina holds; so that he pulling
they all come in.*]

Flo. Are these your Camerades?

[Sings.] 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what would my Love?
Why do not you roar out like a great Bass-vial, Come
follow to the *Myrtle-grove*. Pray, Sir, which of these
fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courte-
sie? for it were unconscionable to leave you to 'em both;
what, a Man's but a Man, you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flo. Pray agree whose the lost Sheep is, and take him.

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Marks.

Flo. Troth I pity your Highness there, I perceive he
has left you for the little one: Methinks he should have
been afraid to break his Neck, when he fell so high as
from you to her.

Sab. Well, my drolling Lady, I may be even with
you——

Flo. Not this ten Years by the growth, yet.

Sab. Can Flesh and Blood endure this!

Flo. How now, my *Amazon in decimo sexto*!

Olin. Do you affront my Sister!——

Flo. Ay, but thou art so tall, I think I shall never
affront thee——

Sab. Come away Sister, we shall be jeer'd to Death
else. [Exeunt *Olin.* and *Sab.*

Flo. Why do you look that way? you can't forbear
leering after the forbidden Fruit——But whene'er I
take a Wencher's word again!——

Cel. A Wencher's word! why should you speak so
contemptibly of the better half of Mankind! I'll stand up
for the Honour of my Vocation.

Flo. You are in no fault I warrant!——'ware my
Busk——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the Lie, I am in fault;
——but otherwise—— Come let us be Friends, and
let me wait on you to your Lodgings.

Flo. This Impudence shall not save you from my Ta-
ble-Book. *Item*, A Month more for this fault——

[They walk to the Door.

1 *Sold.* within. Stand.

2 *Sold.* Stand, give the Word.

Cel.

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Cel. Now, what's the meaning of this trow, Guards set!

1 Sold. Give the word, or you cannot pass; these are they, Brother; let's in and seize 'em.

The two Soldiers enter.

1 Sold. Down with him.

2 Sold. Disarm him.

Cel. How now Rascals?

[Draws and beats one off, and catches the other.]

Cel. Ask your Life, you Villain.

2 Sold. Quarter, quarter.

Cel. Was ever such an Insolence?

Sold. We did but our Duty; here we were set, to take a Gentleman and Lady, that would steal a Marriage without the Queen's Consent, and we thought you had been they.

[Exit Sold.]

Flo. Your Cousin *Philocles*, and the Princess *Candiope*, on my Life! for I heard the Queen give private Orders to *Lyfimantes*, and name them twice or thrice.

Cel. I know a score or two of Madcaps here hard by, whom I can pick up from Taverns and Gaming-houses, and Bordels; those I'll bring to aid him: Now *Florimel*, there's an Argument for wenching; where would you have had so many honest Men together upon the sudden for a brave Employment?

Flo. You'll leave me then to take my Fortune?

Cel. No; if you will, I'll have you into the Places aforesaid, and enter you into good Company.

Flo. 'Thank you, Sir, here's a Key will let me through this Back-Door to my own Lodgings.

Cel. If I come off with Life, I'll see you this Evening; if not——Adieu *Florimel*——

Flo. If you come not, I shall conclude you are kill'd, or taken; to be hang'd for a Rebel to Morrow-morning——and then I'll Honour your Memory with a Lam-poon instead of an Epitaph.

Cel. No, no, I trust better in my Fate: I know I am reserv'd to do you a Courtesie.

[Exit Celadon.]

[As Florimel is unlocking the Door to go out, Flavia opens it against her, and enters to her, followed by a Page.]

Fla. Florimel, do you hear the News?

Flo. I guess they are in pursuit of *Philocles*.

Fla. When *Lyfimantes* came with the Queen's Orders,
He refused to render up *Candiope*;
And with some few brave Friends he had about him,
Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.

Flo. A gallant Fellow, I'll in, will you with me?
Hark, the Noise comes this way!

Fla. I have a Message from the Queen to *Lyfimantes*.
I hope I may be safe among the Soldiers.

Flo. Oh very safe, perhaps some honest Fellow in the
Tumult may take pity of thy Maidenhead, or so——
Adieu.

i Page. The Noise comes nearer, Madam. [Exit *Flo.*

Fla. I am glad on't: This Message gives me the Op-
portunity of speaking privately with *Lyfimantes*.

*Enter Philocles and Candiope, with three Friends; pursued
by Lyfimantes and Soldiers.*

Lyf. What is it renders you thus obstinate? you have
no hope of flight, and to resist is full as vain.

Phil. I'll die rather than yield her up.

Fla. My Lord!

Lyf. How now, some new Message from the Queen?
Retire a while to a convenient Distance. [To the Sold.

[*Lyf. and Flav. whisper.*

Lyf. O *Flavia* 'tis impossible! the Queen in love with
Philocles!

Fla. I have suspected it before; but now,
My Ears and Eyes are Witnesses——
This Hour I over-heard her to *Asteria*,
Making such sad Complaints of her hard Fate!
For my part I believe you lead him back
But to his Coronation.

Lyf. Hell take him first.

Fla. Presently after this she call'd for me,
And bid me run, and with strict Care command you
On Peril of your Life he had no harm:
But, Sir, she spoke it with so great Concernment,
Methought I saw Love, Anger, and Despair
All combating at once-upon her Face.

Lyf

Lyf. Tell the Queen—I know not what,
I am distracted so;——

But go, and leave me to my Thoughts — [Exit Fla.]

Was ever such amazing News
Told in so strange and critical a Moment!
What shall I do!

Does she love *Philocles*, who loves not her;
And loves not *Lyfimantes*, who prefers her
Above his Life! what rests, but that I take
This Opportunity, which she her self
Has given me, to kill this happy Rival!
Assist me, Soldiers.

Phil. They shall buy me dearly.

Cand. Ah me, unhappy Maid!

Enter Celadon with his Friends, unbutton'd and reeling.

Cel. Courage my noble Cousin, I have brought
A band of Blades, the bravest Youths of *Syracuse*:
Some drunk, some sober, all resolv'd to run
Your Fortune to the utmost. Fall on mad Boys——

Lyf. Hold a little;——
I'm not secure of Victory against these desperate Ruffins.

Cel. No, but I secure you; they shall cut your Throat
for such another word of 'em. Ruffins quoth a! call
Gamesters, Whore-masters, and Drunkards, Ruffins!

Lyf. Pray, Gentlemen, fall back a little——

Cel. O ho, are they Gentlemen now with you!
Speak first to your Gentlemen Soldiers to retire;
And then I'll speak to my Gentlemen Ruffins.

[*Cel. signs to his Party.*

There's your disciplin'd Men now——

[*They sign, and the Soldiers retire on both sides.*

Come, Gentlemen, let's lose no time; while they are
talking, let's have one merry Main before we die——
for Mortality sake.

1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.

2. And my Hat for a Box——

[*They lye down and throw.*

Lyf. Suppose I kill'd him!

"Twould but exasperate the Queen the more:
He loves not her, nor knows he she loves him:

A sudden Thought is come into my Head——
 So to contrive it, that this *Philocles*,
 And these his Friends, shall bring to pass that for me
 Which I could never compass——True, I strain
 A point of Honour; but then her Usage to me,——
 It shall be so——

Pray, *Philocles*, command your Soldiers off;
 As I will mine: I've somewhat to propose
 Which you perhaps may like.

Cand. I will not leave him.

Lys. 'Tis my Desire you should not.

Phil. Cousin, lead off your Friends.

Cel. One word in your Ear.—— Couz, let me
 advise you, either make your own Conditions, or never
 agree with him: His Men are poor sober Rogues, they
 can never stand before us.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Lys. Phil. Cand.*]

Lys. Suppose some Friend e're Night,
 Should bring you to possess all you desire;
 And not so only, but secure for ever
 The Nation's Happiness——

Phil. I would think of him,
 As some God or Angel.

Lys. That God or Angel you and I may be to one another,
 We have betwixt us

An hundred Men; the Cittadel you govern:
 What were it now to seize the Queen!

Phil. O Impiety! to seize the Queen!
 To seize her, said you?

Lys. The word might be too rough, I meant secure her.

Phil. Was this your Proposition,
 And had you none to make it to but me?

Lys. Pray hear me out e're you condemn me!
 I would not the least Violence were offer'd
 Her Person; two small Grants is all I ask,
 To make me happy in her self, and you
 In your *Candiope*.

Cand. And will not you do this, my *Philocles*?

Nay now my Brother speaks but Reason.

Phil. Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it.

Int'rest

Int'rest that does the zeal of Sects create,
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

Lys. In short, the Queen hath sent to part you two;
What more she means to her, I know not.

Phil. To her! alas! why, will not you protect her?

Lys. With you I can; but where's my Power alone?

Cand. You know she loves me not: you lately heard her
How she insulted over me: How she
Despis'd that Beauty which you say I have;
I see she purposes my Death.

Phil. Why do you fright me with it?
'Tis in your Brother's pow'r to let us 'scape,
And then you run no danger.

Lys. True, I may;
But then my Head must pay the Forfeit of it.

Phil. O wretched *Philocles*, whither would Love
Hurry thee headlong!

Lys. Cease these Exclamations.
There's no Danger on your side; 'tis but to
Live without my Sister, resolve that
And you have shot the Gulf.

Phil. To live without her! is that nothing, think you?
The damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain,
Than seeing Heav'n from far with hopeless Eyes.

Cand. *Candiopé* must die, and die for you;
See it not unreveng'd at least.

Phil. Ha! unreveng'd! on whom should I revenge it?
But yet she dies, and I may hinder it;
'Tis I then murder my *Candiopé*:
And yet should I take Arms against my Queen!
That favour'd me, rais'd me to what I am!
Alas it must not be.

Lys. He cools again, ———
True, she once favour'd you;
But now I am inform'd
She is besotted on an upstart Wretch
So far, that she intends to make him Master,
Both of her Crown and Person.

Phil. Knows he that!
Then, what I dreaded most, is come to pass. — [Aside.]

I am convinc'd of the necessity;
 Let us make haste to raze
 That Action from the Annals of her Reign:
 No Motive but her Glory could have wrought me.
 I am a Traytor to her, to preserve her
 From Treason to her self; and yet Heav'n knows
 With what a heavy Heart

Philocles turns Reformer: But have care
 This Fault of her strange Passion take no air.
 Let not the Vulgar blow upon her Fame.

Lyf. I will be careful; shall we go, my Lord?

Phil. Time wastes apace; each first prepare his Men.
 Come, my *Candiope*. ————— [Exeunt *Phil.* *Cand.*

Lyf. This ruins him for ever with the Queen;
 Th' Odium's half his, the Profit all my own.
 Those who, like me, by others help would climb,
 To make 'em sure, must dip 'em in their Crime.

[Exit *Lyf.*

SCENE II. The Queen's Apartments.

Enter *Queen* and *Asteria*.

Queen. No more News yet from *Philocles*?

Ast. None, Madam, since *Flavia*'s return!

Queen. O my *Asteria*, if you lov'd me, sure
 You would say something to me of my *Philocles*!
 I could speak ever of him.

Ast. Madam, you commanded me no more to name
 him to you.

Queen. Then I command you now speak of nothing else:
 I charge you here, on your Allegiance, tell me
 What I should do with him.

Ast. When you gave Orders that he should be taken,
 You seem'd resolv'd how to dispose of him.

Queen. Dull *Asteria*, not to know
 Mad People never think the same thing twice.
 Alas! I'm hurried restless up and down:
 I was in Anger once, and then I thought
 I had put into Shore!

But now a gust of Love blows hard against me,

And

And bears me off again.

As. Shall I sing the Song you made of *Philocles*,
And call'd it *Secret-love*?

Queen. Do, for that's all Kindness: And while thou
sing'st it, I can think nothing but what pleases me.

S O N G.

I Feed a Flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my Heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis such a pleasing Smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My Tongue does not betray, nor my Eyes show it,
Not a Sigh nor a Tear my Pain discloses,
But they fall silently like Dew on Roses.

Thus to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Heart's the Sacrifice as 'tis the Fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My Faith rewards my Love, though he deny it.

On his Eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my Love, no Frown can fright me:
To be more Happy I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Queen. Peace: Methinks I hear the Noise
Of clashing Swords and clatt'ring Arms below.

Enter Flavia.

Now; what News, that you press in so rudely?

Fla. Madam, the worst that can be;
Your Guards upon the sudden are surpriz'd,
Disarm'd, some slain, all scatter'd.

Queen. By whom?

Fla. Prince *Lysimantes*, and Lord *Philocles*.

Queen. It cannot be; *Philocles* is a Prisoner.

Fla. What my Eyes saw——

Queen. Pull 'em out; they are false Spectacles.

As.

Ast. O Virtue, impotent and blind as Fortune!
Who would be good, or pious, if this Queen,
Thy great Example, suffers!

Queen. Peace, *Asteria*, accuse not Virtue;
She has but given me a great Occasion
Of showing what I am when Fortune leaves me.

Ast. *Philocles* to do this!

Queen. Ay, *Philocles*, I must confess 'twas hard!
But there's a Fate in Kindness
Still, to be least return'd where most 'tis given.
Where's *Candiope*?

Fla. *Philocles* was whispering to her.

Queen. Hence Screech-owl; call my Guards quickly there:
Put 'em apart in several Prisons.

Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,
But those which are my Jaylors.
Never 'till now unhappy Queen:
The use of Pow'r, 'till lost, is seldom known;
Now I should strike, I find my Thunder gone.

[*Ex. Queen and Flavia.*

Philocles enters, and meets Asteria going out.

Phil. *Asteria*! Where's the Queen?

Ast. Ah my Lord, what have you done!
I came to seek you.

Phil. Is it from her you come?

Ast. No, but on her behalf: Her Heart's too great,
In this low ebb of Fortune, to intreat.

Phil. 'Tis but a short Eclipse,
Which past, a glorious Day will soon ensue:
But I would ask a Favour too from you.

Ast. When Conquerors petition, they Command:
Those that can captive Queens, who can withstand?

Phil. She, with her Happiness, might mine create;
Yet seems indulgent to her own ill Fate:
But she, in secret, hates me sure; for why
If not, should she *Candiope* deny?

Ast. If you dare trust my knowledge of her Mind,
She has no Thoughts of you that are unkind.

Phil. I could my Sorrows with some Patience bear,
Did they proceed from any one but her:

But

But from the Queen! whose Person I adore,
By Duty much, by Inclination more.

As. He is inclin'd already, did he know
That she lov'd him, how would his Passion grow!

[*Aside.*]

Phil. That her fair Hand with Destiny combines;
Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins!
For, to confess the Secret of my Mind,
Something so tender for the Queen I find,
That ev'n *Candiope* can scarce remove,
And, were she lower, I should call it Love.

As. She charg'd me not this Secret to betray,
But I best serve her if I disobey.
For, if he loves, 'twas for her Int'rest done;
If not, he'll keep it secret for his own.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. Why are you in obliging me so slow?

As. The thing's of great Importance you would know,
And you must first swear Secresie to all.

Phil. I swear.

As. Yet hold; your Oath's too general:
Swear that *Candiope* shall never know.

Phil. I swear.

As. No not the Queen her self.

Phil. I vow.

As. You wonder why I am so cautious grown
In telling what concerns your self alone:
But spare my Vow, and guess what it may be
That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*:
'Tis neither Hate nor Pride that moves her Mind;
Methinks the Riddle is not hard to find.

Phil. You seem so great a Wonder to intend,
As were, in me, a Crime to apprehend.

As. 'Tis not a Crime to know; but would be one
To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.

Phil. Why would you thus my easie Faith abuse!
I cannot think the Queen so ill would chuse.
But stay, now your Imposture will appear;
She has her self confess'd she lov'd elsewhere:
On some ignoble Choice has plac'd her Heart,
One who wants Quality, and more, Desert.

As.

Ast. This, tho' unjust, you have most right to say,
For, if you'll rail against your self, you may.

Phil. Dull that I was!

A thousand things now crowd my Memory
That make me know it could be none but I,
Her Rage was Love: And its tempestuous Flame,
Like Lightning, show'd the Heav'n from whence it came.
But in her Kindness my own Shame I see;
Have I dethron'd her then, for loving me?
I hate my self for that which I have done,
Much more, discover'd, than I did unknown.
How does she brook her strange Imprisonment?

Ast. As great Souls should, that make their own Content.
The hardest term she for your Act could find
Was only this, O *Philocles*, unkind!
Then, setting free a Sigh, from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two Pearls, the remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs:
And thank'd the Heav'ns,

Which better did, what she design'd, pursue,
Without her Crime to give her Pow'r to you.

Phil. Hold, hold, you set my Thoughts so near a Crown,
They mount above my reach to pull them down:
Here Constancy, Ambition there does move;
On each side Beauty, and on both sides Love.

Ast. Methinks the least you can, is to receive
This Love with reverence, and your former leave.

Phil. Think but what Difficulties come between!

Ast. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.

Phil. For pity cease more Reasons to provide,
I am but too much yielding to your side;
And, were my Heart but at my own dispose,
I should not make a scruple to chuse.

Ast. Then if the Queen will my Advice approve,
Her Hatred to you shall expel her Love.

Phil. Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be
As to be hated by *Candiope*.

Ast. I leave you to resolve while you have time;
You must be guilty, but may chuse your Crime.

[Exit *Asteria*.

Phil.

Phil. One thing I have resolv'd; and that I'll do
Both for my Love, and for my Honour too.
But then, (Ingratitude and Falshood weigh'd)
I know not which would most my Soul upbraid.
Fate shoves me headlong down a rugged Way;
Unsafe to run, and yet too steep to stay. [*Exit Phil.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Court.*

Florimel in Man's Habit.

'T Will be rare now, if I can go through with it, to out-
do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both
his Mistresses from him; then I shall Revenge my self
upon all three, and save my own Stake into the Bargain;
for I find I do love the Rogue in spite of all his Infide-
lities. Yonder they are, and this way they must come—
If Cloathes, and a *bon mien* will take 'em, I shall do't.—
Save you Monsieur *Florimel*; Faith methinks you are a
very janty Fellow *poudré & ajusté* as well as the best of
'em. I can manage the little Comb—set my Hat,
shake my Garniture, tofs about my empty Noddle, walk
with a courant Slur, and at every Step peck down my
Head:—If I should be mistaken for some Courtier
now, pray where's the Difference?

Enter to her, Celadon, Olinda, and Sabina,

Olin. Never mince the Matter!

Sab. You have left your Heart behind with *Florimel*;
we know it.

Cel. You know you wrong me; when I am with
Florimel, 'tis still your Prisoner, it only draws a longer
Chain after it.

Flo. Is it e'en so! then farewell poor *Florimel*, thy
Maidenhead is condemn'd to die with thee——

Cel.

Cel. But let's leave this Discourse; 'tis all digression that does not speak of your Beauties——

Flo. Now for me in the Name of Impudence!——
[Walks with them.] They are the greatest Beauties I confess that ever I beheld——

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

Flo. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, should admire you——since I, that am a Stranger——

Cel. And a very Impudent one, as I take it, Sir——

Flo. Am so, extremely surpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and am dying all in a Moment.

Cel. I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not!——Prithee my Friend leave us, dost thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

Flo. I pretend not to instruct you in your Way; you see I do not go before you! but you cannot possibly deny me the Happiness to wait upon these Ladies;——me, who——

Cel. Thee, who shalt be beaten most unmercifully, if thou dost follow them!

Flo. You will not draw in Court, I hope!

Cel. Pox on him, let's walk away faster, and be rid of him——

Flo. O take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me, I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you.

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I shall find a time to tell you so, Sir.

Flo. When you find a Time to tell me on't, I shall find a Time to answer you: But pray what do you find in your self so extraordinary, that you should serve these Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value your self upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am somewhat more a Man than you.

Flo. That is, you are so much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well said, young Gentleman.

Cel.

Cel. Pish, thee! a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

Flo. No, nor under the Surgeon's neither, as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife what wouldst thou be at? I am madder than thou art.

Flo. The Devil you are; I'll Tope with you, I'll Sing with you, I'll Dance with you——I'll Swagger with you——

Cel. I'll Fight with you.

Flo. Out upon fighting; 'tis grown so common a Fashion, that a modish Man contemns it; a Man of Garniture and Feather is above the Dispensation of the Sword.

Olin. Uds my Life, here's the Queen's Musick just going to us; you shall decide your Quarrel by a Dance.

Sab. Who stops the Fiddles?

Cel. Base and Treble, by your Leaves, we arrest you at these Ladies suits.

Flo. Come on, Sirs, play me a Jigg, you shall see how I'll baffle him.

D A N C E.

Flo. Your Judgement, Ladies.

Olin. You, Sir; you, Sir: This is the rarest Gentleman: I could live and die with him——

Sab. Lord how he sweats! please you, Sir, to make use of my Handkerchief?

Olin. You and I are merry, and just of an Humour, Sir; therefore we two should Love one another.

Sab. And you and I are just of an Age, Sir, and therefore methinks, we should not Hate one another.

Cel. Then I perceive, Ladies, I am a Castaway, a Reprobate with you: Why, Faith, this is hard Luck now, that I should be no less than one whole Hour in getting your Affections, and now must lose 'em in a Quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail; does the Loss afflict you, Sir?

Cel.

Cel. No, in Faith, does it not; for if you had not forsaken me, I had you: So the Willows may flourish, for any Branches I shall rob 'em of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have left you; not you us——

Cel. That's only a certain nimbleness in Nature, you Women have to be first Unconstant: But if you had not made the more haste, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock: The best on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flo. 'Tis like she'll accept of their Leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and she shall accept on't; I think I know more than you of her Mind, Sir.

Enter Melissa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor Collation within, that waits for you.

Flo. Will you walk, musty Sir?

Cel. No, marry Sir, I wo'not; I have surfeited of that old Woman's Face already.

Flo. Begin some Frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel. Faith, I am no Dog to show Tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flo. Dare you kiss her!

Cel. I was never dar'd by any Man—— by your Leave, old Madam—— [*He plucks off her Ruff.*]

Mel. Help, help, do you discover my Nakedness?

Cel. Peace, Tiffany! no harm, [*He puts on the Ruff.*—] Now, Sir, here's *Florimel's* Health to you—— [*Kisses her.*]

Mel. Away, Sir:—— A sweet young Man as you are to abuse the Gift of Nature so.

Cel. Good Mother, do not commend me so; I am Flesh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Person of yours—— Come on, follow your Leader.

[*Gives Florimel the Ruff, she puts it on.*]

Flo. Stand fair, Mother——

Cel. What, with your Hat on? lye thou there;—— and thou too——

[*Plucks off her Hat and Perruke, and discovers Florimel.*]

Ommes.

Omnes. Florimel!

Flo. My kind Mistresses, how sorry I am I can do you no further Service! I think I had best resign you to *Celadon*, to make amends for me,

Cel. Lord, what a Misfortune it was, Ladies, that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have lost *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is past enduring.

[*Exeunt Mel. and Olin.*]

Sab. Well, if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the sake of a Perruke and Feather again——

Flo. Come, *Celadon*, shall we make accounts even? Lord, what a Hanging-look was there! Indeed, if you had been recreant to your Mistress, or had forsworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but for the Virtuous, the Innocent, the constant *Celadon*!

Cel. This is not very Heroick in you now, to insult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Mistresses; I shall grow desperately Constant, and all the Tempest of my Love will fall upon your Head: I shall so pay you——

Flo. Who, you pay me! you are a Bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of Recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honest one; when I cannot pay my Debts, at least I'll give you up the Possession of my Body.

Flo. No, I'll deal better with you; since you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Enter Philocles with a Commander's Staff in his Hand, attended.

Phil. Cousin, I am sorry I must take you from your Company about an earnest Business.

Flo. There needs no Excuse, my Lord, we had dispatched our Affairs, and were just parting.

Cel. Will you be going, Sir, sweet Sir, damn'd Sir, I have but one Word more to say to you.

Flo. As I am a Man of Honour, I'll wait on you some other time——

Cel. By these Breeches——

Flo.

Flo. Which, if I marry you, I am resolv'd to wear; put that into our Bargain, and so adieu, Sir. [*Exit Flo.*]

Phil. Hark you, Cousin—— [*They whi per.*]
You'll see it exactly executed; I rely upon you.

Cel. I shall not fail, my Lord; may the Conclusion of it prove happy to you. [*Exit Cel.*]

Philocles solus.

Where-e'er I cast about my wandring Eyes,
Greatness lies ready in some Shape to tempt me.
The Royal Furniture in every Room,
The Guards, and the huge waving Crowds of People,
All waiting for a sight of that fair Queen,
Who makes a present of her Love to me:
Now tell me Stoick!

If all these with a Wish might be made thine,
Would'st thou not truck thy ragged Virtue for 'em?
If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
How then should Souls allay'd to Sense resist it!

Enter Candiope.

Ah poor *Candiope*! I pity her,
But that is all.——

Cand. O my dear *Philocles*!
A thousand Blessings wait on thee!
The hope of being thine, I think, will put
Me past my Meat and Sleep with Ecstasie,
So I shall keep the Fasts of Seraphims,
And wake for joy like Nightingales in May.

Phil. Wake *Philocles*, wake from thy Dream of Glory,
'Tis all but shadow to *Candiope*:
Canst thou betray a Love so innocent! [*Aside.*]

Cand. What makes you melancholick? I doubt
I have displeas'd you.

Phil. No, my Love, I am not displeas'd with you,
But with my self, when I consider
How little I deserve you.

Cand. Say not so, my *Philocles*; a Love so true as yours
That would have left a Court, and a Queen's Favour
To live in a poor Hermitage with me.——

Phil. Ha! she has stung me to the Quick!
As if she knew the Falshood I intended:

But,

But, I thank Heav'n, it has recall'd my Virtue;— [*Aside.*
Oh my Dear, I love you, and you only, [*To her.*
Go in, I have some Business for a while;
But I think Minutes Ages 'till we meet.

Cand. I knew you had; but yet I could not chuse
But come and look upon you. [*Exit Candiope.*

Phil. What barbarous Man would wrong so sweet a
Virtue!

Enter the Queen in black with Asteria.

Madam, the States are straight to meet; but why
In these dark Ornaments will you be seen?

Queen. They fit the Fortune of a captive Queen.

Phil. Deep Shades are thus to heighten Colours set;
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds shine in Jet.

Queen. True Friends should so in dark Afflictions shine,
But I have no great Cause to boast of mine.

Phil. You may have too much Prejudice for some,
And think 'em false before their Tryals come.
But, Madam, what determine you to do?

Queen. I came not here to be advis'd by you:
But charge you by that Pow'r which once you own'd,
And which is still my Right, ev'n when unthron'd;
That whatsoe'er the States resolve of me,
You never more think of *Candiope*.

Phil. Not think of her! ah, how should I obey!
Her tyrant Eyes have forc'd my Heart away.

Queen. By Force retake it from those tyrant Eyes,
I'll grant you out my Letters of Reprize.

Phil. She has, too well, prevented that Design,
By giving me her Heart in change for mine.

Queen. Thus foolish *Indians* Gold for Glass forego,
'Twas to your loss you priz'd your Heart so low.
I set its Value when you were advanc'd,
And as my Favours grew, its rate inhanc'd.

Phil. The rate of Subjects Hearts by yours must go,
And Love in yours has set the Value low.

Queen. I stand corrected, and my self reprove,
You teach me to repent my low-plac'd Love:
Help me this Passion from my Heart to tear,
Now rail on him, and I will sit and hear.

Phil.

Phil. Madam, like you, I have repented too,
And dare not rail on one I do not know.

Queen. This, *Philocles*, like strange Perverseness shows,
As if whate'er I said, you would oppose;
How come you thus concern'd for this unknown?

Phil. I only judge his Actions by my own.

Queen. I've heard too much, and you too much have said.
O Heav'ns, the Secret of my Soul's betray'd!
He knows my Love, I read it in his Face,
And Blushes, conscious of his Queen's Disgrace.— [*Aside.*
Hence quickly, hence, or I shall die with Shame.

[*To him.*
Phil. Now I love both, and both with equal Flame.
Wretched I came, more wretched I retire:
When two Winds blow it, who can quench the fire!

[*Exit Philocles.*
Queen. O my *Asteria*, I know not whom to accuse;
But either my own Eyes or you, have told
My Love to *Philocles*.

Ast. Is't possible that he should know it, Madam!

Queen. Methinks you ask'd that Question guiltily.
[*Lays her Hand on Asteria's Shoulder.*

Confess, for I will know, what was the Subject
Of your long Discourse, i'th' Antichamber with him.

Ast. It was Business to convince him, Madam,
How ill he did, being so much oblig'd,
To join in your Imprisonment,

Queen. Nay, now I am confirm'd my Thought was true;
For you could give him no such Reason
Of his Obligements, as my Love.

Ast. Because I saw him much a Malecontent,
I thought to win him to your Interest, Madam,
By telling him it was no want of Kindness
Made your refusal of *Candiope*.
And he perhaps——

Queen. What of him now?

Ast. As Men are apt, interpreted my Words
To all th' advantage he could wrest the Sense,
As if I meant you lov'd him.

Queen.

Queen. Have I deposited within thy Breast
The dearest Treasure of my Life, my Glory;
And hast thou thus betray'd me!
But why do I accuse thy Female Weakness,
And not my own, for trusting thee!
Unhappy Queen, *Philocles* knows thy Fondness,
And needs must think it done by thy Command.

Asi. Dear Madam, think not so.

Queen. Peace, peace, thou should'st for ever hold thy
Tongue:

For it has spoke too much for all thy Life.—— [*To her.*
Then *Philocles* has told *Candiope*,
And courts her Kindness with his Scorn of me.
O whither am I fallen!

But I must rouse my self, and give a stop
To all these Ills by headlong Passion caus'd.
In Hearts resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,
And only Conquers when we dare not Fight.
But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains
An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains.

Enter Lyfimantes.

Asi. Prince *Lyfimantes*, Madam!——

Queen. Come near, you poor deluded Criminal;
See how Ambition cheats you:
You thought to find a Prisoner here,
But you behold a Queen.

Lyf. And may you long be so; 'Tis true, this Act
May cause some Wonder in your Majesty.

Queen. None, Cousin, none; I ever thought you
Ambitious, proud, designing.

Lyf. Yet all my Pride, Designs, and my Ambition
Were taught me by a Master
With whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.

Queen. Explain your self; dark Purposes, like yours
Need an Interpretation.

Lyf. 'Tis Love I mean.

Queen. Have my low Fortunes giv'n thee
This Insolence, to name it to thy Queen?

Lyf. Yet you have heard Love nam'd without Offence.
As much below you as you think my Passion,

I can look down on yours.——

Queen. Does he know it too!

This is th' extreamest Malice of my Stars!—— [*Aside.*

Lys. You see, that Princes Faults

(Howe'er they think 'em safe from publick View)
Fly out thro' the dark Crannies of their Closets;

We know what the Sun does,

Ev'n when we see him not, in t'other World.

Queen. My Actions, Cousin, never fear'd the Light.

Lys. Produce him then, your Darling of the Dark,
For such an one you have.

Queen. I know no such.

Lys. You know, but will not own him.

Queen. Rebels ne'er want Pretence to blacken Kings,
And this, it seems, is yours: Do you produce him,
Or ne'er hereafter fully my Renown

With this Asperſion:—Sure he dares not name him—— [*Aside.*

Lys. I am too tender of your Fame; or else——
Nor are things brought to that Extremity:
Provided you accept my Passion,
I'll gladly yield to think I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Keep in your Error still; I will not buy
Your good Opinion at so dear a rate,
And my own Misery, by being yours.

Lys. Do not provoke my Patience by such Scorns,
For fear I break through all, and name him to you.

Queen. Hope not to fright me with your mighty Looks;
Know I dare stem that Tempest in your Brow,
And dash it back upon you.

Lys. Spight of Prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles*.
Now judge, when I was made a Property
To cheat my self, by making him your Prisoner,
Whether I had not right to take up Arms?

Queen. Poor envious Wretch!
Was this the Venome that swell'd up thy Breast?
My Grace to *Philocles* mis-deem'd my Love!

Lys. 'Tis true, the Gentleman is innocent;
He ne'er sinn'd up so high, not in his Wishes;
You know he loves elsewhere.

Queen.

Queen. You mean your Sister.

Lys. I wish some Sibyl now would tell me
Why you refus'd her to him?

Queen. Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her.

Lys. Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?
This is too thin a Vail to hide your Passion;
To prove you love him not, yet give her him.
And I'll engage my Honour to lay down my Arms.

Queen. He is arriv'd where I would wish— [Aside.
Call in the Company, and you shall see what I will do.—

Lys. Who waits without there?— [Exit *Lys.*

Queen. Now hold, my Heart, for this one Act of Honour,
And I will never ask more Courage of thee:
Once more I have the means to reinstate my self into
my Glory;

I feel my Love to *Philocles* within me
Shrink, and pull back my Heart from this hard tryal;
But it must be, when Glory says it must,
As Children wading from some River's Bank
First try the Water with their tender Feet;
Then shuddring up with cold, step back again,
And streight a little further venture on,
Till at the last they plunge into the Deep,
And pass at once, what they were doubting long:
I'll make the same Experiment; it shall be done in haste,
Because I'll put it past my Pow'r t' undo.

Enter at one Door *Lysimantes*, at the other *Philocles*, *Celandon*, *Candiope*, *Florimel*, *Flavia*, *Olinda*, *Sabina*; the
three *Deputies* and *Soldiers*.

Lys. In Arms! is all well, *Philocles*?

Phil. No, but it shall be.

Queen. He comes, and with him
The Feaver of my Love returns to shake me.

I see Love is not banish'd from my Soul,
He is still there, but is chain'd up by Glory.

As. You've made a noble Conquest, Madam.

Queen. Come hither, *Philocles*: I am first to tell you,
I and my Cousin are agreed, he has
Engag'd to lay down Arms.

Phil. 'Tis well for him he has; for all his Party
By my Command already are surpriz'd,
While I was talking with your Majesty.

Cel. Yes 'faith I have done him that Courtesie; I
brought his Followers, under pretence of guarding it, to
a straight place, where they are all coupt up without use
of their Arms, and may be pelted to death by the small
Infantry o'er the Town.

Queen. 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope;
Yet still I thought your Meaning honest.

Phil. My Fault was Rashness, but 'twas full of Zeal:
Nor had I e'er been led to that Attempt,
Had I not seen it would be done without me:
But by compliance I preserv'd the Pow'r
Which I have since made use of for your Service.

Queen. And which I purpose so to Recompence—

Lys. With her Crown she means; I knew 'twould
come to't. [*Aside.*

Phil. O Heav'n's, she'll own her Love!
Then I must lose *Candiope* for ever,
And floating in a vast Abyss of Glory,
Seek and not find my self!—

Queen. Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy
As Love can make you both:—How pleas'd I am,
That I can force my Tongue
To speak Words so far distant from my Heart!—[*Aside.*

Cand. My Happiness is more than I can utter!

Lys. Methinks I could do Violence on my self, for
taking Arms

Against a Queen so good, so bountiful:
Give me leave, Madam, in my Ecstasie
Of Joy, to give you Thanks for *Philocles*.
You have preserv'd my Friend, and now he owes not
His Fortunes only to your Favour; but
What's more, his Life, and more than that, his Love.
I am convinc'd, she never lov'd him now;
Since by her free Consent, all Force remov'd
She gives him to my Sister.

Flavia was an Impostor, and deceiv'd me. —

Phil.

Phil. As for me, Madam, I can only say
That I beg respite for my Thanks; for on a sudden,
The Benefit's so great, it overwhelms me.

Ast. Mark but the Faintness of th' Acknowledgement.

[To the Queen, aside.

Queen to Ast.] I have observ'd it with you, and am pleas'd
He seems not satisfy'd; for I still wish
That he may love me.

Phil. I see *Asteria* deluded me
With flattering hopes of the Queen's Love,
Only to draw me off from *Lysimantes*:——
But I will think no more on't.
I'm going to possess *Candiope*,
And I am ravish'd with the Joy on't! ha!
Not ravish'd neither.

For what can be more charming than that Queen!
Behold how Night sits lovely on her Eye-brows,
While Day breaks from her Eyes! then a Crown too:
Lost, lost, for ever lost; and now 'tis gone,
'Tis beautiful.——

[Aside.

Ast. How he eyes you still,—— [To the Queen.

Phil. Sure I had one of the fallen Angel's Dreams;
All Heav'n within this Hour was mine!—— [Aside.

Cand. What is it that disturbs you, Dear?

Phil. Only the greatness of my Joy:
I've ta'en too strong a Cordial, Love,
And cannot yet digest it.

Queen. 'Tis done! [Clapping her Hand on *Asteria*.

But this Pang more, and then a glorious Birth.
The Tumults of this Day, my Loyal Subjects,
Have settled in my Heart a Resolution,
Happy for you, and glorious too for me.
First for my Cousin, tho' attempting on my Person,
He has incur'd the danger of the Laws,
I will not punish him.

Lys. You bind me ever to my Loyalty.

Queen. Then that I may oblige you more to it,
I here declare you rightful Successor,
And Heir immediate to my Crown:

This, Gentlemen——

[To the Deputies]

I hope will still my Subjects Discontents,
When they behold Succession firmly settled.

Dep. Heav'n preserve your Majesty.

Queen. As for my self, I have resolv'd
Still to continue as I am, unmarried:
The Cares, Observances, and all the Duties
Which I should pay an Husband, I will place
Upon my People; and our mutual Love
Shall make a Blessing more than Conjugal.
And this the States shall ratifie.

Lys. Heav'n bear me Witness, that I take no joy
In the Succession of a Crown
Which must descend to me so sad a way.

Queen. Cousin, no more; my Resolution's past,
Which Fate shall never alter.

Phil. Then I am once more Happy:
For since none must possess her, I am pleas'd
With my own Choice, and will desire no more.
For multiplying Wishes is a Curse
That keeps the Mind still painfully awake.

Queen. Celadon,
Your Care and Loyalty have this Day oblig'd me!
But how to be acknowledging I know not,
Unless you give the Means.

Cel. I was in hope your Majesty had forgot me;
therefore if you please, Madam, I'll only beg a Pardon
for having taken up Arms once to Day against you; for
I have a foolish Kind of Conscience, which I wish many
of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a Re-
compence for my Loyalty, when I know I have been a
Rebel.

Queen. Your Modesty shall not serve the Turn; ask
something.

Cel. Then I beg, Madam, you will command *Florimel*
never to be Friends with me.

Flo. Ask again; I grant that without the Queen: But
why are you afraid on't?

Cel. Because I am sure as soon as ever you are, you'll
marry me.

Flo.

Flo. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a Fear.

Flo. If you do, I will not stick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church; and then after the Priest, I hope, for I find it will be my Destiny to marry thee.

Flo. If ever I say word after the black Gentleman for thee *Celador*—

Cel. Then, I hope, you'll give me leave to bestow a faithful Heart elsewhere.

Flo. Ay, but if you would have one, you must bespeak it, for I am sure you have none ready made.

Cel. What say you, shall I marry *Flavia*?

Flo. No, she'll be too cunning for you.

Cel. What say you to *Olinda* then? she's tall, and fair, and bonny.

Flo. And foolish, and apish, and fickle.

Cel. But *Sabina* there's pretty, and young, and loving, and innocent.

Flo. And dwarfish, and childish, and fond, and flip-pant: If you marry her Sister, you will get May-poles, and if you marry her, you will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay, then the case is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis because you reserve me for your self.

Flo. But this Marriage is such a Bugbear to me; much might be if we could invent but any way to make it ealie.

Cel. Some foolish People have made it uneasy; by drawing the Knot faster than they need; but we that are wiser will loosen it a little.

Flo. 'Tis true indeed, there's some difference betwixt a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the first Year, according to the laudable Custom of new married People, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we shall never have enough of one another—
So far 'tis pleasant enough, I hope.

Flo. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another—
what then, Sir?

Cel. Why, then our only Happiness must be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel*.

Flo. One Mind if thou wilt, but prithee let us have two Wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone; but how, if those Wills should meet and clash, *Celadon*?

Cel. I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough asunder for ever meeting: One thing let us be sure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

Flo. No; but e'en love one another as long as we can; and confess the Truth when we can love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what Money I have lost.

Flo. When I have been abroad, you shall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Item, I will have the Liberty to sleep all Night, without your interrupting my Repose for any evil Design whatsoever.

Flo. Item, Then you shall bid me good Night before you sleep.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever Liberties we take with other People, we continue very honest to one another.

Flo. As far as will consist with a pleasant Life.

Cel. Lastly, whereas the Names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing, but clashing and cloying, and dullness and faintness in their Signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

Flo. And instead of these, we will be married by the more agreeable Names of Mistress and Gallant.

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month of Fasting-Nights.

Flo. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Celadon*, under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel.

The MAIDEN QUEEN. 81.

Cel. Well, if it be my Fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou shouldst make me one than any one in *Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I shall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

Flo. La ye now, is not such a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon*?

Cel. This is very good, but not so good, *Florimel*.

Queen. Now set me forward to the Assembly.
You promise, Cousin, your Consent?

Lys. But most unwillingly.

Queen. *Philocles*, I must beg your Voice too.

Phil. Most joyfully I give it.

Lys. Madam, but one Word more; ———
Since you are so resolv'd,
That you may see, bold as my Passion was,
'Twas only for your Person, not your Crown;
I swear no second Love
Shall violate the Flame I had for you,
But in strict Imitation of your Oath
I vow a single Life.

Queen. Now, my *Asteria*, my Joys are full;
[To *Asteria*.]

The Pow'rs above, that see
The innocent Love I bear to *Philocles*,
Have giv'n its due Reward; for by this means
The Right of *Lyfismantes* will devolve
Upon *Candiope*; and I shall have
This great Content, to think, when I am dead
My Crown may fall on *Philocles* his Head. [*Exeunt omnes*.]





EPILOGUE,

Written by a Person of Honour.

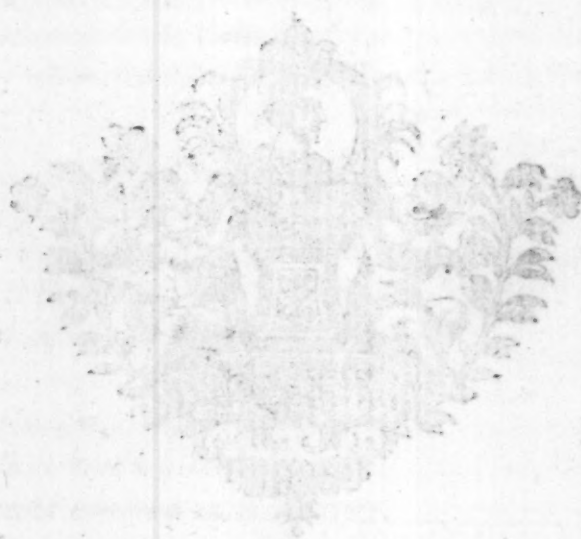
OUR Poet, *something doubtful of his Fate,*
Made choice of me to be his Advocate,
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws,
And I as boldly undertook the Cause.
I left my Client yonder in a Rant
Against the Envious, and the Ignorant,
Who are, he says, his only Enemies:
But he contemns their Malice, and defies
The sharpest of his Censurers to say
Where there is one gross Fault in all his Play.
The Language is so fitted for each Part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;
And twenty other things he bid me tell you,
But I cry'd, e'en go do't your self for Nelly.
Reason with Judges, urg'd in the Defence
Of those they would condemn, is Insolence;
I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this safer way.
If when too many in the Purchase share,
Robbing's not worth the Danger nor the Care;
The Men of Business must in Policy,
Cherish a little harmless Poetry,
All Wit would else grow up to Knavery.
Wit is a Bird of Musick, or of Prey,
Mouthing she strikes at all things in her Way.

EPILOGUE.

But if this Birdlime once but touch her Wings,
On the next Bush she sits her down, and sings.
I have but one Word more; tell me, I pray,
What you will get by damming of our Play?
A whipt Fanatick, who does not Recant,
Is by his Brethren call'd a suff'ring Saint;
And by your Hands shou'd this poor Poet die
Before he does renounce his Poetry,
His Death must needs confirm the Party more
Than all his scribbling Life could do before:
Where so much Zeal does in a Sect appear,
'Tis to no purpose, 'faith, to be severe.
But i'other Day I heard this rhiming Fop
Say, Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top;
For, as a Top spins more, the more you baste her,
So every lash you give, he writes the faster.



11 FE 69



Sir Martin Mar-all;

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it was Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATER.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

Sir Martin Sturt

OF THE

Teign's Innocence



His Highness the Duke of
YORK & T...



Printed in the Year MDCCLVII



PROLOGUE.

FOOLS, which each Man meets in his Dish each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but just appear,
To prize that highest which cost them so dear:
Fops in the Town more easily will pass;
One Story makes a statutable Ass:
But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
Like Yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Observing Poets all their Walks invade,
As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They stow their several Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
For, Gallants, you your selves have found the Wit.
To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome those who bring their Chear along.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord *Dartmouth*, in love with Mrs. *Christian*.

Mr. *Moody*, the Swash-buckler.

Sir *Martin Mar-all*, a Fool.

Warner, his Man.

Sir *John Swallow*, a *Kentish* Knight.

W O M E N.

Lady *Dupe*, the old Lady.

Mrs. *Christian*, her young Neice.

Mrs. *Millisent*, the Swash-buckler's Daughter.

Rose, her Maid.

Mrs. *Preparation*, Woman to the old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women, a Carrier,
Bayliffs.

The SCENE *Covent-Garden*.

Sir



Sir Martin Mar-all.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Warner solus.

WHERE the Devil is this Master of mine :
he is ever out of the way when he should
do himself good. This 'tis to serve a
Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains
than just those I carry for him. Well !
of all Fops commend me to him for the
greatest ; he's so opinion'd of his own A-
bilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he
sows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can
pick 'em up : From a plotting Fool, the Lord deliver me.
Here he comes, O ! it seems his Cousin's with him, then
it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, and Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your Access,
to lodge her in the same House with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well, I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admira-
ble.

[Aside.

L. Dupe. For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to
take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the Choice seem'd
his, not mine.

Sir

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes, when wiser Heads have mis'd it——But that might be meer luck.

L. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me; I will not value any Man's Fortune at a Rush, except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out. But when do you expect 'em?

L. Dupe. This Tide will bring them from *Gravesend*. You had best let your Man go as from me, and wait them at the Stairs in *Durham-yard*.

Sir Mart. Lord, Cousin, what a do is here with your Counsel! as though I could not have thought of that my self. I could find in my Heart not to send him now——stay a little——I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A Minute's Stay may lose your Business.

Sir Mart. Well, go then——but you must grant, if he had staid, I could have found a better way——you grant it.

L. Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. [*Exit Warner.*] 'Tis a sweet Gentlewoman this *Mrs. Millisent*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

L. Dupe. But by your Favour, Sir, 'tis not so easie, her Father has already promis'd her: And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em: I partly know the Man——but the old Squire is humourfome, he's Stout, and plain in Speech, and in Behaviour; He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of Breeding, but stands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things. This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure you think you have to deal with a Fool, Cousin?

Enter Mrs. Christian.

L. Dupe. O my dear Neice, I have some Business with you. [*Whispers*

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th' *Piazza's*; a thousand things are hammering in this Head; 'tis a fruitful Noddle, though I say it. [*Exit Sir Mart.*

L. Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited Fool——But to our Business, Cousin: You are young, but I am old,

old, and have had all the Love-experience that a discreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me instruct you about the Love, this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's marry'd, so that we cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

L. Dupe. But there are Advantages enough for you, if you will be wise and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counsel with Secresie and Obedience.

L. Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you another day: Well then, this Lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most Men are, especially in Love;—therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

L. Dupe. Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a Kiss: But you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so, and play the Innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

L. Dupe. And be sure when he has tow's'd you, not to appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

L. Dupe. That he may think you have told me.

Chr. Ay, Madam.

L. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your Head akes.

Chr. O, most extreemly, Madam.

L. Dupe. And lock the Door, and admit of no Night-Visits: At Supper I'll ask where's my Cousin, and being told you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

L. Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt the Meazles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, Poor thing, her Portion is her

her Beauty and her Virtue; and often send to see how you do, by Whispers in my Servant's Ears, and have those Whispers of your Health return'd to mine: If his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspense.

L. Dupe. A hopeful Girl! then will I eat nothing that Night, feigning my Grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my Passion off, yet shew it still by small Mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

L. Dupe. A dainty Girl! and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return strait to his Lordship: But after I am gone, send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

E. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a termagant Lady: But when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

L. Dupe. Then what the Lion's Skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes subtlety must next supply, and that is just, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks Treaties are their Advantage: Especially when his Passion must be satisfy'd at any rate, and you keep Shop to set the Price of Love: So now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the Blessing of Heav'n upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

L. Dupe. My Blessing and my Pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter

Enter Sir John Swallow, Mrs. Millisent, and Rose her Maid.

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heirefs you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

L. Dupe. Howe'er I am Sir Martin's Friend, I must not seem his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the Honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

L. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you.

[They salute.]

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen use, at an *Easter-Term*, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes, to see a new Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down again to sleep with my Fore-fathers.

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your Voyage; will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

L. Dupe. This is the Door——there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might presume on your Commands.

[In whisper.]

Mill. You mean Sir Martin Mar-all: I am glad he has entrusted his Passion with so discreet a Person.

[In whisper.]

L. Dupe. Sir John, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam.

[Exe. Women.]

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir John. Sir Martin Mar-all! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three Days since, or thereabouts: But I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, Man?

Sir

Sir Mart. My villainous old Luck still follows me in Gaming, I never throw the Dice out of my Hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: If I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and which most mads me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of Play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half Year.

Sir John. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded; they forswear Play as an angry Servant does his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another Nature; I am in love, Sir.

Sir John. That's the worst Game you could have played at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: You venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: For you set your Heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid; the Heiress of a wealthy Family, fair to a Miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your Service?

Sir Mart. I am the only Person in her Favour.

Enter Warner.

Sir John. Is she of Town or Country?

Warn. How's this?

[*Aside.*

Sir Mart. She is of Kent, near Canterbury.

Warn. What does he mean? This is his Rival—

[*Aside.*

Sir John. Near Canterbury say you? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'll tell you then, being at Canterbury, it was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church—

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this Man with your Affair thus?—

Sir Mart. Trust him? why, he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you a Word, Sir.—

Sir

Sir Mart. Prethee leave fooling:— and as I was saying— I was in the Church when I first saw this fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For Heav'n's sake, Sir, have a care.

Sir Mart. Thou art such a Coxcomb.— Her name's *Millisent*.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. *Millisent*, say you? That's the Name of my Mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what Luck is that now! well, Sir, it happen'd, one of her Gloves fell down, I stoop'd to take it up; and in the stooping made her a Complement.—

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick-skull'd Master of mine tell the whole Story to his Rival—

Sir Mart. You'll say, 'twas strange, Sir; but at the first Glance we cast on one another, both our Hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of Pain slid to each others Breast, and in one Moment settled as close and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their Lodging. I follow'd her somewhat at a distance, because her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir—

Sir Mart. Sawcy Rascal, avoid my Sight; must you Tutor me?—So, Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's House, without whose knowledge I did Court the Daughter, and both then and often since coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her Kindness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your Love under-hand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I protest!—My *Valet de Chambre*, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman—

Warn. O the Devil—

Sir

Sir Mart. In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in her Mistress's Favour, so well sollicit'd my Cause, that in fine I gain'd from fair Mistress *Millisent* an Assurance of her Kindness, and an Engagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair Discovery!—

Sir John. A most pleasant Relation, I assure you: You are a happy Man, Sir! but, what occasion brought you now to *London*?

Sir Mart. That was in Expectation to meet my Mistress here; she writ me word from *Canterbury*, she and her Father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, said you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heav'n's sake tell him all——

Sir Mart. So I will, Sir, without your bidding:—Her Father and she are come up already, that's the Truth o'it, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon House; the Master of which is a cunning Rascal as any in Town——him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to speak so scandalously of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll break your Fool's Head—So, that by his Means I shall have free Egress and Regress when I please, Sir——without her Father's Knowledge.

Warn. I am out of Patience to hear this——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to speak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in speaking to old *Moody* I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis past Recovery.

Sir John. Is her Father's Name *Moody*, say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, I know him for a Man who is too wise for you to over-reach; I am certain he will never marry his Daughter to you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the Jest on't: He shall never know it: 'Tis but your keeping of my Counsel; I'll do as much for you mun——

Sir John. No, Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your self about this Lady; her Affections are otherwise engaged

gaged to my Knowledge——hark in your Ear——
her Father hates a Gamester like a Devil: I'll keep your
Counfel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay, but this is not all, dear *Sir John*.

Sir John. This is all, I assure you: Only I will make bold
to seek your Mistress out another Lodging. [*Exit Sir John*].

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent Po-
sture, thank your incomparable Discretion——this was a
Stratagem my shallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to
make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest Man! Is he my
Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while!
Well, Sir, for a quick Apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'st thou to know on't?
and why the Devil didst thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the first of your Devil's I answer, her Maid
Rose told me on't: To the second, I wish a thousand
Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparalleld Misfortune!

Warn. O unparalleld Ignorance! why he left her Fa-
ther at the Water-side, while he led the Daughter to
her Lodging, whither I directed him; so that if you had
not laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in
the same House with your Mistress, without the least
Suspicion of your Rival, or of her Father. But 'tis well,
you have satisfy'd your talkative Humour: I hope you
have some new Project of your own to set all right a-
gain: For my part, I confess all my Designs for you are
wholly ruin'd; the very Foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir Mart. Prethee insult not over the Destiny of a poor
undone Lover, I am punish'd enough for my Indiscreti-
on in my Despair, and have nothing to hope for now
but Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought to
that Extremity, I'll cast about to save all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. O, *Sir Martin*! yonder has been such a stir
within; *Sir John*, I fear, smoaks your Design, and by
all means would have the old Man remove his Lodging;
pray God your Man has not play'd false.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb sufficient to do it; my Master knows that none but such a great Calf as I could have done it, such an over-grown Als, a self-conceited Ideot as I——

Sir Mart. Nay, Warner,——

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone:——what is it to you if I rail upon my self? Now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir Mart. Nay, sweet Warner.

Warn. What a good Master have I, and I to ruin him: O Beast!——

L. Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir Martin, this Storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear Cousin?

L. Dupe. When I heard Sir John complain of the Landlord, I took the first hint of it, and join'd with him, saying, if he were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him: In short I rattled him so well, that Sir John was the first who did desire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my self.

Warn. Are you there again, Sir?——now as I have a Soul——

Sir Mart. Mum, good Warner, I did but forget my self a little, I leave my self wholly to you, and my Cousin; get but my Mistress for me, and claim whate'er Reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of Reward will Diligence beget, Find you the Mony, and I'll find the Wit. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Dupe, and Mrs. Christian.

Chri. IT happen'd, Madam, just as you said it would; but was he so concern'd for my feign'd Sick-
ness?
L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Guests, take notice of the Trouble, but the Cause was kept too close for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in Love, and then——

L. Dupe. And then thou shalt distil him into Gold, my Girl. Yonder he comes, I'll not be seen:——you know your Lesson, Child. [Exit.

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Mistress *Christian*, how glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm—I warrant you, but why are you so afraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n's of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your last ill Usage, and now I feel my old Fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back shuts and opens; ay, just so it began before.

Lord. Nay, my sweet Mistress, be not so unjust to suspect any new Attempt: I am too penitent for my last Fault, so soon to sin again.——I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shall repent your Goodness to me; but may not I presume there was some little Kindness in it, which mov'd you to conceal my Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine Aunt angry with you, for all this earthly Good; but yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me sit nearer to you: You do not understand what Love I bear you. I vow it is so pure——My Soul's not fully'd with one spot of Sin: Were you a Sister, or a Daughter to me, with a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high Words——I cannot understand you.

Lord. The Business of my Life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and see you settled in the World.

100 Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, and in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me? [*Touching her Hand glor'd.*] Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie my Lord, in faith you are to blame.

[*Pulling her Hand away.*]

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour e'er we do ingage.

[*Pulls at her Glove.*]

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you, and, Madam, that's against the Laws of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preserve it.

[*Hugging her bare Hand.*]

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay——if you squeeze it ne'er so hard——there's nothing to come out on't——fie——is this loving one——What makes you take your Breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a Word, all my Senses are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out——

Lord. Then I must stop your Mouth——this Ruby for a Kiss——that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within. Why Neice, where are you Neice?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you——let me go, my Lord. [*Gets from him.*]

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. My Lord, Heav'n bless me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord. I was just wishing for you, Madam, your Neice and I have been so laughing at the blunt Humour of your Country-Gentleman——I must go pass an Hour with him.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Chr.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. IOE

Chr. You made a little too much haste; I was just exchanging a Kifs for a Ruby.

L. Dupe. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster: Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly: The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what must I do next?

L. Dupe. Tell him I grew suspicious, and examin'd you whether he made not Love; which you deny'd. Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you; so that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false Report to ruin me.

L. Dupe. Therefore you desire his Lordship, as he Loves you, of which you are confident, hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how, if he should take me at my Word?

L. Dupe. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest Woman, and there's an end on't: But fear not that, hold out his Messāges, and then he'll write, and that is it, my Bird, which you must drive it to: Then all his Letters will be such Ecstasies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your Advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' House, he will not write.

L. Dupe. You Fool——he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And rather than fail, send his Page Post with it upon a Hobby-horse:——Then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him by my being there; he'll curse me, but I care not. When you are alone, he'll urge his Lust, which answer you with Scorn and Anger.——

Chr. As thus an't please you, Madam. What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him? Defame my Family, ruin my Name, to satisfy his Pleasure?

L. Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments, urge Nature's Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are shrewd Arguments; but I am resolv'd I'll stop my Ears.

L. Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will move you, he'll sign a Portion to you beforehand: Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir John, Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose.

Sir John. Now fair Mrs. *Milliscent*, you see your Chamber, your Father will be busie a few Minutes, and in the mean time permits me the Happiness to wait on you.—

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better Lodgings, this House is full; the other we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me: You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more Men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfy you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much oblig'd to you, as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance,——I'll not believe a word on't.——

Sir John. That's as you please: However 'tis believ'd, his Wit will not much credit your Choice. Madam, do justice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love. By this time your Father stays for me: I shall be discreet enough to keep this Fault of yours from him; the Lawyers wait for us to draw your Jointure: And I would beg your Pardon for my Absence, but that my Crime is punish'd in it self. [Exit.]

Mill. Could I suspect this Usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir *Martin*, e're you quite condemn him; consider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf:——Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill.

Mill. Nay, he has Wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his Business? I wonder after such a Crime, if his Master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither? If either Sir John or my old Master see you?

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next Street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save 'em a labour.

Mill. What says that Fellow to you? What Business can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladyship should ask that Question, knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your Ladyship most admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from my self, Madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet Prank your Master play'd us: A Lady's well helpt up that trusts her Honour in such a Person's Hands: To tell all so,——and to his Rival too. Excuse him if thou canst. [*Aside.*]

Warn. How the Devil should I excuse him? Thou know'st he is the greatest Fop in Nature——

[*Aside to Rose.*]

Rose. But my Lady does not know it; if she did——

Mill. I'll have no whispering.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the Confidence to speak out, unless you can take Mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir John you lov'd my Master, Madam. But sure I little thought he was his Rival.

Rose. The witty Rogue has taken't on himself. [*Aside.*]

Mill. Your Master then is innocent?

Warn. Why, could your Ladyship suspect him guilty? Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful, or a Fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the Depth of him. But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him, as I am faithful, and must tell him—I wish he does not take some pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't; if thou dost, I'll be sworn, I'll forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon Condition then you'll pardon me, I'll see what I can do to hold my Tongue.

Mill. This Evening in St. James's Park I'll meet him.
[*Knock within.*]

Warn. He shall not fail you, Madam.

Rose. Some Body knocks—Oh, Madam, what shall we do! 'tis Sir John, I hear his Voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door. [*Warner goes out.*
To them Sir John.]

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within—but I must look some Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room.
[*Is going to the Door.*]

Mill. Pray stay a little, Sir—

Warn. [*At the Door.*] He must pass just by me; and if he sees me, I am but a dead Man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you. 'Tis of Importance to you—

Sir John. Give me leave—

Mill. I must not, before I discover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir Martin's Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither to tempt me from his Master, to have met him.

Warn. [*At the Door.*] Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech, to ram me into some Hole.

Mill. For my part I was so startled at the Message, that I shall scarcely be my self these two Days.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Rascal! I would teach him to come upon such Errands.

Warn.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Composition now! an Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Answer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promise of an Appointment of a Place I nam'd, where I ne'er meant to come: But would have had the Pleasure first to tell you how I serv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean Suspicion of me, indeed I wonder'd you should love a Fool. But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In Grays-Inn Walks.

Warn. By this Light, she has put the Change upon him! O sweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heavenly Gift of Lying!

Sir John. For this Evening I will be his Mistress; he shall meet another Penelope than he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam.

[Exit.

Warn. [Entering.] Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as Grays-Inn Walks: Now I have time to walk the other way, and see thy Master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid a Plot shall send his Rival far enough from watching him e'er long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so design'd, Fate cannot hinder it. Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings should be so left by Sir John, is resolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the way. You'll see th' effect on't presently.

Rose. O Heav'ns! the Door opens again, and Sir John is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Half my Business was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, else I must have left untold a Message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, what's your Business, Sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'tis only for your Ear.

Rose. I shall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Master's Order,—

Sir John. I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, Sir; I came to sound the Virtue of your Mistress; which I have done so cunningly, I have at last obtain'd the promise of a Meeting. But my good Master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a Passion for her, is resolv'd to quit: And, Sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an Eye upon her Actions.

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good News; and give thy Master my Acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Masters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your Good-will into the Bargain. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfy'd of all sides; first of your Truth, then of Sir *Martin's* Friendship. In short, I find you two cheated each other, both to be true to me.

Mill. *Warner* is got off as I would wish, and the Knight over-reach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord disguis'd like a Carrier.

Rose. How now! what would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance. [*Aside to her.*

Land. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear News of him in this House.

Sir John. Friend, I am the Man: What have you to say to me?

Land. Nay, Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, but I have a Letter for you in my Pouch: There's plaguy News in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your Letter?

Land. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir John. Give me your Letter quickly.

Land. Nay, soft and fair goes far.——Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir

Sir John. Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Land. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'll pluck out my Spectacles and see first.*[Reads.]*

To Mr. Paul Grimbard——Apprentice to——No, that's not for you, Sir,——that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip Dobson.

Sir John. Prithee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Land. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, what's the Business on't?

Land. Nay, no great Business; 'tis but only that your Worship's Father's dead.

Sir John. My Loss is beyond Expression! how dy'd he?

Land. He went to Bed as well to see to as any Man in England, and when he awaken'd the next Morning—

Sir John. What then?

Land. He found himself stark dead.

Sir John. Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Estate; Heav'n knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir John. Dear Madam, say not so; a few Days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, the welcomest Man alive! let me embrace my Friend.

Rose. How untowardly he returns the Salute! *Warner* will be found out. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Well Friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I scorn your Words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the farthest of my Thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool most naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together?

[Aside.]

Sir

Sir John. This is a double Generosity, to do me Favours, and conceal 'em from me; but honest *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Rascal told you?

Sir John. Your Plot to try my Mistress for me—— you understand me, concerning your Appointment.

Warn. Sir, I desire to speak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Rascal, when I am most busie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I should speak with you, good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou know'st Breeding well, that I should whisper with a Serving-man before Company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, last time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fists; if I don't fright him, the sawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted most naturally again. [*Aside.*

Sir John. [*To him.*] But what needs this dissembling, since you are resolv'd to quit my Mistress to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Mistress! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forsaken me. [*Aside.*

Sir Mart. I understand you, Madam, you would save a Quarrel; but i'faith I'm not so base: I'll see him hang'd first.

Warn. Madam, my Master is convinc'd, in Prudence he should say so: But Love o'ermasters him; when you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant; I see my Presence brings constraint to the Company.

[*Exeunt Mill. and Rose.*

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone; now we may talk more freely; for if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; did not you send me of a Message to *Sir John*, that for his Friendship you had left Mistress *Millisent*.

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn.

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: You know, Sir, it was not generous before a Lady, to say he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: Say, Yes, good Sir John——
or I'll swinge you. [*Aside.*]

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir John.

Warn. That's well, once in his Life he has heard good Counsel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a surfeited Horse; cure it in one Place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest Landlord i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest Man?

Land. Take heed what you say, Sir. [*To Sir Mart. softly.*]

Sir Mart. Take heed what I say, Sir, why? who should I be afraid of? of you, Sir? I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to know him, Sir, for I am sure I lodge in his House, Sir——nay never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles-street*, Sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father——

Land. Is in very good Health, for ought I know, Sir; I beseech you to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this Lie?

Sir Mart. Ay, who set you on Sirrah? "This was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: Down on your Marrowbones and confess the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Rascal?"

Sir John. Sure 'tis some silenc'd Minister: He's grown so fat he cannot speak.

Land. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my Master's sake! why you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a Lye?

Sir John. How was it for his sake?

Warn.

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' occasion the Lady lodg'd not at his House, and so he invented this Lye; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel prethee.

Land. O good Sir! if you beat me I shall run into Oyl immediately.

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your Anger: I'll maul him for you——the Rogue's so big, I think 'twill ask two Days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*]

Land. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner!* bid him hold and I'll confess, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: Must such as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*]

Enter Rose.

Rose. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad Repast?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am just risen from Table.

Warn. Now he might sit with his Mistress, and has not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You shall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Pushes him.*]

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would shame me; he thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Serving-man.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu, dear Sir; in any thing command me. [*Exit.*]

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; han't I carry'd Matters bravely, Sirrah?

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve Sugar-plums; first for your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for discovering your Landlord, and lastly for refusing to dine with your Mistress. All this is since the last Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord disguise himself, to make a Fool of us?

Warn.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. III

Warn. You have so little Brains, that a Penn'orth of Butter melted under 'em, would set 'em afloat: He put on that Disguise to rid you of your Rival.

Sir Mart. Why, was not I worthy to keep your Coun-
fel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the Secret down, and piss'd it out to the next Company.

Sir Mart. Well, I find I am a miserable Man: I have lost my Mistress, and may thank my self for't.

Warn. You'll not confess you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well I am a Fool, if that will satisfy you: But what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide for you; as Hospitals are built for lame People, because they cannot help themselves. Well; I have a Project in my Pate.

Sir Mart. Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: But while 'tis set a working, you would do well to scrue your self into her Father's good Opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my Mind gives me I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possibly.

—————For Secrets are edg'd Tools,
And must be kept from Children and from Fools. [Exe.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rose and Warner meeting.

Rose. **Y**OUR Worship's most happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladyship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that————

Warn.

Warn. I have that to tell you——

Rose. Understand then——

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Rose. I believe that——

Warn. I am of Opinion, that——

Rose. Prithee hold thy Peace a little till I have done.

Warn. Cry you Mercy, *Mistress Rose*, I'll not dispute your ancient Privileges of talking.

Rose. My *Mistress*, knowing *Sir John* was to be abroad upon Business this Afternoon, has asked leave to see a Play: And *Sir John* has so great a Confidence of your Master, that he will trust no Body with her, but him.

Warn. If my Master gets her out, I warrant her, he shall show her a better Play than any is at either of the Houses——here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [Exit.]

Enter old Moody, Mistress Milliscent, and Lady Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

L. Dupe. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of Man is this *Sir Martin*, with whom you are to go?

L. Dupe. A plain down-right Country Gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't. For I hate one of those you call a Man o'th' Town, one of those empty Fellows of meer Out-side: They've nothing of the true old *English* Manliness.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a sad Condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a Peruke above, and a well-trim'd Shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is *Sir John's* Friend, he is for your Humour, Sir, he is no Man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of Plainness.

Sir Mart. Ay, Madam, your Ladyship may say your Pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first——

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'll say this of my self——

Warn.

Warn. I'll say that for him, my Master understands none of 'em, I assure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Rascal, hold your Tongue: I must rid my Hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever discrediting me before Company.

Moody. Never trouble your self about it, Sir, for I like a Man that——

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore, I hope, you'll think never the worse of me for his prating: For, though I do not boast of my own good Parts——

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the Hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opinion of more——

Warn. Of more than their Flattery can make good, Sir;——'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conscience he is the most downright simple natur'd Creature in the World.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter, Sirrah; but I am sure in all Companies I pass for a *Vertuoso*.

Mood. *Vertuoso*! What's that too? is not *Vertue* enough without *O so*?

Sir Mart. You have Reason, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great Compliment I wiss; you have Reason, Sir; that is, you are no Beast, Sir.

Warn. A word in private, Sir; you mistake this old Man; he loves neither Painting, Musick, nor Poetry; yet recover your self, if you have any Brains. [*Aside to him.*]

Sir Mart. Say you so? I'll bring all about again I warrant you——I beg your Pardon a thousand times, Sir; I vow to gad I am not Master of any of those Perfections; for in fine, Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Musick, and Poetry; only some rude escapes——but, in fine, they are such, that, in fine, Sir——

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. [*Aside.*]

Mood. By Coxbones, one word more of all this Gibberish, and old Madge shall fly about your Ears: What is this in fine he keeps such a coil with too?

Mill.

114 Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Mill. 'Tis a Phrase *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Conversation now, as a whiff of Tobaccò was formerly, in the midst of a Discourse, for a thinking while.

L. Dupe. In plain *English*, in *fine*, is In the end, Sir.

Mood. But by Coxbones, there is no end on't methinks. If thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean Discourse with, take an *English* one when thou speakest *English*! as, So Sir, And then Sir, And so forth; 'tis a more manly kind of Nonsense: And a Pox of *in.fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I must help him out. [*Aside.* Madam, there's a Coach at Door to carry you to the Play.

Sir Mart. Which House do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir Mart. It is a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the King's.

Sir Mart. That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring. [*Aside.*] There was an ill Play set up, Sir, on the Posts, but I can assure you the Bills are alter'd since you saw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houses.

Mood. But my Daughter loves serious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say she loves none but Tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your self, you never saw her in your Life before.

Sir Mart. What not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudentest Rascal——

Warn. Mum, Sir——

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I set Eyes on her before this Day——I wish——

Mood. This Fellow is not so much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be discover'd for a Wit: This 'tis to over-act ones part! [*Aside.*

Mood.

Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL. IIS

Mood. Come away Daughter, I will not trust you in his Hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd.

[*Exeunt Moody, Mill. Lady Dupe, and Rose.*]

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me so, when you know your Looks go to the Heart of me? what have I done besides a little *lappus Lingua*?

Warn. Why, who says you have done any thing? You, a meer Innocent!

Sir Mart. As the Child's that be born in my Intentions; if I know how I have offended my self any more than in one word.——

Warn. But don't follow me however——I have nothing to say to you.

Sir Mart. I'll follow you to the World's end, 'till you forgive me.

Warn. I am resolv'd to lead you a Dance then.

[*Exit running.*]

Sir Mart. The Rogue has no Mercy in him, but I must mollifie him with Money.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. Truly my little Cousin's the aptest Scholar, and takes out Love's Lessons so exactly that I joy to see it: She has got already the Bond of two thousand Pounds seal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'Tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and so let him; *Mark Anthony* wooed not at so dear a Price.

Enter to her Christian.

Chr. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

L. Dupe. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any Body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your Foundations, a little to dissemble.

L. Dupe. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heav'n has a Blessing in store upon our Endeavours.

Chr. I feign'd my self Sick, and kept my Bed; my Lord, he came to Visit me, and in the End I disclos'd it to him in the saddest Passion.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. This frighted him, I hope, into a Study how to cloak your Disgrace, lest it should have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I subtly drove it, that he should name you to me as the fittest Instrument of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, strangely does perplex him: He has been seeking you all o'er the House; therefore I'll leave your Ladyship, for fear we should be seen together. [Exit.]

L. Dupe. Now I must play my Part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart. A sad one too, and have no Friend to trust but only you.

L. Dupe. Your Lady or your Children sick?

Lord. Not that I know.

L. Dupe. You seem to be in Health.

Lord. In Body, not in Mind.

L. Dupe. Some scruple of Conscience, I warrant; my Chaplain shall resolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

L. Dupe. O take heed of Despair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this Sickness, but only you; your Friendship's my safe Haven, else I am lost, and Ship-wrack'd.

L. Dupe. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I express it by sad Sighs and Groans, or drown it with my self in Seas of Tears, I should be happy, would, and would not tell.

L. Dupe. Command whatever I can serve you in, I will be faithful still to all your Ends, provided they be just and virtuous.

Lord. That word has stopt me.

L. Dupe. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then in Obedience to your Commands; your Cousin is with Child.

L. Dupe. Which Cousin?

Lord. Your Cousin *Christian* here i'th' House.

L. Dupe. Alas then she has stol'n a Marriage, and undone her self: Some young Fellow, on my Conscience, that's

that's a Beggar; Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls; one is no more assur'd of 'em than Grooms of Mules, they'll strike when least one thinks on't: But pray your Lordship, what is her Choice then for an Husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

L. Dupe. Not married! 'tis impossible, the Girl does sure abuse you. I know her Education has been such, the Flesh could not prevail; therefore she does abuse you, it must be so.

Lord. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with Child, and I the unfortunate Man who did this most unlucky Act.

L. Dupe. You! I'll never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious how to hide her Shame; I beg it here upon my Knees.

L. Dupe. Oh, oh, oh—— [She faints away.]

Lord. Who's there? Who's there? help, help, help.

Enter two Women, Rose and Penelope.

1 Wom. O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 Wom. Whither?

1 Wom. To Heav'n, God knows, to Heav'n.

Rose. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 Wom. I say, run to the Cabinet of Quintessence; Gilbert's Water, Gilbert's Water.

1 Wom. Now all the good Folks of Heav'n look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Rose. Open her Mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour, where's the Spoon?

2 Wom. She stirs, she revives, merciful to us all, what a thing was this! speak, Lady, speak.

L. Dupe. So, so, so.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, how came this Fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

L. Dupe. Now I am better: *Bess*, you have not seen me thus.

1 Wom. Heav'n forefend that I should live to see you so again.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near I pray, for fear of the worst. [*They go out.*] —My Lord, sit down near me I pray, I'll strive to speak a few words to you, and then to Bed, —nearer, my Voice is faint. —My Lord, Heav'n knows how I have ever lov'd you; and, is this my Reward? Had you none to abuse but me in that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me than my Life? This was not Love to her, but an inveterate Malice to poor me. Oh, oh. — [Faints again.]

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 Wom. This Fit will carry her: Alas it is a Lechery!

2 Wom. The Balsom, the Balsom!

1 Wom. No, no, the Chymistry Oyl of Rosemary: Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether she breathes, with your Hand before her Mouth.

Rose. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 Wom. Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation!

2 Wom. Hold up your Finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the blessed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

L. Dupe. Enough, so, 'tis well, — withdraw, and let me rest a while; only my dear Lord remain.

1 Wom. Pray your Lordship keep her from swabbing.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Lord. Here humbly once again, I beg your pardon and your help.

L. Dupe. Heav'n forgive you, and I do: Stand up, my Lord, and sit close by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordship win her soon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

L. Dupe. I'm glad on't; it shew'd the Girl had some Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: But you Men are strange Tempters; good my Lord, where was this wicked Act then first committed?

Lord. In an Out-room upon a Trunk.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. Poor Heart, what shift Love makes: Oh she does love you dearly, tho' to her Ruin! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waste Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

L. Dupe. Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of Darkness! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordship's Vigour: But you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you shall see I love you: For I will manage this Business to both your Advantages, by the assistance of Heav'n I will; good my Lord help, lead me out. [*Exe.*]

Enter Warner and Rose.

Rose. A Mischief upon all Fools! do you think your Master has not done wisely? First to mistake our old Man's Humour, then to dispraise the Plays; and lastly, to discover his Acquaintance with my Mistress: My old Master has taken such a Jealousie of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou mak'st thy self a greater Fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help——I have been angry with him too; but these Friends have taken up the Quarrel.——[*Shews Gold.*] Look you, he has sent these Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: Here are twenty of 'em have made a long Voyage from Guinea to kiss your Hands: And when the Match is made, there are an hundred more in readiness to be your humble Servants.

Rose. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but I confess it troubles me to see so loyal a Lover have the Heart of an Emperor, and yet scarce the Brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what Device can we two beget betwixt us, to separate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him worse than foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll see if my Project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I have heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within in three great Bags, some twenty Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with six Lines in a Sheet: But there is a little Paper where all the Business lies.

Warn.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good Chance he gave it to my Custody before he set out for *London*. You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he sent for it.

Warn. So, this I will secure in my Pocket; when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and say, 'twas left behind: By this means he must of Necessity leave the Town, to see for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, Sir Martin, and Mrs. Milliscent.

Sir John. 'Tis no matter, though the old Man be suspicious; I knew the Story all before-hand; and since then you have fully satisfy'd me of your true Friendship to me——Where are the Writings? [To *Rose*.

Rose. Sir, I beg your pardon; I thought I had put 'em up amongst my Lady's things, and it seems in my haste I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury*.

Sir John. This is horribly unlucky! where do you think you left 'em?

Rose. Upon the great Box in my Lady's Chamber; they are safe enough I'm sure.

Sir John. It must be so——I must take Post immediately: Madam, for some few Days I must be absent; and to confirm you, Friend, how much I trust you, I leave the dearest Pledge I have on Earth, my Mistress, to your Care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all Occasions to leave me thus!

Warn. [*Aside.*] Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again, here they are ready for you. [*Shows the Paper.*

Sir Mart. What's that you have in your Hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Pox, what ill Luck was this! what shall I say!

Sir Mart. Sometimes you've Tongue enough, what are you silent?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Mony you have lost since you came to Town.

Sir Mart. I'm very glad on't: now I'll make you all see the Severity of my Fortune——give me the Paper.

Warn.

Warn. Heav'n! what does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, Sir.

Sir John. Besides, I am in haste, another time, Sir—

Sir Mart. Pray, oblige me, Sir——'tis but one Minute: All People love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, and so do I: Will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir Mart. Dear Rascal! am I Master or you? you Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it:—you cannot read my Hand.

Sir Mart. This is ever his way to be disparaging me—but I'll let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your Hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a trick in't, Sir—

Sir Mart. Is there so, Sirrah? But I'll bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you——[*Reads.*] How now! What's this? A true Particular of the Estate of Sir *John Swallow*, Knight, lying and situate in, &c.

Sir John. This is the very Paper I had lost: I'm very glad on't, [*Takes the Paper.*] it has sav'd me a most unwelcome Journey——but I will not thank you for the Courtesie, which now I find you never did intend me——this is Confederacy, I smoak it now——Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty Man, this was the foolishhest Part that ever I beheld. [*Exeunt Sir John, Millisent and Rose.*]

Sir Mart. I am a Fool, I must confess it, and I am the most Miserable one without thy help——but yet it was such a Mistake as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir Mart. Prethee chide me! this Indifference of thine wounds me to the Heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir Mart. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiss your Hands, I have other Business.

Sir Mart. Dear Warner!

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir Mart. Then I am resolv'd I'll kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir Mart. Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your Pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir Mart. D'ye see the Point's ready? Will you do nothing to save my Life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir Mart. Farewel, hard-hearted *Warner*.

Warn. Adieu, soft-headed *Sir Martin*.

Sir Mart. Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir? why all these Preludes?

Sir Mart. I'll see thee hang'd first: I know thou wou'dst have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; People in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir Mart. Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir—for this once, I cast an Eye of Pity on you—but I must have ten more in Hand, before I can stir a Foot.

Sir Mart. As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all but these—but if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather trust you till to morrow; Once more look up, I bid you hope the best. Why should your Folly make your Love miscarry, Since Men first play the Fools, and then they marry?

[Exeunt.]



A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all and Warner.

Sir Mart. BUT are they to be married this Day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon, to prevent the Designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Mony.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a dead Man. ————— *Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look if he will stir now; your Rival and the old Man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty Pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, trust to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the least Grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a sawcy masterly Companion;; and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John and Moody.

Sir John and Mood. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heav'n knows, and he in a cursed damn'd Humour would needs revenge his Losses upon

upon me: A' kick'd me, took away my Mony, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his Hands——

Mood. By Cox-nowns, it was an ill-natur'd part; nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to gads, and In fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him: He had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Millifear* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an over-grown Oaf, a conceited *Bartlemew*.——

Sir John. Prethee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'st my Service better than his, from this Minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my Heart, Sir, and so much the rather, that I may spight him with it.—— This was the most propitious Fate——

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scanderbag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberish, and I'll set you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my Doors.——

Sir John. Nay, pray Father.——

Warn. Good old Sir be pacified, I was pouring out a little of the Dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir John. This Fellow is come in a happy Hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you please I'll wait upon her 'till she's ready, and then bring her to what Church you shall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'll find she'll hang an Arse, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had best stay behind, and bring her my self.

Warn. I warrant you I have a Trick for that, Sir: She knows nothing of my being turn'd away; so I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir John. My better Angel——

Mood. By th' Mefs 'twas well thought on; well Son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a Dish or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. *Sirrah*——stay you here——'till my return.

[*Ex. Sir John and Moody.*]

Warn. solus. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I! I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an Opportunity to carry away Mistress Millisent, for my Master to get his Mistress by means of his Rival, to receive all his Happiness, where he could expect nothing but Misery: After this Exploit I will have Lilly draw me in the Habit of a Hero, with a Lawrel on my Temples, and an Inscription below it. *This is Warner the Flower of Serving-men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the Speech of Mr. Moody.

Warn. What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

Enter Moody.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own Hands.

Mood. Stay, Friend, 'till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Answer.

[*Exit Mess.*]

Mood. reads. Sir, permit me, though a Stranger, to give you Counsel; some young Gallants have had Intelligence, that this Day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich Heiress; and in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: Therefore put it off, if you will avoid Mischiefe, and be advised by

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I saw in fine there; there are some Papishes,

I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no *Englishmen*, but some of your *French Outalians-Rogues*; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't. *Warner*, no Wedding to Day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'll keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a Fig for all these Outalians. [Exit Moody.]

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-sure, and then to be back-gammon'd: It must needs be the Devil that writ this Letter, he ow'd my Master a spight, and has paid him to the Purpose: And here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him, and for my Part I am asham'd to tell him.

Enter Sir Martin laughing.

Sir Mart. Warner, such a Jest, *Warner*. [Laughs again.]

Warn. What a murrain is the matter, Sir? Where lyes this Jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee. [Laughs again.]

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this Mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou shalt no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy Projects, and discover thy Designs; for I have play'd such a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-wit ('tis true I am hasty sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a Mind to shew my self, there's no Man in *England*, though I say't, comes near me as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was possess'd with a terrible Fear, that my Mistress should be married: Well, thought I to my self, and must'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce such a Stratagem.

Warn.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to Moody, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some young Fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my Letter came, her Father was just sending her Abroad with a very foolish rascally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a'god's name? could you do this wonderful Miracle without your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain; how long would it have been e're thou could'st have thought of such a Project? Martin said to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn. Who's the Fool? why, who uses to be the Fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

Sir Mart. What a Pox? I think thou art grown Envious, not one word in my Commendations?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praise you as you deserve; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, you are one that had a Knock in your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a designing Ass, a hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded busie Brain, with an eternal Wind-mill in it; this in short, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to set you thus against me?

Warn. Only this, Sir: I was the foolish rascally Fellow that was with Moody, and your Worship was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no Conjuror. Will you go, Sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my Justifications?

Warn. Shall I see the Back of you? speak not a Word in your Defence.

[Shoves him.

Sir

Sir Mart. This is the strangest Luck now—— [Exit]

Warn. I'm resolv'd this Devil of his shall never weary me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spite of his Folly. Let me see——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is—— I must venture on him, for the tyranny of this old Lady is unsupportable; since I have made her my Confident, there passes not an Hour but she passes a pull at my Purse-strings; I shall be ruin'd if I do not quit my self of her suddenly: I find now, by sad Experience, that a Mistress is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and insignificant.—*Mr. Warner!* have you a mind to do your self a Courtesie, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Question need not be much disputed, for I have always had a great Service for your Lordship, and some little Kindness for my self.

Lord. What, if you should propose Mistress *Christiana* as a Wife to your Master? You know he's never like to compass t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. Five hundred Pounds are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. Five hundred Pounds! 'tis true, the Temptation is very sweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confess, has done his Part, and many a good Murder and Treason have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

Warn. To confess the Truth, I am resolv'd to bestow my Master upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordship thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the same to your Lordship, were she marry'd to any other?

Lord. The very same.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to dissemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your Shooe wrings you: I have observ'd something in the House, betwixt some Parties that shall be nameless: And know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Draper's in Town.

Lord.

Lord. I see I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, she is the greatest Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her study, all her Joy to cozen, she loves nothing but her self, and draws all Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: First, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Neice under the rate of five hundred Pounds a time; never was Woman's Flesh held up so high: Every Night I find out for a new Maiden-head, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother Temple, Bermet, or Gifford, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have when she's brought to Bed, after her hard Bargain, as they call it; then cramm'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the grease, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *La-fronds*, with New-River, clearer by Sixpence the Pound than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife ——— Dry-Nurse ——— Wet-Nurse ——— and all the rest of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-Clouts, and Bearing-Cloaths ——— Posslets, Cawdels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all these, Glisters, Suppositers, and a barbarous 'Pothecary's Bill, more inhuman than a Tailor's.

Lord. I sweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; yonder appears a young Lady whom I must needs speak with, please you go in and prepare the old Lady and your Mistress.

Lord. Good Luck, and five hundred Pounds attend thee.

[Exit.]

Enter Milliscent and Rose above.

Mill. I am resolv'd I'll never marry him!

Rose. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, I cannot possibly tell; For my Father presses me to it, and will take no denial: Would I knew some way ———

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very nearest, for I have just now found it out.

Rose. Are you there, Mr. Littleplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my diligence for thy Lady; I stand here, methinks, just like a wooden *Mercury*, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Rose. Or, Serving-man like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I shall find warm work on't: In the first place then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and enter'd my self into Sir *John's* Service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base——

Enter Moody.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what Luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? Are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

S I N G S.

*Make ready fair Lady to Night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your true Love you shall go.*

Mood. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. Ay, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't.

S I N G S.

*And when the Stars twinckle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E'er the jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.*

Moody.

Mood. Bodikins, I like not that so well, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own Case another time.

Rose. Oh Madam! yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber to avoid the sight of him as long as I can; Lord! that my old doating Father should throw me away upon such an *Ignoramus*, and deny me to such a Wit as Sir *Martin*.

[Exeunt Mill. and Rose from above.]

Mood. O Son! here has been the most villainous Tragedy against you.

Sir John. What Tragedy? Has there been any Blood shed since I went?

Mood. No Blood shed, but, as I told you, a most damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce! if I say it is a Tragedy, it shall be a Tragedy in spight of you, teach your Grandam how to piss——what——I hope I am old enough to spout *English* with you, Sir.

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride; an' if she had stirr'd out of Doors, there were Whipsters abroad i'faith, Padders of Maiden-heads, that would have truss'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, e're a Man could have said, what's this: But by good Luck I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such Dangers is easie, you may send for a Parson, and have the Business dispatch'd at home.

Mood. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of Battel.

[Exit.]

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter must needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn.

Warn. I see, Sir, you'll still mistake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom, I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, Sir, I do not love to make a Breach betwixt Persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply that my Mistress was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know she ever lov'd him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? You may make your self miserable, if you please, by such a Marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her Virtue will secure me.

Warn. Her Virtue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir, I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes, in my Conscience is she, for Sir Martin's Tongue's no Slander.

Sir John. But does he say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my Part I do not, he has in a manner confess'd it to me.

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lie.

Sir John. But, how shall I be sure 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married you'll soon make tryal, whether she be a Maid or no.

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own Cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. Ay, but they have so many Tricks to cheat a Man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter through all Generations; there's no keeping a Lock for that Door, for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their Breaths with Oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the
next

next Day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the Courtesie before-hand, and in private tells him how she cozened you; twenty to one but she takes out another Lesson with him to practise the next Night.

Sir John. All this while miserable I must be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well, if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a Friend, that stays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. Ay, there's your Man, Sir; besides he will be sure to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if occasion be, she may have where-withal to recriminate: At least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. But, if she be not a Maid when you marry her, she may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken such a Man's Widow.

Sir John. If that were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir John. Ay, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The Truth is, an honest simple Girl that's Ignorant of all things, maketh the best Matrimony: There is such Pleasure in instructing her; the best is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; such a one with a good Fortune—

Sir John. Ay, but where is she, *Warner*?

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir John. Engag'd to one that hath given me the Earnest of Cuckoldom before-hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Christian* here in the House? There's five thousand Pounds and a better Penny.

Sir John. Ay, but is she Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wise Virgins, I can assure you.

Sir

Sir John. Dear *Warner*, step into the next Room, and inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember above all things, you keep this Wooing secret; if it takes the least Wind, old *Moody* will be sure to hinder it.

Sir John. Do'st thou think I shall get her Aunt's Consent?

Warn. Leave that to me.

[*Exit Warn.*]

Sir John. How happy a Man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is so sweet to steal a Wife under her Father's Nose, and leave 'em in the Lurch who have abus'd me; well, such a Servant as this *Warner* is a Jewel.

Enter Warner and Mrs. Christian to him.

Warn. There she is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

[*Exit.*]

Sir John. Sweet Mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir John. And in the Condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth?

Sir John. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir John. Why? 'tis the honest End of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forsooth: I would not lye in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards will so prickle one.

Sir John. Pah——What an innocent Girl it is, and very Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; for so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will; Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh my Cheeks all wet——Sweet Lady——

[*Aside.*]

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir John. Well then, sweet Mistress, if I get your Friends Consent, shall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what she will, forsooth, but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me, than to marry me yet; Lord bless me, what should I do with a Husband?

Sir John. Well, Sweet-heart, then instead of wooing you, I must wooe my old Lady.

Chr.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forsooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir John. Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and so humorous, and so ill Hus-
wifes, forsooth.

Sir John. Pah——she's a Baby, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew; the happiest Man I shall be in the World; for should I have my Wish, it should be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wish it is absolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

L. Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him——

Chr. What should I make him? [*Sighing.*]

L. Dupe. Marry, you shall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not marry, Madam.

L. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir John. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you, on my Soul 'tis the pretty'st Innocent'st thing in the World.

L. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, she knows little besides her Work, and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

L. Dupe. Come, *Christian*, will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, yes, yes ——— [*Sobbingly.*]

L. Dupe. Sir, it shall be to Night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Exeunt old Lady, and Mrs. Christian.*]

Enter Sir Martin, to Sir John musing.

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. *Milliscent* lyes at the Bottom of your Heart.

Sir John. My Heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheedle me, would you have me imagine you do not Love her?

Sir

Sir John. Love her! why should you think me such a Sot? love a Prostitute, and infamous Person!

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good *Sir John*.

Sir John. You see I am no very obstinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and pursue your good Fortune, and be as happy as such a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is *Hebrew-Greek* to me; but I must tell you, Sir, I will not suffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by such a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it; whate'er I say, I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d'you see, and deeper than that, d'ye see, in his Stomach, and his Guts d'ye see: Tell me she's a common Person! he's a Son of a Whore that said it, and I'll make him eat his Words, though he spoke 'em in a Privy-house.

Sir John. What if *Warner* told me so? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent Judge in such a Business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious Rascal say it?—Now I think on't, I'll not believe you: In fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your Face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the Ghost under my Fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not stand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to resolve the Question: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your Hand at the Bar of Justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir Mart. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in Lies!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy Venom upon such a Saint as *Mrs. Milliscent*, to traduce her Virtue, and say it was adulterate?

Warn.

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr. Rascal! have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir Martin and Mrs. Milliscent? I'll stop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir Mart. Say you so! are you there again i'faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your self, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own devising.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horse-pox t'ye, I'll understand none of it; tell me in plain *English* the truth of the Business: For an' you were my own Brother, you should pay for it: Believe my Mistress! what a Pox d'ye think I have no sense of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my Heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop Thief there! what, did you think to 'scape the Hand of Justice? [*Lays hold on him.*] The best on't is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether so nimble as your Tongue. [*Beats him.*]

Warn. Help! Murder! Murder!

Sir Mart. Confess, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you,— I tell you 'tis a Device of mine.

Sir Mart. And have you no Body to devise it on but my Mistress, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your Anger, good Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. By your Patience, Sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your Favour, to beat him in my Presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, your Presence shall hinder me from beating my own Servant.

Warn. O Traytor to all Sense and Reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present, I must tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn.

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are just upon the Brink of a Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou mean'st now?——a Lord! my Mind mis-gives me I have done some Fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aside*]

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lie; I say he is my Man.

Sir John. Pray remember your self better; did not you turn him away for some Fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any Fault, or any black and blue that I remember: Either the Rascal put some Trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir John. O, ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure Invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a Lie——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir; good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that shall not serve your Turn; you may return when you please to your old Master, I give you a fair Discharge, and a glad Man I am to be so rid of you: Were you thereabouts i'faith? What a Snake I had entertain'd into my Bosom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I advise you.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you stand! as you were nip'd i'th' head: Have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look so like an Ass?

Sir Mart. Here's three pieces of Gold yet, if I had the Heart to offer it thee. [*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*]

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deserve so great a Liberality? I confess if you had beaten me for my own Fault, if you had utterly destroyed all my Projects, then it might ha' been expected that ten or twenty Pieces should have been offer'd by way of Recompence or Satisfaction.——

Sir Mart. Nay, an'you be so full o'your Flouts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the Meaning of your Signs and Tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no Afs then?

Sir Mart. Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye see, I am an Afs in a fair way; will that satisfie you?

Warn. For this once produce those three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconsiderable Tribute, or make 'em fix, and I'll take the Fault upon my self.

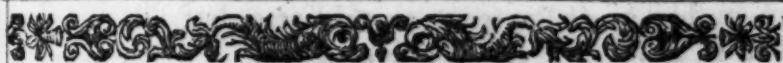
Sir Mart. Are we Friends then? If we are, let me advise you——

Warn. Yet advising——

Sir Mart. For no harm, good *Warner*: But pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the Business, instruct me in every Point, and then if I discover all, I am resolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire from the World.

Warn. Agreed, it shall be so; but let us now take breath a while, then on again.

For though we had the worst, those Heats are past, We'll whip and spur, and fetch him up at last. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Mistress Christian, Rose, and Warner.

Lord. YOUR Promise is admirably made good to me, that *Sir John Swallow* should be this Night married to *Mrs. Christian*; instead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help these ebbs and flows of Fortune.

L. Dupe. I am sure my Neice suffers most in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a mistake in his Mistress's Virtue, which he has now found out, by your Master's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to separate them.

Chr.

Chr. To be forsaken when a Woman has given her Consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same Scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet Youth, Sir, to use my Lady so, when she depended on you; is this the faith of *Valet de Chambre*? I would be asham'd to be such a dishonour to my Profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embassadrefs?

Rose. Why, they say the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: So if you play fast and loose, not a Gallant will bribe us for our Good-wills; the gentle *Guinea* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to steal into our Hands at the Stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promise.

L. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to Bed a Maid to Night—

Warn. Hey-day! you are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankrupts, call in all your Debts together; there's no possibility of Payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I can, I assure you.

L. Dupe. But you must not think to pay us with false Money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Business in good Earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for to confess the Truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases, that is, that my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first Place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to arrest Sir *John Swallow* upon a Promise of Marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladyship in the least, Madam——for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us.

[Exit Lord, L. Dupe. Mill. and Chr.]

Warn. Rose, where's thy Lady?

Mill. [above.] What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great Work of Projection,

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my Thanks when the Work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master?

Mill. If he should prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I shall be a miserable Woman.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good Jest i'faith: but how comes your Ladyship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have ever a touch of Madness and Extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than Wit and Folly, yet like East and West, they may meet in a point, and produce Actions that are but a Hair's breadth from one another,

Rose. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole Day together: He's a most Comical Person.

Mill. For all this I will not swear he is no Fool; he has still discovered all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Designs so subtle, that their very fineness breaks them.

Mill. However, I'm resolv'd to be on the sure side, I will have certain proof of his Wit, before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a sure sign of Wit, he neglects his outward Parts; besides, he speaks French, sings, dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, say you?

Warn. Most divinely, Madam.

Mill.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give me a Serenade immediately; but let him stand in the View, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He shall do't Madam: But how, the Devil knows——for he sings like a Scritch-Owl, and never touch'd the Lute.

Mill. You'll see't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our Enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or see me no more.

Warn. Well, it shall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him News from the East-Indies.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Bastard-Son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any News from him these many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within these three Days.

Warn. When did he see him last?

Mill. Not since he was seven Years old.

Warn. A sudden thought comes into my Head to make him appear before his Time; let my Master pass for him, and by that means he may come into the House unsuspected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you——make haste——I must retire a little. [Exit Mill. from above.]

Rose. I'll instruct him most rarely, he shall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do for a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-plus'd on the sudden, but a warm Consolation from thy Lips, *Rose*, would set my Wits a working again.

Rose. Adieu, *Warner*. [Exit.]

Warn. Inhuman *Rose*, adieu.——Blockhead *Warner*, into what a Premunire hast thou brought thy self; this 'tis to be so forward to promise for another——but

to be Godfather to a Fool, to promise and vow he should do any thing like a Christian——

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all.

Sir Mart. Why, how now Bully, in a brown Study? For my good I warrant it; there's five Shillings for thee, what, we must encourage good Wits sometimes.

Warn. Hang your white Pelf: Sure, Sir, by your Largesse you mistake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-maker; your Covetousness has offended my Muse, and quite dull'd her.

Sir Mart. How angry the poor Devil is? In fine, thou art as cholerick as a Cook by a Fire-side.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual discharging my Wit: 'Slife, Sir, I have rarifi'd my Brains for you, 'till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do something for your self like a Man, I have engag'd you shall give to your Mistress a Serenade in your proper Person: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't Man.

Warn. You never learn'd, I do not think you know one stop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as fast as I can, and never stop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I see; get up into your Window, and set two Candles by you, take my Landlord's Lute in your Hand, and fumble on't, and make grimaces with your Mouth, as if you sung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and consequently your Mistress, who will come to her Balcony over against you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man before-hand what he must do; Gramercy i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee——

Warn. About your Business then, your Mistress and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the Sign with the Bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barber's Shop.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

144 Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL.

Enter Mrs. Milliscent, and Rose, with a Candle by 'em, above.

Rose. We shall have rare Musick.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the Knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Musick; Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis Night, Madam, and you cannot see 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employ'd with that same Sea-man, and I have set Mrs. *Christian* to watch their Discourse, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to instruct his Master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old Lady has provided two rare Disguises for the Master and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Rose. And see, Madam, where your true Knight *Sir Martin* is plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand and his Rays about his Head.

[Sir Martin appears at the adverse Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done, Warner rings, and Sir Martin holds.]

Did he not play most excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

THE S O N G.

B LIND Love to this Hour
Had never like me, a Slave under his Power.
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my Heart,
For nothing can prove
A Joy so great as to be wounded with Love.

*My Days, and my Nights,
Are fill'd to the Purpose with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart still I sigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the top of Love's Happiness rais'd.*

*My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the Pleasure to doat and desire;
Such a pretty soft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
Which makes me breathe short, when it beats at my Heart.*

*Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am despis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But streight a sweet Smile
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recal,
Then the more I do struggle, the lower I fall.*

*Heav'n does not impart
Such a Grace as to love unto ev'ry ones Heart;
For many may wish,
To be wounded, and miss:
Then blest be Love's Fire,
And more blest her Eyes that first taught me Desire.*

The Song being done, Warner rings again; but Sir Martin continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.

Mill. A pretty humour'd Song——but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him——Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the Fruits on't.

Warn. [Peeping.] Death! this abominable Fool will spoil all again. Damn him, he stands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress, that he hears me not. [Rings again.]

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, Rose——his Man play'd

play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over. [Mill. and Rose laugh.]

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would split their Sides. Why, Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill. Sir Martin, Sir Martin, take your Man's Counsel, and keep time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. [Peeping.] Hah! what do you say, Madam? how does your Ladyship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heav'nly! just like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do, when my Hand is in! well, o'my Conscience I think there is a Fate upon me. [Noise within.]

Mill. Look, Rose, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis Sir John Swallow pursu'd by the Bailiffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it seems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I shall be rid of him.

[Exe. Mill. and Rose.]

Enter Sir John pursu'd by three Bailiffs over the Stage.

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all again, my Mistress shall see my Valour, I'm resolv'd on't. Villains, Rogues, Poul-troons! what? three upon one? in fine, I'll be with you immediately. [Exit.]

Warn. Why, Sir, are you stark mad? have you no grain of Sense left? He's gone! now is he as earnest in the Quarrel as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpose whatever I do for him. [Exit Warn.]

Enter Sir John and Sir Martin (having driven away the Bailiffs) Sir Martin flourisheth his Sword.

Sir Mart. Victoria! Victoria! what Heart, Sir John, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John. Not the least, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Assistance, which I will requite with any thing, but the resigning of my Mistress——Dear Sir Martin, a good Night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in, *Sir John.*

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. Millisent without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arrested for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; some little Debts perhaps I left unpaid by my Negligence: Once more good Night, Sir. [Exit.]

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow; and so in fine, I shall tell him when I see him next——Monsieur——

Enter Warner.

Warner, a propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in sight of my Mistress; Boy, I have charm'd her i'faith with my Valour.

Warn. Ay, just as much as you did e'en now with your Musick; go, you are so beastly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your Face, Sir; call a Man of Honour Fool, when I have just atchieved such an Enterprize—Gad, now my Blood's up, I am a dangerous Person, I can tell you that, *Warner.*

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir Mart. I grant, I am no Musician, but you must allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; and in fine, I am come off unhurt, save only a little scratch i'th' Head.

Warn. That's impossible, thou hast a Scull so thick, no Sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the Fruits of your Valour: You rescu'd your Rival, when he was to be arrested, on purpose to take him off from your Mistress.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingenuious Men; nothing thrives they take in Hand.

Enter Rose.

Rose. *Sir Martin,* you have done your Business with my Lady, she'll never look upon you more; she says, she's so well satisfied of your Wit and Courage, that she will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir Mart. *Warner,* is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpose.

Rose. Yet, if he had some golden Friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir Mart. Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Rose. I'll take their Royal Words for once.

[*She fetches two Disguises.*]

Warn. The Meaning of this, dear *Rose*?

Rose. 'Tis in pursuance of thy own Invention, *Warner*; a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: But let us lose no time. Help! help! dress thy Master, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody's* Bastard, and thou his, come from the *East-Indies*.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it—now we shall have *Rose's* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Rose. Old *Moody* you must know in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge-Scholar*, made bold with a Towns-Man's Daughter there, by whom he had a Bastard, whose Name was *Anthony*, whom you, *Sir Martin*, are to represent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: But pray go on, *Rose*.

Rose. This Child in his Father's time he durst not own, but bred him privately in the Isle of *Ely*, till he was seven Years old, and from thence sent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *East-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your Memory, *Sir*?

Sir Mart. There's no answering thee any thing, thou think'st I am good for nothing.

Rose. *Bonaventure* dy'd at *Surat* within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Mogul's* Country unheard of by his Father 'till this Night, and is expected within these three Days: Now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the House, and make an end of all the Business before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Rose*, there's one considerable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name?

Rose.

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water* a Vintner at the *Rose*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? *Anthony Moody* born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Isle of *Ely*, sent into the *Mogul's* Country at seven Years old with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who dy'd within two Years; your Mother's Name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintner's Daughter at the *Rose*.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? But stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Country?

Warn. What Country? — Pox, he has forgot already —

Rose. The *Mogul's* Country.

Sir Mart. Ay, ay, the *Mogul's* Country! what the Devil, any Man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: But what have I been doing all this while in the *Mogul's* Country? He's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the old Man, I'll bring your Business about again with my Mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the Door, I'll go tell the old Man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your Part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errors. —

Sir Mart. Hang 'em, they were only slips of Youth — how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he sees I have need of his Service: Would I were out of his Power again, I would make him lie at my Feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Lord, Lady Dupe, Milliscent, Christian, and Rose.

Mood. Is he here already, say'st thou? which is he?

Rose. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I see thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Father, I know it is you by Instinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were spit out of your Mouth.

Rose. Keep it up, I beseech your Lordship.

[*Aside to the Lord.*

Lord. He's wondrous like indeed.

L. Dupe. The very Image of him.

Mood. *Anthony*, you must salute all this Company: This is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this her Neice Mrs. *Christian*.

[*He salutes them.*

Sir Mart. And that's my Sister, methinks I have a good Resemblance of her too: Honest Sister, I must needs kiss you, Sister.

Warn. This Fool will discover himself, I foresee it already by his Carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell us a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forsooth Father, but I have such a natural Affection for my Sister, that methinks I could live and die with her: Give me thy Hand, sweet Sister.

Sir John. She's beholden to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if she be, Sir, what's that to you, Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you?

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you see I have no mind to satisfy you, Sir: What a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Flesh and Blood, but you must be interposing with a Murrain to you,

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman is to marry your Sister.

Sir Mart. He marry my Sister! Ods foot, Sir, there are some Bastards, that shall be nameless, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any Man; and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir John. I do not question it in the least, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your best course, Sir; you marry my Sister! what have you seen of the World, Sir? I have seen your Hurricanos, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir,

Sir

Sir Mart. And your *Prefter Johns o'th' East-Indies*, and your Great *Turk of Rome and Persia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins it makes me weep for Joy; but, *Anthony*, you must not bear your self too much upon your Learning. Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be done, and here I kiss your Hand on't.

Warn. Yet again Stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother Hands off, now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentleman—

Mood. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other Matters; and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? And yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but Yesterday: A fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old Gentleman as ever I saw in all my Life.

Warn. aside.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, Sir, most perfectly, in the Isle—stay—let me see, oh—now I have it—in the Isle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Isle of *Ely*, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this damn'd Isle of *Silly* runs in's Head ever since his Sea-Voyage.

Mood. And your Mother's Name was—come, pray let me examine you—for that I'm sure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. *Warner!* what was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if she were now alive, what a joyful Day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you speak, *Sirrah?*

Sir Mart. Her Name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*.

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Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of Oxford for an University, but *Cambridge* for my Money.

Mood. Hold your Tongue you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but Yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembring ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *East-Indies*?

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon so honest a Merchant as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Rascal! this is past all Sufferance.

Rose. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd so many Questions.

Sir John. These are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one Question——Which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir John. And from thence, over the narrow Seas on Horse-back.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now, but some shall smook for't. Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you presently.

[Exit Mood.]

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I'm afraid; would I were fairly quit of him. [Aside.]

Mill. aside.] Tell me no more of *Sir Martin*, *Rose*, he wants natural Sense, to talk after this rate; but for this
Warner,

Warner, I am strangely taken with him, how handsomely he brought him off?

Enter Moody with two Cudgels.

Mood. Among half a Score tough Cudgels I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of these two as best able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor Warner must be beaten now for all his Wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the first place, for your Worship, and in the next, for this *East-India* Apostle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Designs, I know he is not.

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beseech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he should prove a Counterfeit; I assure you he has cozen'd me in the first Place.

Sir John. That's likely, i'faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him, he took me up but Yesterday, and told me the Story word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I trust to the Rogue's Wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou would'st have me believe thee, take one of these two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on soundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impostor: Do you come hither to cozen an honest Man? *[Beats him.]*

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lie to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *East-India*?

Sir Mart. Hold you inhuman Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me. *[Exit Sir Mart.]*

Mood. A fair Riddance of 'em both: Let's in and laugh at 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter again Sir Martin and Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever such an Affront put upon a Man, to be beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your Back-side, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, what News from the *Mogul's* Country?

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the Impudence to move such a Question to me, knowing how thou hast us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may see what comes of your Indiscretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more words, partly, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank your self for't; nay 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a Vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the Truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your Mistress; No more words of this Business, I advise you, but go home and grease your Back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his Hands; for if my Shoulders had not paid for this fault, my Purse must have sweat Blood for't: The Rogue has got such a hank upon me——

Warn. So, so, here's another of our Vessels come in after the Storm that parted us:

Enter Rose.

What Comfort, *Rose*, no Harbour near?

Rose. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is most extremely incens'd against *Sir Martin*; but she applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with my self about a Plot, to bring all about again.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a Mind to't, I know no way so proper for you as to turn Poet to *Eugenello*.

Warn

Warn. Hark! is not that Musick in your House?

[Musick plays.]

Rose. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Mistress the Fiddles, and our old Man is as jocund yonder, and does so hug himself to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a Plot; I care not, I will speak an'I were to be hang'd for't——shall I speak, dear Warner? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a Clyster, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer for my Heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly in the Name of Nonsense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Landlord, who shall be of the Party, go a Mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my Mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd, Warner?

Warn. Would I were hang'd, if it be not somewhat probable: Nay, now I consider better on't——exceeding probable, it must take, 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O must it so, Sir! and, who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the Author of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your Plot, Sir; either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the Credit of my Plot to gain my Mistress: The Plot's a good one, and I'll justify it upon any Ground in *England*; an'you will not work upon't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the Knight has Reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the best Advantage: Hark you, Rose.

[Whispers.]

Sir

Warn

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your Ordering, take notice 'tis your Fault; 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on't.

Rose. I must in to 'em, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Lady, and all the rest, who ought to know it, with your Design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Rose*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to Night—

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful Words, *Warner*; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em. [Exeunt.

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, and Christian.

L. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a House where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never suffer it.

L. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your Quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her Kinsman.

L. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arrested; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge.

Enter Rose.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin* himself has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Hand-fel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parson in the next Room, we'll find work for him.

L. Dupe. That shall be done immediately; *Christian*, make haste, and send for Mr. Ball the Non-conformist, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And two or three Possets to be eaten: May I not put in that, Madam?

L. Dupe. Surely you may.

[Exit Christian.

Rose. Then for the rest—'tis only this—Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whisper: My Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, and Millisent.

Mill. Strike up again, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir John. Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good *Sir John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; some Neighbours that heard your Fiddles are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be jovy; an' I had but my Hobby-horse at home——

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

L. Dupe, I believe some 'Prentices broke loose.

Mill. Rose! go and fetch me down two *Indian Gowns* and *Vizard-masks*——you and I will disguise too, and be as good a Mummary to them as they to us. [*Ex. Rose.*]

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir Martin Mar-all, Warner, Landlord disguis'd like a Tony.

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers you are welcome——[*Warner signs to the Musick for a Dance.*]

He signs for a Dance I believe; you are welcome. Mr. Musick, strike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

Sir John. And I'll not be out. [*Dance.*]

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had your Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glasses and some Stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir John. But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: The Humour is, that two Men at a time are hoisted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the rest of the Company dance about them while they drink: This they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's Invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you shall begin.

[*They hoist Sir Mart. and Warn.*]

Sir John. Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Millisent* and Mrs. *Christian*, A Lou's Touche! Touche!

[*While they drink, the Company dances and sings: They are taken down.*]

Mood. A rare toping Health this: Come, *Sir John*, now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

Sir John. What new Device is this, tro?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

[*When they are up, the Company dances about 'em: Then dance off. Tony dances a Figg.*]

Sir

Sir John. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o' your Company? I would fain see 'em again. [To Tony.

Land. Come down and tell 'em so, *Cudden.*

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some Plot in't, and this Fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my Daughter's gone, let me down, *Sirrah.*

Land. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir John. My Mistress is gone, let me down first.

Land. This is the quickest way, *Cudden.*

[He offers to pull down the Stools.

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my Neck.

Land. And you will not come down, you may stay there, *Cudden.* [Exit Landlord dancing.

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you, *Sir Jack.*

Sir John. 'Twas long of your self to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in thus!

Sir John. You old Sot you, to be caught so fillily!

Mood. Come but an Inch nearer, and I'll so claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I shall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden Breast-work there.——

Sir John. I hope to push thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, Lady Dupe, Sir Martin, Warner, Rose, Millisent vail'd, and Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among your selves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play, he shall never marry my Daughter.

Sir Mart. leading Rose. No, I'll be sworn that he shall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n: In fine, Sir, we are join'd together in spite of Fortune.

Rose, pulling off her Mask. That we are indeed, *Sir Martin*, and these are Witnesses; therefore, in fine, never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heav'n.

Omni. Rose!

Warn. What, is *Rose* split in two? Sure I ha' got one *Mill.*
Rose!

Mill. Ay, the best *Rose* you ever got in all your Life.
[Pulls off her Mask.

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what to say or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner*!

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impossible any Man in *England* should have over-reach'd me: Sure *Warner* there was some Mistake in this: Prithee *Billy* let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every Man may have his own, before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my Part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en sit down by the Loss, and content my self with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of two thousand Pounds a Year?

Sir Mart. An' I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd, *Warner*!

Mill. I have serv'd him but right for the Cheat he put upon me, when he persuaded me you were a Wit—— now there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely.

[They let him down.

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there; 'till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little Consummation: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good Nature.

[Takes him down too.

Mood. An' thou wert a Gentleman it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was assur'd of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman, though his Father's Sufferings in the late Times have ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master; and besides, there's an Estate of eight hundred Pounds a Year, only it is mortgag'd for six thousand Pounds.

Mood.

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off; and for my part, I am glad my Daughter has mis'd *in fine* there.

Sir John. I will not be the only Man that must sleep without a Bedfellow to Night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

L. Dupe. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former Execution, is still in the next Chamber; what with Cawdles, Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheedle two more of you into Matrimony.

Mill. Poor *Sir Martin* looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in Love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Rose. At least, *Sir Martin* can do more than you Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my Man, and in fine, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, *Sir Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part I had lov'd you before, if I had follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your Love can grow up like a Mushrome at a Night's warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your self, I can love as fast as any Man, when I am nigh Possession; my Love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the Quarry be in sight.

Love's an high mettal'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.





E P I L O G U E.

AS Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run huddling to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,
The vulgar Rout will run unblest away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haste
With a short Epilogue to close your Taste.
In thus withdrawing we seem mainerly,
But when the Curtain's down, we peep and see
A Fury of the Wits, who still stay late,
And in their Club decree the poor Play's Fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
Thence all the Town pronounces it their Thought.
Thus, Gallants, we like Lilly can foresee,
But if you ask us what our Doom will be,
We by to Morrow will our Fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the Year is past.



11 FEB 69

THE
T E M P E S T :

OR, THE

Enchanted Island.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at

HIS HIGHNESS the DUKE of
YORK'S THEATER.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

THE MUSEUM

OF THE

Enchanted Island



His Majesty the Duke of
Sutherland

of
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T H E

P R E F A C E.



THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the *French* Eloquence, which uses to make a Business of a Letter of Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great Pomp and Ostentation of Words on every Trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of Gaiety, which would be an Imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of Writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the Borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Land-skips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed

P R E F A C E.

ceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run myself beyond my Excuse for Writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a Value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of Gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the Honour to join me with him in the Alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakespear's*: A Poet for whom he had particularly a high Veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play itself had formerly been acted with Success in the *Black-Friers*: And our excellent *Fletcher* had so great a Value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second Time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a Copy of *Shakespear's Tempest*: The Storm, the Desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made use of *Shakespear's* Plot: Sir *John Suckling*, a profess'd Admirer of our Author, has follow'd his Footsteps in his *Goblins*; his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakespear's Miranda*; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of a quick and piercing Imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of *Shakespear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: And therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part to *Shakespear's* Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more

P R E F A C E.

more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my Assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first Moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my Writing received daily his Amendments, and that is the Reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the Help or Correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical Parts of the Sailers were also of his Invention, and for the most Part his Writing, as you will easily discover by the Stile. In the time I writ with him, I had the Opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare Acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a Fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a Thought extreamly Pleasant and Surprising: And those first Thoughts of his, contrary to the old *Latin* Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his Fancy was quick, so likewise were the Products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his Imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: And he corrected his own Writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the Time and Labour in polishing, which he us'd in Invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my Due, in the Writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his Name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same Ingrati-

P R E F A C E.

gratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater Inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the Unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the Dead of his Reputation) I am satisfy'd I could never have receiv'd so much Honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my Imperfections with the Merit and Name of *Shakespear* and Sir *William Davenant*.

December 1.
1669.

JOHN DRYDEN.



PRO.

PROLOGUE.

AS when a Tree's cut down, the secret Root
Lives under Ground, and thence new Branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespear's honour'd Dust, this Day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his Heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the Drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring Shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural Things:
But Shakespear's Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your Grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our Dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a Transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
What e'er she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or if your Fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it must be a-bed.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo, Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Ferdinand, his Son.

Prospero, right Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio, his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

Hippolite, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Stephano, Master of the Ship.

Mustacho, his Mate.

Trincalo, Boatswain.

Ventofo, a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda and } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never
Dorinda, } saw Man.

Ariel, an airy Spirit, Attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero*.

Caliban,
Sycerax, his Sister, } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE



THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of twenty four Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispice, join'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispice is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautify'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one Hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid Shapes flying down amongst

the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the End of the Storm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

VENTOSO.



HAT a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul Weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master, what say you?

Steph. Ill Weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy!

Enter Cabin Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a Dram of the Bottle.

[Exeunt Stephano and Boy.]

Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capstern.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? You hinder us: Keep your Cabins, you help the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the Sea is: Hence; what care these Roarers for the Name of Duke? To Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: You are a Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your Wisdom: If you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill Hour. Cheerly good Hearts! out of our way, Sirs. [*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his Complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [*Exit.*]

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Topsails.

Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capstern.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other Door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstern.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of Gold, get in your Capstern-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all Hands to Capstern. You Dogs, is this a time to sleep? Lubbord. Heave together, Lads. [*Trincalo whistles.*]

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together, Bullies.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! come, my Lads: Come, Bullies, cheer up! heave lustily. The Anchor's a Peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-castle! cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul! Haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and lose the Misen!

Trinc. Get the Misen-rack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet!

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the Main-top-sail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! haul aft both Sheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, Star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, 'till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some hands down: The Guns are loose. [*Ex. Must.*

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Exit Vent.*

Enter Mustacho at the other Door.

Must. O Master! six Foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aweather! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your Fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A curse upon this howling, [*A great Cry within.* They are louder than the Weather.

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.

Yet again, what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be poxt.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Ease the Fore-brace a little. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched Wench.

Enter

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your Loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alon. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the World, and that, By use, is so to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why Thou should'st——O Heav'n! [*A Cry within.*]
Hark, farewell, my Son, a long farewell!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho and Ventoso.

Trinc. What, must our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To Prayers, to Prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers. Let's assist them.

Must. Nay we may e'en pray too, our Case is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Stephano and Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new Cry within.*]

Steph. Run her Ashoar!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Starboard-Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that beautiful Part of the Island, which was the Habitation of Prospero; 'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the other Hippolito: The Middle-Walk is of great Depth, and leads to an open Part of the Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Miranda, where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, At the Walks end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art,
My dearest Father, you have put them in
This roar, allay 'em quickly.

Prosp. I have so order'd,
That not one Creature in the Ship is lost:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are Ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd
To know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.

Prosp. The Hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came into this Cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not
Full three Yeas old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the Image then of any thing
Which thou dost keep in thy Remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that
tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: What see'st
thou else
In the dark Back-ward, and Abyſs of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought e'er thou cam'st here,
Then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, *Miranda*,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all Virtue, and ſhe ſaid
Thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Siſter too.

Mir. O Heav'n's! what foul play had we, that
We hither came; or waſt a Bleſſing that we did?

Prosp.

Pros. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Pros. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*,
To whom I trusted then the Manage of my State,
While I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle
Having attain'd the Craft of granting Suits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown
The Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk,
And suck'd my Verdure out: Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Pros. I thus neglecting worldly Ends, and bent
To closeness, and the bettering of my Mind,
Wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did be-
lieve

He was indeed the Duke, because he then
Did execute the out-ward Face of Sovereignty.
Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafness.

Pros. This false Duke
Needs would be absolute in *Millain*, and Confederate
With *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and
To do him Homage.

Mir. False Man!

Pros. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit,
And on a Night mated to his Design,
Antonio open'd the Gates of *Millain*, and
I th' dead of Darkness, hurried me thence
With thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that Hour destroy us?

Pros. They durst not, Girl, in *Millain*, for the Love.
My People bore me; in short they hurry'd us
Away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten Carkass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
No Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats
Instinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pros. Thou and thy Sister were
Two Cherubins, which did preserve me: You both
Did smile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heav'n.

Mir. How came we Ashoar?

Pros. By Providence Divine,
Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, which
A Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*,
Appointed Master of that black Design,
Gave us; with rich Garments, and all Necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: And of his Gentleness
(Knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me
From mine own Library, with Volumes which
I prize above my Dukedom-

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Pros. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
Have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill
I find, that my Mid-heaven doth depend
On a most happy Star, whose Influence
If I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes
Will ever after Droop: Here cease more Questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'Tis a good Dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not chuse.

[*She falls asleep.*]

Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach,
My *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave
Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best Pleasure,
Be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire,
To ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding,
Task *Ariel*, and all his Qualities.

Pros. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point
The Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.

I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak,
Now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin;
I flam'd Amazement, and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many Places on the Top-mast,
The Yards, and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly.
Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon 'em.

Pros.

Pros. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the Mind, and plaid
Some Tricks of desperation; all,
But Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine,
And quit the Vessel: The Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*,
With Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair)
Was the first Man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Pros. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shoar?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Pros. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a Hair perish'd.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the Air with Sighs,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

Pros. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners
Of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at Midnight to fetch Dew
From the Still vex'd *Bermoothes*, there's she's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o'th' Fleet,
(Which I disperst) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound sadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Person perish.

Pros. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more Work:
What is the time o'th' Day?

Ariel. Past the Mid-season,

Pros.

Prosp. At least two Glasses:
The Time 'tween fix and now must by us both
Be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more Toil?
Since thou dost give me Pains, let me remember
Thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet
Perform'd me.

Prosp. How now, *Moody*?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Prosp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings,
Serv'd without or Grudge, or Grumbings:
Thou didst promise to bate me a full Year.

Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt Deep:

To run against the sharp Wind of the North,
To do my Business in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosp. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Prosp. Thou hast; where was she born? Speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Prosp. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries
Too terrible to enter human Hearing,
From *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd:
But for one thing she did,
They would not take her Life: Is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, Sir.

Prosp.

Prosp. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailers; thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd Commands;
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
(In her unmitigable Rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy Groans,
As fast as Mill-wheels strike. Then was this Isle
(Save for two Brats, which she did Litter here,
The brutish *Caliban*, and his Twin-sister,
Two freckled hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

Prosp. Dull thing, I say so; he,
That *Caliban*, and she that *Sycorax*,
Whom I now keep in Service. Thou best know'st
What Torment I did find thee in, thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts
Of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could ne'er again undo: It was my Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine
To gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prosp. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Hast howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command,
And be a gentle Spirit.

Prosp. Do so, and after two Days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet one
Request.

Prosp. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this Day's Business is important,
Requiring too much Toil for one alone.

I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice seven Years has waited for my Freedom:
Let it appear, it will assist me much,
And we with mutual Joy shall entertain
Each other. This I beseech you grant me.

Prosp. You shall have your desire.

Ariel. That's my noble Master. *Milcha!*

[*Milcha flies down to his assistance.*

Milc. I am here, my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear!

What shall we do? Say, say, what shall we do?

Prosp. Be subject to no fight but mine, invisible
To every Eye-ball else. Hence with diligence,
Anon thou shalt know more.

[*They both fly up and cross in the Air.*

Thou hast slept well my Child.

[*To Mir.*

Mir. The sadness of your Story put heaviness in me.

Prosp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my
Slave, who never yields us a kind Answer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make
our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that
profit us: What ho! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou,
speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Prosp. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd
with Raven's Feather from unwholesom Fens, drop on
you both: A South-west Wind blow on you, and blister
you all o'er.

Prosp. For this be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps,
Side-fishes, that shall pen thy Breath up; Urchins shall
prick thee till thou bleed'st: Thou shalt be pinch'd as
thick as Honey-combs, each Pinch more stinging than
the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my Dinner: This Island's mine by
Sycorax my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When
thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of
me,

me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the Qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, barren Places and fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles, thou dost keep from me the rest o'th' Island.

Pros. Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done: Thou didst prevent me, I had peopl'd else this Isle with *Calibans*.

Pros. Abhorred Slave! who ne'er wouldst any print of Goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour one thing or other; when thou didst not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: Therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my profit by it is, that I know to Curse: The red Botch rid you for learning me your Language.

Pros. Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in Fuel, and be quick

To answer other Business: Shrug'st thou (Malice)

If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll wrack thee with old Cramps,

Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,

That Beasts shall tremble at thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!

I must obey. His Art is of such power,

It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Pros. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.*
Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,

As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I 'spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a-while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: Till, at last, all side-long
With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish'd,
Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? For yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: But I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if
We two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Sister, no, if they were young, my Father
Said, we must call them Brothers.

Dor.

Dor. But pray how does it come, that we two are Not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, And grew within the Ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister, Let you and I look up and down one Day, To find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is The Hour wherein my Father's Charm will work, Which seizes all who are in open Air: Th' effect of this great Art I long to see, Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis compos'd of divers sorts of Trees, and barren Places, with a Prospect of the Sea at a great distance.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Vent. **T**HE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam after it. And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed. I prethee fill a Soop, and let it go round.

Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I'th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace, we cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may take a Soop before Death, as well as others drink at our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self,

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold Stomach.

Steph. Fill us another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang Losses, as long as we have Brandy left. Prethee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: He shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful Day with old *Bess*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But, as you say, hang Losses. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Beshrew thy Heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had not thought of mine else. Nature will shew it self, I must melt. I prethee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade, and has but one Eye left: But she'll weep out that too, when she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Master, Sorrow is dry! there's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the Comfort we get ashoar: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor Heart! that would soon make you dry again: But all is barren in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South ere we can cry, a Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another Soop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their Train, are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home again: We must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his Teeth with my Scepter: For I was Master at Sea

and will be Duke on Land: You *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my Voice. And so fill me the other Soop.

Steph. whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prethee give me thy Voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private Ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my Voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the People, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian Blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon Condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good People, are you well agreed? what, no Man answer? well, you may take their Silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one Voice, one and all; that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the People, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [Both draw.]

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: We will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, with a great Bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Must. He reels: Can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. Sings. *I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,*

Here I shall die Ashoar.

This is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's Funeral, but here's my Comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. *The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,*

Low'd

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.

For she had a Tongue with a Tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang:

She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,

Yet a Tailor might scratch her where-ere she did itch.

This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my Comfort a-
gain. [Drinks]

Steph. We have got another Subject now; welcome,
welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old
Sack, Boys; The King of Good-fellows can be no Sub-
ject. I will be old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors
threw over-board: But are you alive, ho! for I will
tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: Thy Hand, *Mu-
stacho*, and thine, *Ventoso*; the Storm has done its worst:
Stephano alive too! give thy Bosen thy Hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for I must tell you, we
have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all
made, the Island's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we
will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as
great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and
when we are weary of Governing, thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoso*, I will succeed you in both
your Places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep, and be sober; and make no more
Uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you,
Trincalo, are not your self; but we pardon your first
Fault, because it is the first Day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were Matters carried so swimmingly a-
gainst me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self
for the good of the People of this Island? *Must.*

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou disturb a settled Government, where thou art a meer Stranger to the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-war begins. [*Vent. Must. draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no Bloodshed, my Subjects are but few: Let him make a Rebellion by himself; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where-ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. and Vent.*

Enter Caliban with Wood upon his Back.

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him by Inch-meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i'th' Mire, nor lead me in the Dark out of my Way, unless he bid 'em: But for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their Prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven Tongues hiss me to Madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his Spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish? This is some Monster of the Isle: Were I in *England*, as once I was, and had him painted; not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me Six-pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make him tame, he were a Present for an Emperor. Come hither, pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm. Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest, but I'll give him a dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his Understanding. Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your Mouth. How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what, I think you cannot

cannot tell who is your Friend! open your Chops, I say,
[Pours Wine down his Throat.]

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Coelestial Liquor;
 I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster. Monster, what
 say'st thou, art thou content to turn Civil and Sober, as
 I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the
 Liquor is not Earthly: Did'st thou not drop from Heav'n?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her
 when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile Inch i'th' Isle, and
 kiss thy Foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink.

[Drinks again.]

Trinc. Well drawn Monster, in good Faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee
 Berries, I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough:
 A Curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him
 no more Sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his Drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
 and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts, shew
 thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare the
 Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
 Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good-natur'd Race; is
 there no more of thy Kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self; my
 lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak, and
 plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs. Say, my
 King, shall I call her to thee!

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too. If she
 proves handsom she is mine: Here, Monster, drink again
 for thy good News; thou shalt speak a good Word for
 me.

[Gives him the Bottle.]

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
 Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
 Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,

Bah

Ban, Ban, Cackaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Heigh-day! Freedom, Freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster, and his Sister: Well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say again, Wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks.*] From this worshipful Monster, and Mistress Monster, his Sister, I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance: Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse: Come away, Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt, and drink her Health.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero alone.

Prosp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know, I kept the Infant Duke of *Mantua* So near them in this Isle, Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my Care; Till my False Brother (when he design'd t' usurp My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that Fate He meant for me.

By calculation of his Birth I saw Death threat'ning him, if, till some time were past, He should behold the Face of any Woman: And now the Danger's nigh.—*Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your Pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy Infancy, Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness, Therefore accuse not me for thy Restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock, And you this Day have hurry'd me from thence, Only to change my Prison, not to free me. I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad, A black Star threatens thee, and Death unseen Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me Not to fear him in any of his Shapes:

Let

Let me meet Death rather than be a Prisoner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender Youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature Liv'd in this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of; Why then should I fear?

Prosp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to thee, Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws, And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before. What are Women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and Angels:

Fatally Beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all Enchantment, those who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain,

They'll haunt you in your very Sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge, They are so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt, Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns, Nor Summer Shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacock's Feathers?
Or than the Gloss upon the Necks of Doves?
Or have more various Beauty than the Rainbow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em: Nature made Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair: Therefore if you should chance to see 'em, Avoid 'em streight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous, I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety Of the unblemish'd Honour which you taught me.

But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Pros. Go in, and read the Book I gave you last.
To morrow I may bring you better News.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir. [Exit *Hip.*

Pros. So, so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his Lodging
From yonder Rock, where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his Limits,
For hitherto he hath been all Obedience;
The Planets seem to smile on my Designs,
And yet there is one sullen Cloud behind,
I would it were dispers'd.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

How, my Daughters!

I thought I had instructed them enough:

Children! retire; why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our Bounds, Sir.

Pros. But both take heed, that Path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Pros. All that you can imagine ill is there.
The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant
him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Pros. Ay Child! but I
Am a tame Man; old Men are tame by Nature,
But all the Danger lyes in a wild young Man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Pros. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.

Dor. But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em
gentle, then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: No Woman can come near 'em, but she feels a Pain, full nine Months. Well, I must in; for new Affairs require my Presence: Be you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian. [Exit *Prosp.*

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way? The Man will catch us else: We have but two Legs, And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you, And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form, And he shall not see us.

Dor. Ay, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, Sister; if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him, and ask him Pardon, as I do my Father, when I have done a Fault.

Mir. And if I can but scape with Life, I had rather be in pain nine Months, as my Father threaten'd, than lose my longing. [Exeunt.

SCENE continues.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. *Prospero* has often said, that Nature makes Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made? Are they to suck the Poison of the Earth,

As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask
That Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about
Like one of us.

Mir. Ay, just so, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is just like one of us: Methinks
I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was; see, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you should venture.
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his Looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me
first: Fie, are you not asham'd to be so inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and would give him your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Observe how he begins to stare already.

I'll meet the Danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in Kind-
ness. I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Pros. [*within.*] *Miranda*, Child, where are you!

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my
Prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it.

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of

[*Seeing her.*

The Sun, dress'd in his Father's gayest Beams,
And comes to play with Birds: My Sight is dazl'd,
And yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes,
I must go nearer it—but stay a while;

May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A Woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that which looks like you: For though
I've been charg'd by him (whom yet I ne'er disobey'd)
To shun your Presence, yet I'd rather die
Than lose it; Therefore I hope you will not have the
Heart

To hurt me: Though I fear you are a Man,
The dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to
Each other! Alas, can we not meet, but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poisonous Creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any Venome in us, sure, we cannot be
More poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a Hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[Takes her Hand.]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's Hands,
And felt no Pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: Just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing Grief; and so methought
Was theirs: For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd
To murmur too, and yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heav'n's! I have the same Sense too: Your
Hand

Methinks

Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my Heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. [within.] *Dorinda!*

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same Command.

Dor. This is my first Offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first Trespas too: But he
Hath more offended Truth than we have him:
He said our Meeting would destructive be,
But I no Death but in our Parting see.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

S C E N E III. *A wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: You have Cause,
So have we all, of Joy, for our strange 'scape;
Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our Sorrow with
Our Comfort.

Alonz. Prithee Peace, you cram these words
Into my Ears, against my Stomach; how
Can I rejoyce, when my dear Son, perhaps
This very moment, is made a Meal to some strange Fish?

Anto. Sir, he may live,
I saw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs; I do not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone;
And you and I, *Antonio*, were those
Who caus'd his Death.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'd'st thy Brother *Prospero*,
And *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my Power;
And when I, too ambitious, took by Force
Another's Right: Then lost we *Ferdinand*;
Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Anto. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heav'n;
You to the Waves an Infant Prince expos'd,

And on the Waves have lost an only Son.
I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands,
And now am cast upon this Desert-Isle.

Gonz. These, Sirs, 'tis true, were Crimes of a black Die;
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*;
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your Valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;
No act but Penitence can expiate Guilt!
Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder!
What rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition!
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good Deed for a bad?

[*A flourish of Musick.*

Gonz. Musick! and in the Air! sure we are Shipwreck'd
On the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Anto. This Isle's enchanted Ground; for I have heard
Swift Voices flying by my Ear, and Groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my Hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire Place,
And all the After-actions of my Life
Shall mark my Penitence and my Bounty.

[*Musick again louder.*

Hark, the Sounds approach us!

[*The Stage opens in several places.*

Anto. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful Horrors, and the guilty Senie
Of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of swift Destruction stand;
No means of our Escape is left.

[*Another flourish of Voices under the Stage.*

Anto. Ah! what amazing Sounds are these we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present?

Sung under the Stage.

1 Dev. Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?

2 Dev.

2 Dev. *In the lowest and darkeſt Caverns of Hell
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.*

1 Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt?*

3 Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*

1 Dev. *Damned Princes there*

The worſt of Torments bear;

3 Dev. *Who in Earth all others in Pleaſures excel,
Muſt feel the worſt Torments of Hell.*

[They riſe ſinging this Chorus.]

Anto. *Oh Heav'n! what horrid Viſion's this?*

How they upbraid us with our Crimes!

Alon. *What fearful Vengeance is in ſtore for us!*

1 Dev. *Tyrants, by whom their Subjects bleed,
Should in Pains all others exceed;*

2 Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,
And their Crowns unjuſtly get;*

*And ſuch who their Brothers to Death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet.*

3 Dev. } *—In Hell, in Hell with Flames they ſhall reign,*

Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the Pain.*

Anto. *O my Soul; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the
Pain.*

Alon. *Has Heav'n in all its infinite ſtock of Mercy
No overflowings for us? Poor, miſerable, guilty Men!*

Gonz. *Nothing but Horrors do encompass us!*

For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer!

Alon. *For ever we ſhall periſh! O diſmal Words, for
ever!*

1 Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*

2 Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport!*

3 Dev. *——His Cruelty does tread*

On Orphans tender Breſts, and Brothers dead!

2 Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch Crimes ſhould be
Attended with Felicity?*

1 Dev. *No; Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,*

*In the miſt of their Guards they their Conſciences
fear.*

2 Dev. } *Care their Minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*
 Chor. } *And we with dire Visions disturb all their Sleep.*

Anto. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
 The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.
 Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1 Dev. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?*

2 Dev. *No, no, let us show their degrees of Offence.*

3 Dev. *Let's muster their Crimes up on every side,
 And first let's discover their Pride.*

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,
 And did to Ambition their Minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And Fraud does next appear.
 Their wandring Steps who led,
 When they from Virtue fled,
 They in my crooked Paths their course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
 Where Rapine did their Actions drive.

Enter Murder.

Murder. There long they could not stay;
 Down the steep Hill they run.
 And to perfect the Mischief which they had begun,
 To Murder they bent all their way.

Around, around we pace,

Chorus About this cursed place;
of all. While thus we compass in

These Mortals and their Sin. [*Devils vanish.*]

Anto. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd;
 I feel my Sinews slacken with the Fright;
 And a cold Sweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into Water.

Oh *Prospero*, my Crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my Heart!

Anto. And mine 'gainst him and young *Hippolito*.

Gonz. Heav'n have Mercy on the Penitent.

Anto.

Anto. Lead from this cursed Ground;
The Seas in all their Rage are not so dreadful,
This is the Region of Despair and Death.

Alon. Beware all Fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd,
The Shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:
A secret Venom slides from every Branch!
My Conscience does distract me! O my Son!
Why do I speak of eating or repose,
Before I know thy Fortune?

[As they are going out, a Devil rises just before
them, at which they start, and are frighted.]

Alon. O Heav'ns! yet more Apparitions!

Devil Sings.

Arise, arise! ye subterranean Winds,
More to disturb their guilty Minds:
And all ye filthy Damps and Vapours rise,
Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring Plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vast and hollow Womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries shake,
And stately Cities into Deserts turn;
And you who feed the Flames by which Earth's Entrails burn.
Ye raging Winds, whose rapid Force can make
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake,
Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,
Where Nature never yet did smile:
Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languish in Despair.
Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

[Two Winds rise, ten more enter and dance.
At the end of the Dance, three Winds sink,
the rest drive *Alon.* *Anto.* *Gonz.* off.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A wild Island.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.

Ariel. **C**ome unto these yellow Sands,
 And then take Hands,
 Curtsy'd when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild Waves whist.
 Foot it feably here and there,
 And sweet Sprights the Burthen bear.
 Hark! hark!
 Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
 Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
 Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i'th' Air, or Earth?
 It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
 Some God i'th' Island; sitting on a Bank,
 Weeping against the Duke; my Father's wrack'd;
 This Musick hover'd on the Waters,
 Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
 With charming Aires. Thence I have follow'd it,
 (Or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone:
 No, it begins again.

Milcha Sings.

Full fathom five thy Father lyes,
 Of his Bones is Coral made;
 Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
 Nothing of him that does fade.
 But does suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:

*Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.*

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.
This is no mortal Business, nor a Sound
Which the Earth owns——I hear it now before me;
However I will on, and follow it.

[*Exit Ferd. following Ariel.*]

SCENE II. *The Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you
(The Elder, and I thought the more discreet)
I gave the Conduct of your Sister's Actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her Duty to depart.

Prosp. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own? did you not see
The Man, whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a Distance.

Prosp. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you?
What Alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a Sight so new.

Prosp. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my Kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Prosp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should,
Except the thing had first lov'd me?

Prosp. Cherish those Thoughts: You have a gen'rous Soul;
And since I see your Mind not apt to take
The light Impressions of a sudden Love,
I will unfold a Secret to your Knowledge.
That Creature which you saw, is of a Kind
Which Nature made a Prop and Guide to yours.

Mir.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an Object
Of Terror to my Mind? you never us'd
To teach me any thing but God-like Truths,
And what you said; I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing Form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender Breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see
Another of this kind, the full-blown Flower,
Of which this Youth was but the Op'ning Bud.
Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

[Exit *Mir.*]

Prosp. And make thee Fortunate.

Enter Dorinda.

Oh, come hither, you have seen a Man to Day,
Against my strict Command.

Dor. Who, I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she?

Truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her.

But if I knew you'd not be angry with me,
I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that Sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because
I did not see him much till he saw me.

Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd,
And star'd upon my Face; and so I thought
I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore
I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er
Come near a Man again——

Prosp. I told you he
Was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you,
You are mistaken in him; for he did

Me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my Life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my Mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my Promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him, who did you so much Mis-
chief?

Dor. I warrant you
I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd
My Heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those Sighs were poisonous, they infected you;
You say, they griev'd you to the Heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his Looks and Words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in love.
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much Passion; tell me
(And on your Duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What past betwixt you, and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you
Should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer
To what I ask; what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely,
That when I would have fled away, my Feet
Seem'd fasten'd to the Ground, then it drew near,
And with Amazement ask'd to touch my Hand;
Which, as a ransom for my Life, I gave:
But when he had it, with a furious Gripe
He put it to his Mouth so eargerly,
I was afraid he would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his Behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;

Then,

Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching
His Hand again, my Heart did beat so strong,
As I lack'd Breath to answer what he ask'd.

Prosp. You've been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Prosp. Poor Child! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy Blood, instead of striving, thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing Disease: Thou fight'st
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy Danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,
Just stragg'd from the Nest: Pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him again.

Prosp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked Hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my Heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Prosp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again. [*Ex. Dor.*]

Prosp. Now my Designs are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my Charms.
What *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.

Prosp. Thou and thy meaner Fellows your last Service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another Work: How goes the Day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,
You said our Work should cease.

Prosp.

Pros. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open Air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.

Pros. But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Pros. How do they bear their Sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like Men distracted, their
Attendants brim full of Sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds; your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your Affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall:

Hast thou, who art but Air, a touch, a feeling
Of their Afflictions, and shall not I (a Man
Like them, one who as sharply relish Passions
As they) be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Tho' they have pierc'd me to the quick with Injuries,
Yet with my nobler Reason 'gainst my Fury

I will take part; the rarer Action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance. Go, my *Ariel*,
Refresh with needful Food their famish'd Bodies,
With Shows and cheerful Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Pros. With a twinkle, *Ariel*. But stay, my Spirit;
What is become of my Slave, *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax*, his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

They have cast off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcel'd your Island into Governments.

Pros. No matter, I have now no need of 'em:
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;

Haste

Haste to perform what I have given in Charge:
But see they keep within the Bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as Air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosp. Make haste then.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self
Seiz'd with a weariness, to th' dulling of my Spirits:

[*They sit.*]

Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterers: He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find. I'm faint with Hunger,
And must despair of Food.

[*Musick without.*]

What! Harmony again. My good Friends, heark!

Anto. I fear some other horrid Apparition.

Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel and Milcha invisible, sing.

Dry those Eyes which are o'erflowing,

All your Storms are overblowing:

While you in this Isle are biding,

You shall feast without providing:

Every Dainty you can think of,

Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,

Shall be yours; all Want shall shun you,

Ceres Blessing so is on you.

Alon. This Voice speaks Comfort to us.

Anto. Wou'd 'twere come;

There is no Musick in a Song to me,

My Stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a heav'nly Vision of Boil'd,

Bak'd, and Roasted!

[*Dance*]

[Dance of fantastick Spirits; after the Dance a Table furnish'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.]

Anto. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.

A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all Varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alon. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this Feast
Which Fiends provide, to poison us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman
Be so ill-natur'd, he may do his Pleasure.

Anto. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish:
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alon. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve
me. [Two Spirits descend, and flie away with the Table.]

Alon. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected:
'Tis vanish'd.

Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends?

Anto. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say
Grace: This comes on't, when Men will be godly out
of Season.

Anto. Yonder's another Table, let's try that—[Exeunt.
Enter Trincalo and Caliban.]

Trin. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace:
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the
Daughters of the Tyrant *Prospero*; and she is bigger than
'em both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge
thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my
Spouse? Well, she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld
Monster.) The *Trincalo's*, like other wise Men, have an-
ciently us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy
Neck, and that which dangles at thy Wrist.

[Sycorax points to his Bosom's Whistle and his Bottle.]

Trinc. My dear Blubber-lips; this, observe my Chuck,
is a Badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fufs, thou dost not
know it.

Syc.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prethee, sweet Baby, do not play the Wanton, and cry for my Goods e're I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another Question: For if she be thus flippant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the Ground.

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine, [Exit Ariel.]

Trinc. Well! since it must be so. [Gives her the Bottle.]
How do you like it now, my Queen that must be?

[She drinks.]

Syc. Is this your heav'nly Liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? What a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the Virtue of this Liquor: I prethee let me drink for her. [Caliban drinks.]

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster!

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't, I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live. It was a cold gulph, such as this, which kill'd my famous Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy Honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy Shooe.

Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.

Calib.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but Malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their sakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: Now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like Virtue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my Arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy Arms: But prethee be not too boisterous with me at first; do not discourage a young Beginner. [*They embrace.*] Stand to your Arms, my Spouse, and Subject Monster;

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters. You shall know, Rebels, that I am marry'd to a Witch, and we have a thousand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-roys (finding no Food, and but a small remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies, therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your Mouth; I'll not accept of your Embassage without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no Squares betwixt us: Vice-roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in State.

[*Ventoso and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.*]

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us in the first place to demand of you, upon what ground you make War against him, having no Right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, That having in the Face of the World espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island, Queen *Blouze* the first, and having Homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? He a Hector?

Calib.

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good Tongues in your Heads, I advise you, and proceed to your Business.

Must. First and foremost, as to your Claim that you have answer'd.

Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you, that if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my Honour, without your Submission.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Ambassadors, what your Resolution is, and ask an Hour's time of Deliberation, and so I take our Leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of Hostility be ceas'd. These Rogues are rather Spies than Ambassadors. I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the Secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. *Trincalo*, you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. and Vent.]

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast our selves within.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician Conduct my Steps? he hovers still about me, Whether for good or ill, I cannot tell, Nor care I much; for I have been so long A Slave to Chance, that I'm as weary of Her Flatteries as her Frowns, but here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo: This might seem pleasant, could the Burthen of My Grievs accord with any thing but Sighs. And my last Words, like those of dying Men, Need no reply. Fain I would go to Shades, Where few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his Counsel.

Ariel. Take his Counsel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's Counsel, I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will Discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.

Ariel. One step further.

Ferd. This must have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts me to a Precipice.

I'll try if it will answer when I sing

My Sorrows to the Murmur of this Brook.

He Sings.

Go thy way.

Go thy way.

Ariel.

Ferd. Why should'st thou stay?

Ariel. Why should'st thou stay?

Ferd. Where the Winds whistle, and where the Streams creep,
Under yon Willow-tree fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone,

Ariel.

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Isle?

Within this desert Place

There lives no human Race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

Ariel. Kind Fortune smiles, and she

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange Felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;

Lead on Musician.

[Exeunt, and return.

SCENE IV. The Cypress Trees and Caves.

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes,

And say what thou seest yonder.

Mir.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Pros. No, Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such Senses
As we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest,
Was in the Wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd
With Grief (Beauty's worst Canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly Person; he has lost his Company,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing Divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. It goes on
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit,
I'll free thee within two Days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress on whom these Airs attend.
Fair Excellence, if, as your Form declares,
You are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how
You will be worshipp'd; so bright a Beauty
Cannot sure belong to human Kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My Language too! O Heav'ns! I am the best
Of them, who speak this Speech when I'm in my
Own Country.

Pros. How, the best? what wert thou if
The Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now;
Who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*;
He does hear me, and that he does I weep.
My self am *Savoy*, whose fatal Eyes (e'er since at ebb) be-
held

The Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Pros. At the first Sight they have chang'd Eyes,
Dear *Ariel*, I'll set thee free for this——

Young Sir, a Word.
With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently? This is
The third Man that I ever saw, the first
Whom e'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heav'n move my Father

To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin!

And your Affections not gone forth, I'll make you
Mistress of Savoy.

Prosp. Soft, Sir! one word more.

They're in each others Powers; but this swift Bus'ness
I must uneasie make, lest too light Winning
Make the Prize light—one word more. Thou usurp'st
The Name not due to thee, hast put thy self
Upon this Island as a Spy to get
The Government from me the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' evil Spirit hath so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prosp. No more. Speak not for him, he is a Traitor.
Come! thou'rt my Pris'ner, and shalt be in Bonds.
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy Food shall be
The fresh Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots and Husks,
Wherein the Acorn cradled;—follow.

Ferd. No, I will resist such Entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more Power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a Trial
Of him, for he is gentle, and not fearful.

Prosp. My Child my Tutor! put thy Sword up,
Traitor, who mak'st a Show, but dar'st not strike:
Thy Conscience is possess'd with Guilt.

Come from thy Ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this Wand,
And make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beseech you, Father.

Prosp. Hence: Hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,

I'll be his Surety.

Prosp. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An Advocate for an Impostor? sure
Thou think'st there are no more such Shapes as his?
To the most of Men this is, a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir

Mir. My Affections are then most humble,
I have no Ambition to see a goodlier Man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's Loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a Day thorough my Prison
Behold this Maid: All Corners else o'th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of: I have space
Enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: Come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me.
Heark what thou shalt do more for me. [*Whispers Ariel.*]

Mir. Be of Comfort!
My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds: But then
Exactly do all Points of my Command.

Ariel. To a Syllable. [*Exit Ariel.*]

Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you. [*Exit Miranda.*]

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the Waters, return
Thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless Blow,
And meet when it is past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your Afflictions like a Prince——That Door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [*Exit Ferd.*]

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his Fault,
His Passion is become his Punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

Enter

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. 'Tis Prospero's Voice.

Prosp. Hippolito! I know you now expect
I should severely chide you: You have seen
A Woman, in contempt of my Commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.

Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no Hurt?

Hip. No, none, Sir.

Try me again, when e'er you please I'm ready:

I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aside.*
Well! what was the Success of your Encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to Mercy, and she me.

Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish——yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o'th' World, that I might live
Alone with her; she never should be from me.

We two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.

Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrinkled, as you see
Me now, and then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two
Can never possibly grow old.

Prosp. You must, Hippolito.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir? who shall make us?

Prosp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me that her Works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

Prosp. Time will convince you,

Mean while be sure you tread in Honour's Paths,

That you may merit her; and that you may not

Want fit Occasions to employ your Virtue,

In this next Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd,

One of your Kind, young, of a noble Presence,

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Ans

And, as he says himself, of Princely Birth:
He is my Pris'ner, and in deep Affliction:
Visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my Duty, Sir.

[Exit *Hip.*]

Pros. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives;
Perhaps I took the Moment of his Birth
Amiss; perhaps my Art it self is false.
On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fears!
Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark
Our Fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?

Or how can we avoid it, if it be?

If by Free will in our own Paths we move,

How are we bounded by Decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,

If ill, 'tis ours: if good, the act of Heav'n. [Exit *Pros.*]

S C E N E A Cave.

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your Pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. Ay, and an only Father too, for sure
You said you had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple! [Aside.]

Hip. Are such Misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many Men live?

Ferd. Such are we born to.

But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How should I?

Hip. I well hop'd

I was a Man, but by your Ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:

Well, *Prospero*! this is now the second Time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt

You are a Man: But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

[Exit *Hip.*]

Hip. I was told I had one,
And that he was a Man; yet I have been
So much deceived, I dare not tell you for
A Truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner
For fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous,
For since I came, I have beheld one here,
Whose Beauty pierc'd my Heart.

Hip. How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the Wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And festers by her Absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that Love's the very thing
That I feel too! Pray tell me truly, Sir,
Are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no Rest.

Hip. Just, just my Disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my Condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?

And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange Question. There are many more
Besides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all
Of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love; I cannot be
Without 'em: O, how I rejoyce! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: Come! bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His Simplicity

Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him. [*Aside.*
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her, you
Will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already

I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my Duty to love all, who do
Resemble her whom I've already seen.

I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and Angel-like, as she I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.

Hip. Why, do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your Force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well, you may love,

For *Proffero* taught me Friendship too: You shall
Love me and other Men if you can find 'em,
But all the Angel-women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this Conference, or he
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear. [*Aside.*

Sweet Youth! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our Loves; at present
I am indispos'd with Weariness and Grief,
And would, if you're so pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [*Exit Ferd.*

Hip.

Hip. This Stranger does insult, and comes into
My World, to take those heav'nly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love:
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. YOUR Suit has Pity in't, and has prevail'd:
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your Visit must be short. [*She's going.*]
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his Mind
A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw;
I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Pros. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Pros. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark Danger which
My Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide
A double Strength t' oppose th' Assaults of Fortune.

[Exit *Prospero*.]

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love,
Is but a double Tie, a Link of Fortune
Join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the Hardship:
I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out,
And nigh the Ground, on which I might have Ease,

Yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heav'nly Creature!

Ten times more gentle than your Father's cruel,
How on a sudden, all my Griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace,

While you are here, and Love and Silence wait
Upon our Wishes; do but think we chuse it,
And 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would.

But how can I be certain that you love me?

Look to't; for I will die when you are false.

I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another Form to fright me,
This Shape will be too pleasing. Do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witness to this Sound,
If I prove false.

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure
This undeserv'd Captivity, than I
Could wish to gain my Freedom with the Loss
Of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what
I'm glad of: But I have a Suit to you,
And that, Sir, shall
Be now the only Trial of your Love.

Ferd. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my Life; for you have far o'er-bid
The Price of all that human Life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for
His own deserves all the Respect which you
Can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: Do not think his Usage
Can make me hate him; when he gave you Being,
He then did that which cancell'd all these Wrongs.

Mir.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a Request,
Which, if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes, such a one,
Who, for his Sweetness and his goodly Shape,
(If I, who am unskill'd in Forms, may judge),
I think can scarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth,
A Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful Feature, and must I
For your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple
To grant the first Request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your Conversation. You should have
Compassion on so meek a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need Compassion whom you discommend,
Not whom you praise.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: You shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I don't:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him,

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O Poison to my Hopes! [*Aside.*]
When he did visit me, and I did mention
This beautiful Creature to him, he then did tell
Me, he would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: Like most of her frail Sex,
She's false, but has not learn'd the Art to hide it;
Nature has done her Part, she loves Variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could
Be innocent, because she's young? No, no,
Their Nurses teach them Change, when with two Nipples,
They do divide their Liking. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet

I meant no harm; But if you please to hear me—
[A noise within]

Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father comes,
I know his Steps; dear Love, retire a while,
I fear I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough:
Oh Jealousie! Oh Love! how you distract me?

[Exit Ferdinand.]

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young Man, I know
Not why: But, 'till I find from whence his Hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's Knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

Enter Prospero.

Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your Wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.

Mir. Yes.

Prosp. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short Answers from me.

Prosp. How like you his Converse?

Mir. At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Prosp. I find she loves him much, because she hides it,
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence. *Aside.*

Well, go in.

Mir. Aside. Forgive me, Truth, for thus disguising thee;
If I can make him think I do not love
The Stranger much, he'll let me see him oftner.

[Exit Miranda.]

Prosp. Stay! stay—I had forgot to ask her
What she has said of young Hippolito:

Oh! here he comes! and with him my Dorinda.

I'll not be seen, let their Loves grow in secret.

[Exit Prospero.]

Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful?

Hip. I have within me

All, all the various Musick of the Woods.

Since last I saw you, I have heard brave News!

I will tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes,
Drew something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such Thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether Joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;

As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed News,
I've heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your News? You see it moves not me.

Hip. And I will have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?

This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other;

I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.

But pray where's that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: You shall
Help me to her, and I will love you for it.

[Offers to take her Hand.]

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my Hand.—
My Father's Counsel, which enjoin'd Reservedness,
Was not in vain, I see.

[Aside.]

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's Hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should I not do so?

Dor. She's my Sister,

And therefore I must love her: But you cannot
Love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

Dor. You may love her,

But then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;
A Man like you, and she lik'd only him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change, and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that Change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that Man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,
I'm but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes, for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too;
If I were not her Sister, she would eat me;
Therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father,
With a great Beard, 'twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.

Hip. [Looking in.] Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes,
fly! fly!
Before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me. I'll avoid him. [Exit Dor.]

Hip. She fain would have deceiv'd me, but I know
Her Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;
All of a Kind that I have seen are like

To one another: All the Creatures of
The Rivers and the Woods are so.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
You've got the Hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my Grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste; I ne'er
Ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your Ignorance;

And therefore will instruct you in my Meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you:
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;

And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When Friends request unreasonable things,
Sure they're to be deny'd: You say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you
A Secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my self; they are all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond Conceit: You're made for one,
And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there so many be i'th' World)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I wou'd fain have my Heart beat again;
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip.

Hip. By force of Arms?

My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid Force:—Pray do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my Inclinations are
To love all Women: And I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of Truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more Beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd Hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such Beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of Friendship,
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus,
And push against me, while I push at you,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave Sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our Quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange Ignorance!—You must defend your Life,
And so must I: But since you have no Sword;
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*]

I found a Rusty one; perhaps 'twas his
Who keeps me Pris'ner here: That I will fit:
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet,
And when they're dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful: I desire not
To take your Life, but, if you please, we'll fight
On these Conditions; he who first draws Blood,
Or who can take the other's Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conqueror,
And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry Day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II. *The wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban and Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Whom?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
that would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of Parts, I would make
thee my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The
Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave Employment
by not being a Linguist, and for want of Behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all
of 'em, just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my
Dukedom: You are in a high Place, Spouse, and must
give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the
Gravity of States-men, and be very dull, that we may be
held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso and Mustacho.

Vent. Duke Trincalo, we have consider'd,

Trinc. Peace or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt,

Steph.

Steph. I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the Benefits of Peace; and the first Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for Joy: *Caliban*, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Grace's Health, and to the *Haunse in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish. [*Aside.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old Quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's Health to thee. [*Drinks to Calib.*

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor, My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Hufwifry: She wants a little Breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bel-lies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay Greatness aside, and shake my Heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou shalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the Motion: Let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Caliban sings.

We want Musick, we want Mirth,

Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:

We have now no Lows that wrong us,

Send thy merry Sprights among us.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Musick, and pay nothing for't?

A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks again.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it be drunk first.

Trinc. *Stephano*, give me thy Hand, thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*] Prethee why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no Love lost, for I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. *Caliban*, go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds: Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, prethee tell me what thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monsieur *De-Villes* in *France*; but look on her Beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke *Trinculo*? Mark her Behaviour too, she's tipling yonder with the Serving-men.

Steph. An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a Princess: She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loath to disparage her; but thou art my Friend, canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stopp'd Bottle, an't please your Grace.

Enter Caliban again with a Bottle.

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an Hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make Love in her own Tribe?

Trinc.

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a great Man, and so forth: But make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again. Give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* didst you knock the Butt? How does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a Noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Throat, and is departing: Give me the Bottle. [Drinks.]

Must. A short Life and a merry, I say.

[Steph. whispers Sycorax.]

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he marry'd you only to get Possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too. Hem! skink about his Grace's Health again. O if you will but cast an Eye of Pity upon me——

Syc. I will cast two Eyes of Pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self; Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee; we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mother's.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [To Sycorax.]

Syc. Begone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so——hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul Words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc.

Trinc. I see, if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand.

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [Strikes Steph. Flies at Trinc.]

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason! Treason!

[Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.]

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom. [Whispers Mustacho hastily.] Mustacho, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! Ventoso, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [They two fight off from the rest.]

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand Neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc. beating him off the Stage.]

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

[Trinc. beats off Steph. to the Door. Exit Steph.]

I'll not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy will rally again, and surprise my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I must be rid of my Lady Trincalo, she will be in the Fashion else; first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Separation, to get Alimony. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Ferdinand and Hippolito, with their Swords drawn.

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place, But the Ground's firm and even: Are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember

On what Conditions we must fight? Who first Receives a Wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come, This loses Time; now for the Women, Sir.

[They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.]

Ferd.

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your Blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my Blood.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I will not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.*]

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come
As near as yours, and you shall see my Skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of Blood, I see you stagger;
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back——

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——

Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hip. thrusts and falls.*]

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy Man, what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold Sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight again. Pray stay for me. [Swoon.]

Ferd. He's gone!

He's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth! Help! help!

Enter Prospero.

Pros. What dismal Noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What Mischief my unhappy Hand has wrought.

Pros. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art

Endeavour to resist the Will of Heaven? [Rubs Hip]

He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son

Of an inhuman Father! all my Designs

Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this Blow.

No Pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my Innocence——

Pros. Peace, peace,

Can thy Excuses give me back his Life?

What Ariel? Sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Pros.

Pros. Ay, now thou com'st,
When Fate is past, and not to be recall'd.
Look there, and glut the Malice of thy Nature;
For as thou art thy self, thou canst not but
Be glad to see young Virtue nipt i'th Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness.
I am not glad; we airy Spirits are not of
A Temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in Swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Pros. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel
This fatal Action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My native Fields) above a hundred Years.

Pros. I'll chain thee in the North for thy Neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*;
I'll singe thy airy Wings with sulph'rous Flames,
And choak thy tender Nostrils with blue Smoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
And than fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Pros. No more of Pardon than just Heav'n intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me: Hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's Father,
And bring him, with my Brother, streight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly
Thy Thought. [Exit Ariel.

Ferd. O Heav'ns! what words are these I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: Sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Pros. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal Mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she has Faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda

Miranda and *Dorinda*! where are ye?
The Will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see
You once again?

Prosp. You come to look your last;
I will for ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my Blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man?
He has a noble Form; but yet he's not
So excellent as my *Hippolito*.

Prosp. Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: Look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.]

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd again.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me; he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run streight, and make a Fire to warm him.

[Exit Dorinda running.]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio; and Ariel invisible.

Alon. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful Shapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O sinister Happiness!
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal Hour when this
Brave Youth is lost in Death, and by my Hand?

Ant. Heav'n! what new Wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Prosp. You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen Years so lost me to your Knowledge,
That you retain no Memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Prosp.

Pros. I wonder less,
That thou, *Antonio*, know'st me not, because
Thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I ne'er had been here.

Ant. Shame cheeks my Words.

Alonz. And Wonder mine.

Pros. For you, usurping Prince, [To *Alonz.*
Know, by my Art, you were shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My Vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that Son of yours, with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

Pros. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; look on that Corps;
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*,
That infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you,
Expos'd with me; and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirsty Man, that *Ferdinand*——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice
Calls to unsheath her Sword against his Guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Pros. To execute Heav'n's Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my *Millain*.
Blood calls for Blood; your *Ferdinand* shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden Joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater Grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
To view the Execution [Lays Hand upon his Sword,

Ferd. Hold, dear Father!
I cannot suffer you to attempt against
His Life, who gave her Being whom I love.

Pros. Nay, then appear my Guards—I thought no more
To use their Aid; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)

[He stamps, and many Spirits appear,
But they are now the Ministers of Heav'n,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.

Alonz. Have I for this
Found thee, my Son, so soon again to lose thee?

Antonio,

Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity.

Ferd. Adieu, my fairest Mistris.

[To *Mir.*

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though Death be all the mends that I can make.

Prosp. This Night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*,
To fit you for your Death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for Pity left within me.

Do you refuse! help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son
Bestow in yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo*
Shall with *Antonio* lodge.

[*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a Fire, shall he be warm'd?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital Warmth will ne'er return.

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.

Dor. When will it come again?

Prosp. O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lye in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: Indeed he'll come again;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister,
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men,
And by that sight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand*
Must die for murdering him.

Mir. Have you no Pity?

Prosp. Your Disobedience has so much incens'd me,
That I this Night can leave no Blessing with you.

Help

Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[They bear off the Body of Hip.]

Enter Miranda and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've been so chid for my Neglect by Prospero,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say again, 'twas long of you
That all this Mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me
For your own Fault, your Curiosity
Brought me to see the Man.

Mir. You safely might
Have seen him, and retir'd, but you would needs
Go near him, and converse; you may remember
My Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your Envy, Sister, not your Love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure
My Man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,
But that yours made him go.

[Crying.]

Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em
Should go to Heav'n without us, but it was
His Fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.

Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: My Father says
He'll make your Man as cold as mine is now,
And when he is made cold, my Father will
Not let you strive to make him warm again.

Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to lose a Man.

Mir. Yes, but there is
Some Difference betwixt my Ferdinand,
And your Hippolito.

Dor. Ay, there's your Judgment.
Your's is the oldest Man I ever saw,
Except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more.
It is not comely in a Daughter, when
She says her Father's old.

Dor.

Dor. But why do I
Stay here, whilst my cold Love perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare Ground, and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the Entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And Eccho to each Blast of Wind a Sigh.

[Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.]

Ariel. Harsh Discord reigns throughout this fatal Ile,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old Prospero, by his Daughters robb'd of Rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each other's Bed,
To save the Living, and revenge the Dead.

Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good Gonzalo does their Crimes upbraid.

Antonio and Gonzalo disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.

The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their Thirst of Government;

And wanting Subjects for the Food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd, to rule alone, the rest devour.

The Monsters Sycorax and Caliban,
More monstrous grow by Passions learn'd from Man.

Even I, not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these Discontents.

Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial Mold?

Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own Pow'r has our Subjection wrought! *[Exit.]*



ACT

 ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. **Y**OU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heav'n.

Mir. Then let Heav'n punish him.

Prosper. It will, by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some Respite for my sake.

Prosper. I by deferring Justice should incense
The Deity against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Powers above
Are slow in punishing, and shou'd not you
Resemble them?

Prosper. The Argument is weak,
But I want time to let you see your Errors;
Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him. [*He's going.*]

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?

Prosper. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother,
Much less the Father to destroy the Son;
It must be then the Monster *Caliban*,
And he's not here; but *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy Will.

Prosper. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my Salvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosper. Art thou then prone to Mischief, wilt thou be
Thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this Night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable World.

Prosper. But to what purpose was all thy Diligence?

Vo L. II.

L

Ariel.

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord
 For my Neglect of young *Hippolito*,
 I went to view his Body, and soon found
 His Soul was but retir'd, not fally'd out:
 Then I collected
 The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
 The best of Balms, and to the Wound apply'd
 The healing Juice of vulnerary Herbs.
 His only danger was his loss of Blood.
 But now he's wak'd, my Lord, and just this Hour
 He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
 Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-
 Salve, and wrap it close from Air till I have time to vi-
 sit him again.

Pros. Thou art my faithful Servant,
 It shall be done; be it your Task, *Miranda*,
 Because your Sister is not present here;
 While I go visit your dear *Ferdinand*,
 From whom I will a while conceal this News,
 That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
 And with a double Duty, Sir: For now
 You twice have given me Life.

Pros. My *Ariel*, follow me. [Exeunt severally.]

[*Hippolito discover'd on a Couch, Dorinda by him.*]

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold,

Can you not draw me nearer to the Sun?

I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try.

[*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.*]

I thought you never would have walk'd again,
 They told me you were gone away to Heav'n;
 Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you, till you promise me
 You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go
 Together; For I've heard my Father say,

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Hip.

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Dor.

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Hip.

Enter

Hip.

As not

That we must strive to be each other's Guide,
The way to it will else be difficult,
Especially to those who are so young;
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to Dream, a kind of breathless Sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning
Run smoaking from my Mouth.

Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful News of him,
My Father means to make him die to Day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father,
He may not die; it was my Fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you wou'd do;
Besides, we have no cause of Quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your Difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That Hurt you had was justly sent from Heav'n,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it,
The Fault was only in my Blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.

Dor. In Confidence of this, I'll beg my Father
That he may live; I'm glad the naughty Blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit Dor.]

Enter *Miranda* at the other Door, with *Hippolito's* Sword
wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so Fair and Beautiful,
As nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her?

O! I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your Wound; how do you find your Strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of Blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed, and so am I,
For if I had that Blood, I then should find
A great Delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir,
I am another's, and your Love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find
That, if you please, I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor should you.

Hip. O my Wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*]

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me,
My Wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*]

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something
Laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no Ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the Pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heav'n, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. [*To Dor.*] Madam, I must confess my Life is yours,
I owe it to your Generosity.

Dor. I am o'erjoy'd my Father lets you live,
And proud of my good Fortune, that he gave
Your Life to me.

Mir. How? gave his Life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said
He ow'd it to her Generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolite*?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome Life, and I have met
The cruellest of Deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?

Dor.

Dor. Sister, what Business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito*.

Dor. You're very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in Charity,
To beg a Pardon for a Man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone,
For I had rather he should die, than you
Should cure his Wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd, before
He ow'd his Life to your Entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd,
You keep your Humour still to have all Women?

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the Number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become Inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather Death
Should take you from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have choice, I would have wish'd
That Death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.

Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your Unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their Guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual Error.
And therefore first to clear my self from Fault,
Madam, I beg your Pardon, while I say
I only love your Sister. [To *Dorinda*.

Mir. O blest word!
I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much, before
I fear'd *Dorinda*'s Constancy; but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her,
Because none else can recompence her Loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little Tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I have only this to say in my Defence:
My Father sent me hither, to attend
The wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito*
Sent me to beg the Life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From such small Errors left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad Accidents in Love:
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their Joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. to Prosp. Let it no more be thought of;
Your Purpose, though it was severe, was just.
In losing *Ferdinand* I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.

Prosp. Sir, I am glad
Kind Heav'n decreed it otherwise.

Dor. O Wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World,
That has such People in't!

Alon. to Ferd. Now all the Blessings
Of a glad Father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous Choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken e'er this.
Look down, sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The way which brought us hither.

Anto. Though Penitence
Forc'd by Necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest Brother, I have hope my Blood
May plead for Pardon with you; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heav'n knows too, I would not.

Prosp. All past Crimes
I bury in the Joy of this blest'd Day.

Alon. And, that I may not be behind in Justice,
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord
Of a great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison,
But have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Prosp. And that your Happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the Priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? Shall I grow to her?

Prosp. By saying holy Words you shall be join'd
In Marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy Words are Charms,
My Father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. My *Ariel* told me, when last Night you quarrell'd,

[To his Daughters.]

You said you would for ever part your Beds;
But what you threaten'd in your Anger, Heav'n
Has turn'd to Prophecy.

For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*
Lie in one Bed hereafter.

Alon. And Heav'n make
Those Beds still fruitful in producing Children,
To bless their Parents Youth, and Grandsires Age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our Fault, we meant like Fools
To look 'em in the Fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'er-joy'd
That I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all Night and Day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. [aside to him.] *Hippolito!* You yet
Are ignorant of your great Happiness,
But there is somewhat, which for your own and fair

Dorinda's sake, I must instruct you in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly

How Men and Women in your World make love;

I shall soon learn, I warrant you.

Enter Ariel, driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho, Ventoso, Caliban, and Sycorax.

Prosp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee, But yet thou shalt have Freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look; the Master and the Sailors— The Bosen too— my Prophecy is out, That if a Gallows were on Land, that Man Could ne'er be drown'd.

Alon. Now, Blasphemy, what, not one Oath ashore? Hast thou no Mouth by Land? Why star'st thou so?

[To Trincalo.

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom;

But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oil or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship again, and were her Master, I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Royship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'en hang my self, now my Friend Butt has shed his last drop of Life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Anto. They talk like Mad-men.

Prosp. No matter, Time will bring 'em to themselves, And now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel. Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd, As when you first set Sail.

Alon. This News is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong, She would controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs, And deal in her Command without her Power.

Syc. O *Setebos*! these be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp.

Prosper. Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope
For Pardon, trim it up. [To Calib.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when such as these were in the World?

Prosper. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cave this Night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my Story.

Alon. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosper. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your
Ship,

And promise you calm Seas, and happy Gales.

My Ariel, that's thy Charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Master.

Prosper. Now to make amends

For the rough Treatment you have found to Day,

I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:

I'll, by my Power, transform this Place, and call
Up those that shall make good my Promise to you.

SCENE changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of
Rocks, and calm Sea. Musick playing on the
Rocks.

Prosper. Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, rise;

Oceanus, with your Tethys too, appear;

All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!

Come, all ye Tritons; all ye Nereids, come,

And teach your sawcy Element to obey:

For you have Princes now to entertain,

And unsoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys appear
in a Chariot drawn with Sea-horses; on each side of
the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddesses, Tritons and
Nereids.

Alon. This is prodigious.

Anto. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?

Genz. This Art doth much exceed all human Skill.

S O N G.

Amph. **M**Y Lord, Great Neptune, for my sake,
 Of these bright Beauties Pity take:
 And to the rest allow
 Your Mercy too.
 Let this enraged Element be still,
 Let Æolus obey my Will:
 Let him his boisterous Prisoners safely keep
 In their dark Caverns, and no more
 Let 'em disturb the Bosom of the Deep,
 Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.

Neptune. So much my Amphitrite's Love I prize,
 That no Commands of hers I can despise.
 Tethys no Furrows now shall wear,
 Oceanus no Wrinkles on his Brow,
 Let your serenest Looks appear!
 Be calm and gentle now.

Nept. & } Be calm, ye great Parents of the Floods and the
 Amph. } Springs,
 While each Nereide and Triton Plays, Revels,
 and Sings.

Ocean. Confine the roaring Winds, and we
 Will soon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus } Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,
 of Trit. } Upon the Floods we'll sing and play,
 and Ner. } And celebrate a Halcyon Day.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the
 Singers, and perform a Dance.

Neptune. Great Nephew Æolus make no Noise,
 Muzzle your roaring Boys. [Æolus appears.]

Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our Ears,
 Or strike these noble Passengers with Fears.

Neptune. Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,
 As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. While fell Sea-monsters cause intestine Fars,
 This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.

Neptune. But you shall now be still,
 And shall obey my Amphitrite's Will.

Æolus

Chorus descends. } You I'll obey, who at one Stroke can make,
 With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
 Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more.
 Your stormy Rage give o'er.

[Winds from the four Corners appear.

Let all black Tempests cease—
 And let the troubled Ocean rest:
 Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
 As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.

To your Prisons below,

Down, down you must go:

You in the Earth's Entrails your Revels may keep;
 But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.

[Winds fly down.

Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:
 Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,
 And let the Noise from neighbouring Shores rebound.

Chorus. { Sound a Calm.
 Sound a Calm.
 Sound a Calm.
 a Calm.
 Sound a Calm.

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*,
 changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound
 their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four
 Tritons dance.

Neptune. See, see, the Heavens smile, all your Troubles are past,
 Your Foes by black Clouds shall no more be o'ercast.

Amph. On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your Fears.
 Leave behind all your Sorrows, and banish your
 Cares.

Both. { And your Loves and your Lives shall in Safety
 enjoy;

{ No influence of Stars shall your Quiet destroy.

Chorus { And your Loves, &c.

of all. { No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.]

Oceanus.

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Country's soft Peace will re-
store.*

Tethys. *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels shall
keep.*

Both. *On the swift Dolphins Backs they shall sing and
shall play;
They shall guard you by Night, and delight you by
Day.*

Chorus
of all. *On the swift, &c.
And shall guard, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[A Dance of twelve Tritons.

Mir. What charming things are these?

Dor. What heav'nly Power is this?

Prosp. Now, my Ariel, be visible,
And let the rest of your aerial Train
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song.

SCENE *changes to the Rising Sun, and a num-
ber of Aerial Spirits in the Air, Ariel flying from
the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewell my long-lov'd Ariel.

Alon. Heav'n! what are these we see?

Prosp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds
In swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Anto. O wondrous Skill!

Gonz. O Power divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslip's Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallow's Wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air.

Ariel. My noble Master!

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.

And for the Freedom I enjoy in Air, !

I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait

On airy Accidents that work for Fate.

What ever shall your Happiness concern,

From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

Pros. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!

Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find

I will preserve thee ever in my Mind.

Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be

A place of Refuge, as it was to me:

The Promises of blooming Spring live here,

And all the Blessings of the ripening Year.

On my Retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,

And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*.

[*Exeunt.*]





EPILOGUE.

11 FEB 69

Gallants, by all good Signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning Year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

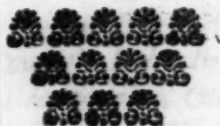
Among the Muses there's a gen'ral Rot,
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Desire or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghosts of Poets walk within this Place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoever we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to Day.

He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.

For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all again.



A N
EVENING's LOVE ;

OR, THE
Mock - Astrologer.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
THEATER - ROYAL,
B Y
His M A J E S T Y 's Servants.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

EVENING'S LOVE
OR THE
Mock-Martyr.



THEATRE ROYAL
BY
His Majesty's Servants.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII



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Hon



To his GRACE,

WILLIAM,

Duke of NEWCASTLE,

*One of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council; and of the most
Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

May it please Your Grace,

AMongst those few Persons of Wit
and Honour, whose favourable Opi-
nion I have desir'd, your own Vir-
tue, and my great Obligations to
your Grace, have justly given you
the Precedence. For what could be
more glorious to me, than to have acquir'd some
part of your Esteem, who are admir'd and ho-
nour'd by all good Men; who have been, for so
many Years together, the Pattern and Standard of
Honour to the Nation: And whose whole Life
has

The Epistle Dedicatory.

has been so great an Example of Heroick Virtue, that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a Part of the Former? As you came into the World with all the Advantages of a Noble Birth and Education, so you have render'd both yet more conspicuous by your Virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crown'd your Undertakings with Success, but she has only waited on your Valour, not conducted it. She has ministr'd to your Glory like a Slave, and has been led in Triumph by it, or at most, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatness, Fortune only follow'd to keep you from sliding back in the Ascent. That which *Plutarch* accounted her Favour to *Cymon* and *Lucullus*, was but her Justice to your Grace: And, never to have been overcome where you led in Person, as it was more than *Hannibal* could boast, so it was all that Providence could do for that Party which it had resolv'd to ruin. Thus, my Lord, the last Smiles of Victory were on your Arms: And, every where else declaring for the Rebels, she seem'd to suspend her self, and to doubt, before she took her Flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that Cause for which you fought.

But the greatest Tryals of your Courage and Constancy were yet to come: Many had ventur'd their Fortunes, and expos'd their Lives to the utmost Dangers for their King and Country, who ended their Loyalty with the War: And submitting to the Iniquity of the Times, chose rather to redeem their former Plenty by acknowledging an Usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable Fidelity (as those meaner Spirits call'd it) for their Lawful Sovereign. But, as I dare
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not accuse so many of our Nobility, who were content to accept their Patrimonies from the Clemency of the *Conqueror*, and to retain only a secret Veneration for their Prince, amidst the open Worship which they were forc'd to pay to the Usurper, who had dethron'd him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that Virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfy'd with an inward Devotion to Monarchy, but produc'd it self to view, and asserted the Cause by open Martyrdom. Of these rare Patterns of Loyalty your Grace was Chief: Those Examples you cou'd not find, you made. Some few *Cato's* there were with you, whose invincible Resolution could not be Conquer'd by that *Usurping Caesar*: Your Virtue oppos'd it self to his Fortune, and overcame it, by not submitting to it. The last and most difficult Enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquer'd three Nations, was to subdue your Spirit: And he dy'd weary of that War, and unable to finish it.

In the mean time you liv'd more happily in your Exile, than the other on his Throne: Your Loyalty made you Friends and Servants amongst Foreigners: And you liv'd plentifully without a Fortune; for you liv'd on your own Desert and Reputation. The glorious Name of the Valiant and Faithful *Newcastle*, was a Patrimony which cou'd never be exhausted.

Thus, my Lord, the Morning of your Life was clear, and calm; and though it was afterwards overcast; yet, in that general Storm, you were never without a Shelter. And now you are happily arriv'd to the Evening of a Day as Serene, as the Dawn of it was Glorious: But such an Evening as, I hope, and almost Prophecy, is far from Night:

'Tis,

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'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the Day-Light long within the Skies. The Health of your Body is maintain'd by the Vigour of your Mind: Neither does the one shrink from the Fatigue of Exercise, nor the other bend under the Pains of Study. Methinks I behold in you another *Caius Marius*, who in the Extremity of his Age, exercis'd himself almost every Morning in the *Campus Martius*, amongst the youthful Nobility of *Rome*. And afterwards in your Retirements, when you do Honour to Poetry, by employing part of your Leisure in it, I regard you as another *Silius Italicus*, who having pass'd over his Consulship with Applause, dismiss'd himself from Business, and from the Gown, and employ'd his Age, amongst the Shades, in the Reading and Imitation of *Virgil*.

In which, least any thing should be wanting to your Happiness, you have by a rare Effect of Fortune, found in the Person of your Excellent Lady, not only a *Lover*, but a Part'ner of your Studies. A Lady whom our Age may justly equal with the *Sappho* of the *Greeks*, or the *Sulpitia* of the *Romans*. Who, by being taken into your Bosom, seems to be inspir'd with your Genius: And by writing the History of your Life, in so masculine a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has anticipated that great Portion of Fame which Envy often hinders a living Virtue from possessing: Which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your Ashes, but with a later Payment: And, of which you could have no present use, except it were by a secret Presage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a possibility of knowing it. So that if that were a Praise, or Satisfaction to the greatest of Emperors, which the most Judicious of Poets gives him,

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Præfenti tibi maturos largimur honores, &c.

That the Adoration which was not allowed to *Hercules* and *Romulus* till after Death, was given to *Augustus* living; then certainly it cannot be deny'd but that your Grace has receiv'd a double Satisfaction: The one, to see your self Consecrated to Immortality while you are yet alive: The other, to have your Praises celebrated by so Dear, so Just, and so Pious an Historian.

'Tis the Consideration of this that stops my Pen: Though I am loath to leave so fair a Subject, which gives me as much field as Poetry could wish, and yet no more than Truth can justifie. But to attempt any thing of a Panegyrick, were to Enterprize on your Lady's Right; and to seem to affect those Praises, which none but the Dutcheſs of *Newcastle* can deserve, when she Writes the Actions of her Lord. I shall therefore leave that wider Space, and contract my self to those narrow Bounds which best become my *Fortune* and *Employment*.

I am oblig'd, my Lord, to return you not only my own Acknowledgments, but to thank you in the Names of former Poets; the *Manes* of *Johnson* and *D'Avenant* seem to require it from me, that those Favours which you plac'd on them, and which they wanted Opportunity to own in Publick, yet might not be lost to the Knowledge of Posterity, with a Forgetfulness unbecoming of the *Muses*, who are the Daughters of Memory. And give me leave, my Lord, to avow so much of Vanity, as to say, I am Proud to be their Remembrancer: For, by relating how Gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in some measure, join my Name with Theirs: And the
continu'd

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continu'd descent of your Favours to me is the best Title which I can plead for my Succession. I only wish, that I had as great Reason to be satisfi'd with my self, in the return of our common Acknowledgments, as your Grace may justly take in the conferring *Them*: For I cannot but be very sensible that the Present of an ill Comedy, which I here make you, is a very unsuitable Way of giving Thanks for them, who, themselves, have written so many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a Foil to those Scenes, which are compos'd by the most noble Poet of our Age, and Nation: And to be set as a Water-Mark of the lowest *Ebb*, to which the Wit of my Predecessor has sunk and run down in me: But, though all of them have surpass'd me in the *Scene*; there is one Part of Glory in which I will not yield to any of them. I mean, my Lord, that Honour and Veneration which they had for you in their Lives; and which I preserve after them, more Holily than the Vestal Fires were maintain'd from Age to Age; but with a greater Degree of Heat, and of Devotion than theirs, as being with more Respect and Passion than they ever were,

Your GRACE's

Most Obliged, most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written somewhat concerning the Difference betwixt the Plays of our Age, and those of our Predecessors on the English Stage: To have shewn in what Parts of Dramatick Poesie

we were excell'd by Ben. Johnson, I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what we may justly claim Precedence of Shakespear and Fletcher, namely in Heroick Plays: But this Design I have wav'd on second Considerations; at least deferr'd it till I publish the Conquest of Granada, where the Discourse will be more proper. I had also prepar'd to treat of the Improvement of our Language since Fletcher's and Johnson's Days, and consequently of our refining the Courtship, Raillery, and Conversation of Plays: But as I am willing to decline that Envy which I should draw on my self from some old Opiniatre Judges of the Stage; so likewise I am prest in Time so much that I have not leisure, at present, to go thorough with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a Reputation gain'd from Comedy, so far as to concern my self about it any more than I needs must in my own Defence: For I think it, in it's own Nature, inferiour to all sorts
of

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of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy especially requires, on the Writer's part, much of Conversation with the Vulgar: And much of ill Nature in the Observation of their Follies. But let all Men please themselves according to their several Tastes: That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others who judge better: and, to prevent an Accusation from my Enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine that my Disgust of Low Comedy proceeds not so much from my Judgement as from my Temper; which is the Reason why I so seldom write it; and that when I succeed in it, (I mean so far as to please the Audience) yet I am nothing satisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the People laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended 'em no Jest; while they let pass the better things without taking notice of them. Yet even this confirms me in my Opinion of slighting popular Applause, and of condemning that Approbation which those very People give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the Appearance of an Antick on the Theater, without Wit on the Poet's part, or any occasion of Laughter from the Actor, besides the Ridiculousness of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have descended, before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which consists principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equally with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the Sullenness of my Humour; but that I detest those Farces, which are now the most frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am sure I have Reason on my Side. Comedy consists, though of low Persons, yet of natural Actions and Characters; I mean such Humour, Adventures and Designs, as are to be found, and met with in the World. Farce, on the other side,

consists

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consists of forc'd Humours, and unnatural Events. Comedy presents us with the Imperfections of human Nature: Farce entertains us with what is monstrous and chimerical. The one causes Laughter in those who can judge of Men and Manners, by the lively Representation of their Folly or Corruption: The other produces the same Effect in those who can judge of neither, and that only by its Extravagances. The first works on the Judgment and Fancy; the latter on the Fancy only: There is more of Satisfaction in the former Kind of Laughter, and in the latter more of Scorn. But, how it happens that an impossible Adventure should cause our Mirth, I cannot so easily imagine. Something there may be in the Oddness of it, because on the Stage it is the common Effect of Things unexpected, to surprize us into a Delight: And that is to be ascrib'd to the strange Appetite, as I may call it, of the Fancy; which, like that of a longing Woman, often runs out into the most extravagant Desires; and is better satisfy'd sometimes with Loam, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the wholesome Nourishments of Life. In short, there is the same difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as betwixt an Empirique, and a true Physician: Both of them may attain their Ends; but what the one performs by Hazard, the other does by Skill. And as the Artist is often unsuccessful, while the Mountebank succeeds; so Farces more commonly take the People than Comedies. For to write unnatural Things, is the most probable Way of pleasing them, who understand not Nature. And a true Poet often misses of Applause, because he cannot debase himself to write so Ill as to please his Audience.

After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that most of those Comedies, which have been lately written,

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have been ally'd too much to Farce: And this must of Necessity fall out till we forbear the Translation of French Plays: For their Poets wanting Judgment to make, or to maintain true Characters, strive to cover their Defects with ridiculous Figures and Grimaces. While I say this, I accuse my self as well as others: And this very Play would rise up in Judgment against me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: But I confess I have given too much to the People in it, and am ashamed for them as well as for my self, that I have pleas'd them at so cheap a Rate: Not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natur'd Judge: (For I despise their Censures, who I am sure won'd write worse on the same Subject:) But, because I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to speak of my own Faults with more Criticism, than I would of another Poet's. Yet I think it no Vanity to say, that this Comedy has as much of Entertainment in it, as many others which have been lately written: And, if I find my own Errors in it, I am able at the same time to arraign all my Contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write Humour, so none of them can reasonably pretend to have written it as they ought. Johnson was the only Man of all Ages and Nations who has perform'd it well; and that but in three or four of his Comedies: The rest are but a Crambe bis cocta; the same Humours a little vary'd and written worse: Neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our present Poets, to represent the Follies of particular Persons; of which many have accus'd him. *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis* is the Rule of Plays. And Horace tells you, that the old Comedy amongst the Grecians was silenc'd for the too great Liberties of the Poets.

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-----In vitium libertas excidit & vim
 Dignam lege regi: Lex est accepta, chorusque
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

*Of which he gives you the Reason in another Place :
 Where having given the Precept,*

*Neve immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta :
 He immediately subjoins,*

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res.

But Ben. Johnson is to be admir'd for many Excellencies ; and can be tax'd with fewer Failings than any English Poet. I know I have been accus'd as an Enemy of his Writings ; but without any other Reason, than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his Imperfections. For why should he only be exempted from those Frailties, from which Homer and Virgil are not free ? Or why should there be any ipse dixit in our Poetry, any more than there is in our Philosophy ? I admire and applaud him where I ought: Those who do more, do but value themselves in their Admiration of him: And, by telling you they extol Ben. Johnson's Way, would insinuate to you that they can practise it. For my Part, I declare that I want Judgment to imitate him: And shou'd think it a great Impudence in my self to attempt it. To make Men appear pleasantly Ridiculous on the Stage, was, as I have said, his Talent: And in this he needed not the acumen of Wit, but that of Judgment. For the Characters and Representations of Folly are only the Effects of Observation; and Observation is an Effect of Judgment. Some ingenious Men, for whom I have a particular Esteem, have thought I

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have much injur'd Ben. Johnson, when I have not allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: But they confound the Notion of what is Witty, with what is Pleasant. That Ben. Johnson's Plays were pleasant, he must want Reason who denies: But that Pleasantness was not properly Wit, or the Sharpness of Conceit; but the natural Imitation of Folly: Which I confess to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe Quintilian in his Chapter de Movendo risu, he gives his Opinion of both in these following Words. Stulta reprehendere facillimum est; nam per se sunt ridicula: Et à derisu non procul abest risus: Sed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.

And some perhaps wou'd be apt to say of Johnson, as it was said of Demosthenes; Non displicuisse illi jocos, sed non contigisse. I will not deny, but that I approve most the mixt way of Comedy; that which is neither all Wit, nor all Humour, but the Result of both. Neither so little of Humour as Fletcher shews, nor so little of Love and Wit as Johnson. Neither all Cheat, with which the best Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all Adventure, which is the common Practice of the other. I would have the Characters well chosen, and kept distant from interfering with each other; which is more than Fletcher or Shakespear did: But I would have more of the Urbana, venusta, falsa, faceta, and the rest which Quintilian reckons up as the Ornaments of Wit; and these are extreemly wanting in Ben. Johnson. As for Repartee in particular; as it is the very Soul of Conversation, so it is the greatest Grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of Acuteness in a thing well said; but there is more in a quick Reply: Sunt enim,

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enim longè venustiora omnia in respondendo quàm in provocando. *Of one thing I am sure, that no Man ever will decry Wit, but he who despairs of it himself; and who has no other Quarrel to it, but that which the Fox had to the Grapes. Yet, as Mr. Cowley, (who had a greater Portion of it than any Man I know) tells us in his Character of Wit, rather than all be Wit, let there be none; think there's no Folly so great in any Poet of our Age, as the superfluity and waste of Wit was in some of our Predecessors: Particularly we may say of Fletcher, and of Shakespear, what was said of Ovid, In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici potest, invenies. The contrary of which was true in Virgil, and our incomparable Johnson.*

Some Enemies of Repartee have observ'd to us, that there is a great Latitude in their Characters, which are made to speak it: And that it is easier to write Wit than Humour; because in the Characters of Humour, the Poet is confin'd to make the Person speak what is only proper to it: Whereas all kind of Wit is proper in the Character of a witty Person. But, by their Favour, there are as different Characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all kind of Wit proper in the Mouth of every ingenious Person. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave must speak differently. Falstaffe and the Lyar, speak not like Don John in the Chances, and Valentine in Wit without Mony. And Johnson's Truewit in the Silent Woman, is a Character different from all of them. Yet it appears that this one Character of Wit was more difficult to the Author, than all his Images of Humour in the Play: For those he could describe and manage from his Observation of Men; this he has taken, at least a Part of it, from

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Books: Witness the long Speeches in the first Act, translated verbatim out of Ovid de Arte Amandi. To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the sixth Satyr of Juvenal against Women.

However, if I should grant, that there were a greater Latitude in Characters of Wit, than in those of Humour; yet that Latitude would be of small Advantage to such Poets, who have too narrow an Imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the Conversation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the Follies and Extravagances of Bedlam.

I find I have launch'd out farther than I intended in the Beginning of this Preface. And that in the Heat of Writing, I have touch'd at something, which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward; and to think rather of defending my self, than assaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from Perfect: But I do not think my self oblig'd to discover the Imperfections of it to my Adversaries, any more than a guilty Person is bound to accuse himself before his Judges. 'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd Persons (such as, they say, my Astrologer and Gamester are) my Protagonists, or the chief Persons of the Drama; and that I make them happy in the Conclusion of my Play; against the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Virtue, and punish Vice. I answer first, that I know no such Law to have been constantly observ'd in Comedy, either by the ancient or modern Poets. Chærea is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflour'd a Virgin: And Terence generally does the same through all his Plays, where you perpetually see, not only debauch'd young Men enjoy their Mistresses, but even

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even the Courtizans themselves rewarded and honour'd in the Catastrophe. The same may be observ'd in Plautus almost every where. Ben. Johnson himself, after whom I may be proud to Err, has given me more than once the Example of it. That in the Alchymist is notorious, where Face, after having contriv'd and carry'd on the great Cozenage of the Play, and continued in it without Repentance to the last, is not only forgiven by his Master, but enrich'd by his Consent, with the Spoils of those whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his Master himself, a grave Man, and a Widower, is introduc'd taking his Man's Counsel, debauching the Widow first, in hope to marry her afterward. In the Silent Woman, Dauphine, (who with the other two Gentlemen, is of the same Character with my Celadon in the Maiden Queen, and with Wildblood in this) professes himself in Love with all the Collegiate Ladies: And they likewise are all of the same Character with each other, excepting only Madam Otter, who has something singular: Yet this naughty Dauphine is crown'd in the End with the Possession of his Uncle's Estate, and with the Hopes of enjoying all his Mistresses. And his Friend, Mr. Truewit, (the best Character of a Gentleman which Ben. Johnson ever made) is not ashamed to Pimp for him. As for Beaumont and Fletcher, I need not alledge Examples out of them; for that were to quote almost all their Comedies. But now it will be objected that I patronize Vice by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate my own Faults by Recrimination. I answer, that as I defend my self by their Example; so that Example I defend by Reason, and by the End of all Dramatick Poësie. In the first Place, therefore, give me leave to shew you their Mistake, who have ac-

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cus'd me. They have not distinguish'd, as they ought, betwixt the Rules of Tragedy and Comedy. In Tragedy, where the Actions and Persons are great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Justice are more strictly to be observ'd; and Examples of Punishment to be made, to deter Mankind from the Pursuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongst the ancient Poets: For they have punish'd in Oedipus, and in his Posterity, the Sin which he knew not he had committed. Medea is the only Example I remember at present, who escapes from Punishment after Murder. Thus Tragedy fulfils one great Part of its Institution; which is by Example to instruct. But in Comedy it is not so; for the chief End of it is Divertisement and Delight: And that so much, that it is disputed, I think, by Heinſius, before Horace his Art of Poetry, whether Instruction be any Part of its Employment. At least I am sure it can be but its secondary End: For the Business of the Poet is to make you laugh: When he writes Humour, he makes Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not always to Laughter, yet to a Pleasure that is more noble. And if he works a Cure on Folly, and the small Imperfections in Mankind, by exposing them to publick View, that Cure is not perform'd by an immediate Operation. For it works first on the ill Nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh by the Representation of Deformity; and the Shame of that Laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our Manners. This being then establish'd, that the first End of Comedy is Delight, and Instruction only the second; it may reasonably be inferr'd, that Comedy is not so much oblig'd to the Punishment of the Faults which it represents, as Tragedy. For the Persons in Comedy are of a lower Quality,

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Quality, the Action is little, and the Faults and Vices are but the Sallies of Youth, and the Frailties of human Nature, and not premeditated Crimes: Such to which all Men are obnoxious; not such as are attempted only by few, and those abandon'd to all Sense of Virtue: Such as move Pity and Commiseration; not Detestation and Horror; such in short as may be forgiven, not such as must of Necessity be punish'd. But, lest any Man should think that I write this to make Libertinism amiable; or that I car'd not to debase the End and Institution of Comedy, so I might thereby maintain my own Errors, and those of better Poets; I must farther declare, both for them, and for my self, that we make not vicious Persons happy, but only as Heaven makes Sinners so: That is, by reclaiming them first from Vice. For so 'tis to be suppos'd they are, when they resolve to marry; for then enjoying what they desire in one, they cease to pursue the Love of many. So Chærea is made happy by Terence, in marrying her whom he had deslour'd: And so are Wildblood and the Astrologer in this Play.

There is another Crime with which I am charg'd, at which I am yet much less concern'd, because it does not relate to my Manners, as the former did, but only to my Reputation as a Poet: A Name of which I assure the Reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very solicitous to defend it. I am tax'd with stealing all my Plays, and that by some, who should be the last Men from whom I would steal any Part of 'em. There is one Answer which I will not make; but it has been made for me, by him to whose Grace and Patronage I owe all things,

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Et spes & ratio studiorum, in *Cæsare* tantum.

and without whose Command they should no longer be troubled with any thing of mine, That he only desir'd, that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always steal him Plays like mine. But though I have reason to be proud of this Defence, yet I should wave it, because I have a worse Opinion of my own Comedies, than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where-ever I have lik'd any Story in a Romance, Novel, or foreign Play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the Foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English Stage. And I will be so vain to say, it has lost nothing in my Hands: But it always cost me so much Trouble to heighten it for our Theater, (which is incomparably more Curious in all the Ornaments of Dramatick Poesie, than the French or Spanish) that when I had finish'd my Play, it was like the Hulk of Sir Francis Drake, so strangely alter'd, that there scarce remain'd any Plank of the Timber which first built it. To witness this, I need go no farther than this Play: It was first Spanish, and call'd *El Astrologo fingido*; then made French by the younger Corneille: And is now translated into English, and in Print, under the Name of *The Feign'd Astrologer*. What I have perform'd in this will best appear by comparing it with those: You will see that I have rejected some Adventures which I judg'd were not divertising: That I have heightned those which I have chosen, and that I have added others, which were neither in the French nor Spanish. And besides you will easily discover, that the Walk of the Astrologer is the least considerable in my Play: For the Design of it turns more on the Parts of Wildblood and

Jacinta,

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Jacinta, who are the chief Persons in it. I have farther to add, that I seldom use the Wit and Language of any Romance, or Play, which I undertake to alter: Because my own Invention (as bad as it is) can furnish me with nothing so dull as what is there. Those who have call'd Virgil, Terence, and Tasso Plagiaries (though they much injur'd them,) had yet a better Colour for their Accusation: For Virgil has evidently translated Theocritus, Hesiod and Homer, in many Places; besides what he has taken from Ennius in his own Language. Terence was not only known to translate Menander, (which he avows also in his Prologues) but was said also to be helpt in those Translations by Scipio the African, and Lælius. And Tasso, the most excellent of modern Poets, and whom I reverence next to Virgil, has taken both from Homer many admirable things which were left untouched by Virgil, and from Virgil himself where Homer cou'd not furnish him. Yet the Bodies of Virgil's and Tasso's Poems were their own: And so are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocution in them. The same (if there were any thing commendable in this Play) I could say for it. But I will come nearer to our own Countrymen. Most of Shakespear's Plays, I mean the Stories of them, are to be found in the Hecatommuthi, or hundred Novels of Cinthio. I have, myself, read in his Italian, that of Romeo and Juliet, the Moor of Venice, and many others of them. Beaumont and Fletcher had most of theirs from Spanish Novels: Witness the Chances, the Spanish Curate, Rule a Wife and have a Wife, the Little French Lawyer, and so many others of them as compose the greatest Part of their Volume in Folio. Ben. Johnson, indeed, has design'd his Plots himself

but

P R E F A C E.

but no Man has borrow'd so much from the Ancients as he has done: And he did well in it, for he has thereby beautify'd our Language.

But these little Criticks do not well consider what is the Work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the least Part of either: I mean the Foundation of it, before it is modell'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more Care, by exposing only the beautiful Parts of it to view, than a skilful Lapidary sets a Jewel. On this Foundation of the Story, the Characters are rais'd: And, since no Story can afford Characters enough for the Variety of the English Stage, it follows, that it is to be alter'd, and enlarg'd, with new Persons, Accidents and Designs, which will almost make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, disposing of Actions and Passions into their proper Places, and beautifying both with Descriptions, Similitudes, and Propriety of Language, is the principal Employment of the Poet; as being the largest Field of Fancy, which is the principal Quality requir'd in him: For so much the word *ποιησις* employs. Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis Fancy that gives the Life-touches, and the secret Graces to it; especially in serious Plays, which depend not much on Observation. For to write Humour in Comedy (which is the Theft of Poets from Mankind) little of Fancy is requir'd; the Poet observes only what is ridiculous and pleasant Folly, and by judging exactly what is so, he pleases in the Representation of it.

But in general, the Employment of a Poet, is like that of a curious Gunsmith, or Watchmaker: The Iron or Silver is not his own; but they are the least Part of that which gives the Value: The Price

P R E F A C E.

Price lyes wholly in the Workmanship. And he who works dully on a Story, without moving Laughter in a Comedy, or raising Concernments in a serious Play, is no more to be accounted a good Poet, than a Gunsmith of the Minories is to be compar'd with the best Workman of the Town.

But I have said more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I shall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuse me with so little Reason; and withal contemn their Dulness, who, if they could ruin that little Reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both Wit and Learning to establish their own; or to be remembred in after-Ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.



P R O.



PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-Night
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye in quiet for him:
But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
Yet the ungrateful Drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in Pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his Want;
Each Writing Monsieur is a fresh Gallant:
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Yet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several Tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of Wit,
This finds some Crammy that was never hit.
But should these janty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small-timber'd Wits, would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holiday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer Impotence, you have cashier'd:

PROLOGUE.

*Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless Weight, with Patience long was born,
But at the last you threw 'em off with Scorn.
As for the Poet of this present Night,
Though now he claims in you a Husband's Right,
He will not hinder you of fresh Delight.
He, like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble Home but thrice a Year:
That only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to Day, and Cuckald him to Morrow.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Wildblood, } Two young English } Mr. Hart.
Bellamy, } Gentlemen. } Mr. Mohun.
Maskall, *their Servant.* } Mr. Shatterel.
Don Alonzo de Ribera, *an old* } Mr. Wintershal.
Spanish Gentleman. }
Don Lopez de Gamboa, *a* } Mr. Burt.
young Noble Spaniard. }
Don Melchior de Guzman, *a* } Mr. Lydal.
Gentleman of a great Family; }
but of a decay'd Fortune. }

W O M E N.

Donna Theodofia, } Daughters } Mrs. Bowtel.
to Don }
Donna Jacintha, } Alonzo. } Mrs. Ellen Guynn.
Donna Aurelia, *their Confin.* } Mrs. Marshal, and
formerly by } Mrs. Quin.
Beatrix, *Woman and Confident* } Mrs. Knepp.
to the two Sisters. }
Camilla, *Woman to Aurelia.* } Mrs. Betty Slate.

Servants to Don Lopez, and Don Alonzo.

The SCENE *Madrid in the Year 1665.*

The Time, the last Evening of the Carnival.

A N



A N

EVENING'S LOVE;

O R, T H E

Mock-Astrologer.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Don Lopez, and a Servant walking over the Stage.
Enter another Servant, and follows him.*

S E R V A N T.



ON Lopez?

Lop. Any new Business?

Serv. My Master had forgot this Letter.
Which he conjures you, as you are his
Friend,

To give *Aurelia* from him.

Lop. Tell Don Melchor

'Tis a hard Task which he enjoins me:

He knows I love her, and much more than he;

For I love her alone, but he divides

His

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His Passion betwixt two: Did he consider
How great a Pain 'tis to dissemble Love,
He would never practise it.

Serv. He knows his Fault, but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilst he lies conceal'd,
And every Night makes Visits to her Cousin.
When will he leave this strange Extravagance?

Serv. When he can love one more, or t'other less.

Lop. Before I lov'd my self, I promis'd him
To serve him in his Love; and I'll perform it,
How e'er repugnant to my own Concernments.

Serv. You are a noble Cavalier.

[Exit *Servant*]

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall.

2 *Serv.* Sir, your Guests of the *English* Ambassador's
Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you please to command my Coach,
to take the Air this Evening?

Bel. We have not yet resolv'd how to dispose of our selves;
but however we are highly acknowledging to you for
your Civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me than by laying your
Commands on me.

Wild. We kiss your Hands.

[Exit *Lopez cum Serv.*]

Bel. Give the Don his due, he entertain'd us nobly this
Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the Don for any thing I lik'd in
his Enteratinment.

Bel. I hope we had Variety enough.

Wild. Ay, it look'd like Variety, till we came to taste
it; there were twenty several Dishes to the Eye, but in
the Palate nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat of a
Pheasant, and as soon as I got it into my Mouth, I found
I was chawing a Limb of Cinamon; then I went to
cut a piece of Kid, and no sooner it had touch'd my Lips,
but it turn'd to red Pepper: At last I began to think
my self another kind of *Midas*, that every thing I touch'd
should be turn'd to Spice.

Bel. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick Majesty
had invited us to eat his *Indies*. But prithee let's leave
the

the Discourse of it, and contrive together how we may spend the Evening; for in this hot Country, 'tis as in the Creation, the Evening and the Morning make the Day.

Wild. I have a little serious Business.

Bel. Put it off till a fitter Season: For the Truth is, Business is then only tolerable, when the World and the Flesh have no Baits to set before us for the Day.

Wild. But mine perhaps is publick Business.

Bel. Why, is any Business more publick than drinking and wenching? Look on those grave plodding Fellows, that pass by us as tho' they were meditating the Reconquest of *Flanders*: Fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake three Parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell thee, *Jack*, the whisking of a Silk-Gown, and the rash of a Tabby-Petticoat, are as comfortable Sounds to one of these rich Citizens, as the Chink of their Pieces of Eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common Design of human Kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; therefore I'll leave you to the Prosecution of it.

Bel. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Mistress in Embryo; the Possession of her is at least some Days off, and till that time, thy Company will be pleasant, and may be profitable to carry on the Work. I would use thee like an under kind of Chymist, to blow the Coals; 'twill be time enough for me to be alone, when I come to Projection.

Wild. You must excuse me, *Frank*; I have made an Appointment at the Gameing-house.

Bel. What to do there, I preshee? To mis-spend that Money which kind Fortune intended for a Mistress? Or to learn new Oaths and Curses to carry into *England*? That is not it—I heard you were to marry when you left Home: Perhaps that may be still running in your Head, and keep you virtuous.

Wild. Marriage quoth a! what, dost thou think I have been bred in the Deserts of *Africk*, or among the Savages of *America*? Nay, if I had, I must needs have known better things than so; the light of Nature would not have let me gone so far astray.

Bel.

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Bel. Well! what think you of the *Prado* this Evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worse than our *Contemplative Hide-Park*.

Bel. O! but we must submit to the Custom of the Country for Courtship; Whatever the Means are, we are sure the End is still the same in all Places. But who are these?

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, with his two Daughters Theodofia and Jacintha, and Beatrix their Woman, passing by.

Theo. Do you see those Strangers, Sister, that eye us so earnestly?

Jac. Yes, and I guess 'em to be Feathers of the *English* Ambassador's Train; for I think I saw 'em at the grand Audience——And have the strangest Temptation in the World to talk to 'em: A Mischief on this Modesty.

Beat. A Mischief of this Father of yours that haunts you so.

Jac. 'Tis very true, *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Sister, I should have the grace to lay Modesty first aside: However, Sister, let us pull up our Vails and give 'em an Essay of our Faces.

[They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down again.]

Wild. Ah *Bellamy*! undone, undone! dost thou see those Beauties?

Bel. Prethee *Wildblood* hold thy Tongue, and do not spoil my Contemplation; I am undoing my self as fast as e'er I can too.

Wild. I must go to 'em.

Bel. Hold Madman; dost thou not see their Father? Hast thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a Hector of fourscore? Hang our Throats; what, a Lover and cautious? *[Is going towards them.]*

Alon. Come away Daughters, we shall be late else.

Bel. Look you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Prethee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

Bel.

The MOCK-ASTROLOGER. 285.

Bel. I am glad on't, for my Shoes so pinch me, I can scarce go a Step farther.

Wild. Cross the way there lives a Shoemaker: Away quick y, that we may not spoil our Design.

[Exeunt Bell. and Wild.]

Alon. offers to go off. Now Friend! what's your Business to follow us?

Mask. Noble Don, 'tis only to recommend my Service to you: A certain violent Passion I have had for your Worship since the first Moment that I saw you.

Alon. I never saw thee before, to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir; true Love never stands upon Ceremony.

Alon. Prethee begone my sawcy Companion, or I'll clap an Alguazile upon thy Heels; I tell thee I have no need of thy Service.

Mask. Having no Servant of your own, I cannot in good Manners leave you destitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee if thou follow'st me.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir, the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me intreat thee to be gone; the Boys will boot at me to see me follow'd thus against my Will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our selves for what the Boys do, Sir? Pray do you hear the News at Court?

Alon. Prethee what's the News to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Fuego de cammas*?

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on, Sir, we can discourse as we walk together: And whither were you now a going, Sir?

Alon. To the Devil, I think.

Mask. O! not this Year or two, Sir, by your Age.

Fac. My Father was never so match'd for talking in all his Life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himself: Prethee, *Beatrix*, stay behind, and see what this impudent *Englishman* would have.

Beat. Sir! if you'll let my Master go, I'll be his Pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiss your Hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Alon. Let us mend our pace to get clear of him.

Theo.

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Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you again, like *Alonzo* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your golden Apples.

[*Exeunt Alon. Theo. and Jacintha.*

[*Maskall whispers Beatrix the while.*

Beat. How much good Language is here thrown away to make me betray my Ladies?

Mask. If you will discover nothing of 'em, let me discourse with you a little.

Beat. As little as you please.

Mask. They are rich, I suppose.

Beat. Now you are talking of them again: But they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the *Indies*: Well, but their Names, my sweet Mistress.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their Names are——

Mask. Their Names are—— out with it boldly——

Beat. A Secret not to be disclos'd.

Mask. A Secret, say you? Nay, then I [conjure you as you are a Woman tell it me.

Beat. Not a Syllable.

Mask. Why, then, as you are a Waiting-woman: As you are the Sieve of all your Ladies Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You lose your labour: Nothing will strain thro' me.

Mask. Are you so well stop'd i'th' bottom?

Beat. It was enjoin'd me strictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoin'd thee strictly, and can'st thou hold it? Nay then thou art invincible: But, by that Face, that more than ugly Face, which I suspect to be under thy Vail, disclose it to me.

Beat. By that Face of thine, which is a natural Visor, I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy——

Beat. No more Swearing, I beseech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little that is not worth an Oath: Well, get thee gone, now I think on't thou shalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? Who shall hinder me? They are *Don Alonzo de Ribera's* Daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll stop my Ears.

Beat.

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Beat. ——— They live hard by, in the *Calle maior*.

Mask. O infernal Tongue———

Beat. And are going to the next Chappel with their Father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? In my Conscience anon thou wilt blab out their Names too.

Beat. Their Names are *Theodosia* and *Jacintha*.

Mask. And where's your great Secret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you, for running down my poor old Master.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd, till thou hast told me thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your Service, Sir, pray remember I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I must be going.

Beat. I perceive you are just like other Men; when you have got your Ends, you care not how soon you are going.——Farewel,——you'll be constant to me——

Mask. If thy Face, when I see it, do not give me occasion to be otherwise.

Beat. You shall take a Sample, that you may praise it when you see it next. *[She pulls up her Vail.*

Enter Wildblood and Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's Mouth——
Oh she's got loose and div'd again.—— *[Exit Beatrix.*

Bel. Well, *Maskall*, what News of the Ladies of the Lake?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embark you in an Adventure; they are Daughters to one *Don Alonzo de Rivera* in the *Calle maior*, their Names *Theodosia* and *Jacintha*, and they are going to their Devotions in the next Chapel.

Wild. Away then, let us lose no time, I thank Heaven I never found my self better inclin'd to Godliness than at this present.—— *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chapel.*

Enter Alonzo, Theodosia, Jacintha, Beatrix, other Ladies, and Cavaliers at their Devotions.

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads, I'll be again with you. *[Exit.*

JAC.

Fac. Do you think the *English* Men will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can stay from you?

Fac. For my part I feel a certain Qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love to one of 'em.

Theo. How, Love, *Facinsha*, in so short a time? *Cupid's* Arrow was well feather'd to reach you so suddenly.

Fac. Faith, as good at first as at last, Sister; 'tis a thing that must be done, and therefore 'tis best dispatching it out o' th' way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him so whom you love?

Fac. Why should I keep my self and Servant in pain for that which may be cur'd at a Day's warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true, Madam, long tedious Courtship may be proper for cold Countries, where their Frosts are long a thawing; but Heaven be prais'd we live in a warm Climate.

Theo. The truth is, in other Countries they have opportunities for Courtship, which we have not, they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windows, but may receive Addressees at their leisure.

Fac. But our Love here is like our Grass; if it be not mow'd quickly, 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, and Maskall: They look about 'em.

Theo. Yonder are your Gallants, send you comfort o' 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Fac. Now for my Heart can I think of no other Prayer but only that they may not mistake us——Why Sister, Sister——will you Pray? What injury have I ever done you, that you should Pray in my Company? If your Servant *Don Melchor* were here, we should have your mind Heaven as little as the best of us.

Beat. They are at a loss, Madam, shall I put up my Vail that they may take aim?

Fac. No, let 'em take their Fortune in the Dark. We shall see what Archers these *English* are.

Bel. Which are they, think'st thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of Darkness.

Bel. I'll be sworn they have one sign of Godliness among 'em, there's no distinction of Persons here.

Wild. Pox o' this Blind-man's-buff; they may be ashamed to provoke a Man thus by their keeping themselves so close.

Bel. You are for the youngest, you say; 'tis the eldest has smitten me. And here I fix, if I am right — happy Man be his Dole.

[By Theodosia.]

Wild. I'll take my Fortune here. [By Jacintha.] Madam, I hope a Stranger may take the liberty without offence to offer his Devotions by you.

Jac. That, Sir, would interrupt mine, without being any advantage to your own.

Wild. My advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the kind Saint to whom you pray, may by the Neighbourhood mistake my Devotions for yours.

Jac. O Sir! our Saints can better distinguish between the Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beseech you, Madam, trouble not your self for my Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men of your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous Catholick: And for Fornication and Adultery, I assure you I hold with both Churches.

Theo. to Bel. Sir, if you will not be more devout, be at least more civil, you see you are observ'd.

Bel. And pray, Madam, what do you think the Lookers on imagine I am employ'd about?

Theo. I will not trouble my self to guess.

Bel. Why, by all Circumstances, they must conclude that I am making Love to you: And methinks it were scarce civil to give the Opinion of so much good Company the Lye.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reason to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bel. Meaning I should not be lov'd again.

Theo. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it for your Pains.

Enter Alonzo, and goes apart to his Devotion.

Beat. Madam, your Father is return'd.

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Bel. She has nettled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you see their Father? Let us make as tho' we talk'd to one another, that we may not be suspected.

Beat. You have lost your *Englishmen*.

Fac. No, no, 'tis but Design I warrant you: You shall see these Island Cocks wheel about immediately.

[The English gather up close to them.]

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were observ'd.

Wild to Bel. Talk not of our Country Ladies: I declare my self for the *Spanish* Beauties.

Bel. Prethee tell me what thou canst find to doat on in these *Castilians*.

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theo. Now for our Champion *St. Fago* for *Spain* there.

Bel. Faith I can speak no such Miracles of either; for their Beauty, 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether so deep a black as the true *Æthiopian*: A kind of Beauty that is too civil to the Lookers on to do them any Mischief.

Fac. This was your Frowardness that provok'd him, Sister.

Theo. But they shall not carry it off so.

Bel. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their Breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where the want of Mankind while they are there, makes them value the Blessing ever after.

Theo. Prethee, dear *Facintha*, tell me, what kind of Creatures were those we saw Yesterday at the Audience? Those I mean that look'd so like *Frenchmen* in their Habits, but only became their Apishness so much worse.

Fac. *Englishmen*, I think they call'd 'em.

Theo. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild *English* indeed, that is a kind of Northern Beast, that is taught its Feats of Activity in *Monsieurland*, and for doing 'em too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the World over.

Bel. *Wildblood*, I perceive the Women understand little of Discourse; their Gallants do not use 'em to't: They get upon their Gennits, and prance before their Ladies Windows; there the Palfrey curvets and bounds, and in short entertains 'em for his Master.

Wild.

Wild. And this Horse-play they call making Love.

Beat. Your Father, Madam.——

Alon. Daughters! what Cavaliers are those which were talking by you?

Jac. *Englishmen*, I believe, Sir, at their Devotions: Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better then you have railly'd. [Aside to Wild.]

Wild. Hang me if I put all my Devotions out of order for you: I remember I pray'd but on *Tuesday* last, and my time comes not till *Tuesday* next.

Mask. You had as good pray, Sir; she will not stir till you have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the least of your Favours, yet give me the Happiness this Evening to see you at your Father's Door, that I may acquaint you with part of my Sufferings. [Aside to Jac.]

Alon. Come Daughters, have you done?

Jac. Immediately, Sir.——Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach you more Wit, henceforward, than to engage your Heart so lightly. [Aside to Wild.]

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with so much Zeal and true Devotion to your divine Beauty, that——

Alon. What means this Cavalier?

Jac. Some zealous Ejaculation.

Alon. May the Saint hear him.

Jac. I'll answer for her.— [Ex. Father and Daughters.]

Wild. Now, *Bellamy*, what Success?

Bel. I pray'd to a more Marble Saint than that was in the Shrine; but you, it seems, have been successful.

Wild. And so shalt thou; let me alone for both.

Bel. If you'll undertake it, I will make bold to indulge my Love; and within this two Hours be a desperate Inamorado. I feel I am coming apace to it.

Wild. Faith I can love at any time with a Wish at my rate: I give my Heart according to the old Law of Pawns, to be return'd me before Sun-set.

Bel. I love only that I may keep my Heart warm; for a Man's a Pool if Love stir him not; and to bring it to that pass, I first resolve whom to love, and presently af-

ter imagine I am in love; for a strong Imagination is requir'd in a Lover as much as in a Witch.

Wild. And is this all your Receipt?

Bel. These are my principal Ingredients; as for Piques, Jealousies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em alone to the vulgar.

Wild. Prethee let's round the Street a little; till *Maskall* watches for their Woman.

Bel. That's well thought on: He shall about it immediately.

We will attempt the Mistress by the Maid:

Women by Women still are best betray'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Wildblood, Bellamy, and Maskall.

Wild. DID you speak with her Woman?

Mask. Yes, but she was in haste, and bid me wait her hereabouts when she return'd.

Bel. Then you have discover'd nothing more?

Mask. Only, in general, that *Donna Theodosia* is engag'd elsewhere; so that all your Courtship will be to no purpose.—But for your Mistress, Sir, [*To Wild.*] she is waded out of her depth in Love to you already.

Wild. That's very hard, when I am scarce Knee-deep with her: 'Tis true, I have given her hold of my Heart, but if she take not heed, it will slip through her Fingers.

Bel. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may take your Pleasure when you please; but I am the Eve to your Holy-day, and must fast for being join'd to you.

Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content my self with having had one fair flight at her, without wearying my self on the Wing for a Retrieve; for when all's done, the Quarry is but a Woman.

Bel. Thank you, Sir, you would fly 'em both your self; and while I turn Tail, we should have you come gingling

gingling with your Bells in the Neck of my Partridge; do you remember who encourag'd me to love, and promis'd me his Assistance?

Wild. Ay, while there was Hope, *Frank*, while there was Hope; but there's no contending with one's Destiny.

Bel. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another Man; but while she flies before me, I must follow: I can leave a Woman first with ease, but if she begins to fly before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.

Wild. What a Secret have you found out? Why 'tis the Nature of all Mankind: We love to get our Mistresses, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and then let 'em go a little way; and all the Pleasure is, to pat 'em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone too far; prethee how long dost thou intend to love at this rate?

Bel. Till the evil Constellation be past over me: Yet I believe it would hasten my Recovery, if I knew whom she lov'd.

Mask. You shall not be long without that Satisfaction.

Wild. 'St, the Door opens; and two Women are coming out.

Bel. By their Stature they should be thy gracious Mistress and *Beatrix*.

Wild. Methinks you should know your Cue ther, and withdraw.

Bel. Well, I'll leave you to your Fortune; but if you come to close fighting, I shall make bold to run in and part you. [Bellamy and Maskall withdraw.]

Wild. Yonder she comes with full Sails i'faith; I'll hail her amain for *England*.

Enter Jacintha and Beatrix at the other end of the Stage.

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes, most vehemently.

Beat. But set some Bounds to your Affection.

Jac. None but Fools confine their Pleasure: What Ufurer ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll give my self the swinge, and love without reserve. If I keep a Passion, I'll never starve it in my Service.

Beat. But are you sure he will deserve this Kindness?

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Fac. I never trouble my self so long beforehand: Jealousies and Disquiets are the dregs of an Amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off so low: When it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a fresh Draught.

Beat. Yet it is but Prudence to try him first; no Pilot ventures on an unknown Coast without sounding.

Fac. Well, to satisfie thee, I am content; partly too because I find a kind of Pleasure in laying Baits for him.

Beat. The two great Virtues of a Lover are Constancy and Liberality; if he profess those two, you may be happy in him.

Fac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Master of both those Qualities, I disown him — But who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me he was waiting hereabout.

Fac. Watch the Door, give me notice, if any come.

Beat. I'll secure you, Madam [Exit. *Beat.*

Fac. to Wild. What, have you laid an Ambush for me?

Wild. Only to make a Reprisal of my Heart.

Fac. 'Tis so wild, that the Lady who has it in her keeping, would be glad she were well rid on't: It does so flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the sooner, will beat out the Brains against the Grates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for hunger.

Fac. Or perhaps it wants Company; shall she put another to it?

Wild. Ay; but then 'twere best to trust 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at Liberty.

Fac. But if they should lose one another in the wide World!

Wild. They'll meet at Night I warrant 'em.

Fac. But is not your Heart of the Nature of those Birds that breed in one Country, and go to Winter in another?

Wild. Suppose it does so; yet I take my Mate along with me. And now to leave our Parables, and speak in the Language of the Vulgar, what think you of a Voyage to merry *England*?

Fac.

Fac. Just as *Æsop's* Frog did, of leaping into a deep Well in a drought: If he ventur'd the leap, there might be Water; but if there were no Water, how should he get out again?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honest Country, where we are content with our old Vices, partly because we want Wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or spiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more Racy. 'Tis true, our Variety is not much; but to speak nobly of our Way of living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which rises, and looks upon the same things he saw Yesterday, and goes to Bed again.

Fac. But I hear your Women live most blessedly; there's no such thing as Jealousie among the Husbands; if any Man has Horns, he bears 'em as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffensively.

Wild. All this I hope gives you no ill Character of the Country.

Fac. But what need we go into another Climate? as our Love was born here, so let it live and die here, and be honestly buried in its Native Country.

Wild. Faith, agreed with all my Heart. For I am none of those unreasonable Lovers, that propose to themselves the loving to Eternity; the Truth is, a Month is commonly my Stint; But in that Month I love so dreadfully, that it is after a twelve Month's Rate of common Love.

Fac. Or would not a Fortnight serve our turn? for in troth a Month looks somewhat dismally; 'tis a whole *Egyptian* Year. If a Moon changes in my Love, I shall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heav'n we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my Part, I like your Humour so damnably well, that I fear I am in for a Week longer than I propos'd; I am half afraid your *Spanish* Planet, and my *English* one have been acquainted, and have found out some By-room or other in the twelve Houses: I wish they have been honourable.

Fac. The best way for both were to take up in time; yet I am afraid our Forces are engag'd so far, that we must

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must make a Battle on't. What think you of disobliging one another from this Day forward; and shewing all our ill Humours at the first; which Lovers use to keep as a Reserve, till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a Breach, by the Dangers of Possession: I have a Song to that purpose.

Jac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the Tune of one of our *Passa-calles*.

S O N G.

*You charm'd me not with that fair Face,
Though it was all Divine:*

*To be another's is the Grace,
That makes me wish you mine.*

*The Gods and Fortune take their Part,
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart,
Which is another's Right.*

*First mad with hope we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once possess'd, we faintly make
A dull defensive War.*

*Now every Friend is turn'd a Foe,
In hope to get our Store:
And Passion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.*

Jac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous Person: Do you hold forth your Gifts in hopes to make me love you less?

Wild. They would signifie little, if we were once married: Those Gaieties are all nipt, and frost-bitten in the Marriage-Bed, i'faith.

Jac. I am sorry to hear 'tis so cold a Place: But 'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: The truth is, your Humour pleases me exceedingly; how long it will do so, I know not; but so long as it does, I am resolv'd to give my self the Content of seeing you. For if I should once constrain my self, I might fall in love

in good Earnest: But I have stay'd too long with you, and would be loth to surfeit you at first.

Wild. Surfeit me, Madam? why, you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Jac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand, or Lip, or any thing that you can spare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, he must have some Employment, or he'll tear you a-pieces.

Jac. Well, here's my Picture; to help your Contemplation in my Absence.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine: But some Revenge you must allow me: A Locket of Diamonds, or some such trifle, the next time I kiss your Hand.

Jac. Fie, fie; you do not think me Mercenary? yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our *Spanish* Mode of Love: Our Ladies here use to be the Banquiers of their Servants, and to have their Gold in-keeping.

Wild. This is the least Tryal you could have made of me: I have some three hundred Pistoles by me; those I'll send you by my Servant.

Jac. Confess freely; you mistrust me: But if you find the least Qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial must be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you, Madam: Well; I say no more; but these are dangerous Beginnings for holding on: I find my Month will have more than one and thirty Days in't.

Enter Beatrix running.

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haste for you; and is looking you about the House.

Jac. Adieu, Servant, be a good Manager of your Stock of Love, that it may hold out your Month; I am afraid you'll waste so much of it before to morrow Night, that you'll shine but with a quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It shall be a Crescent. [*Ex. Wild. Jac. severally.*]

[*Beatrix is going, and Maskall runs and stops her.*]

Mask. Pay your Ransom; you are my Prisoner.

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Beat. What, do you fight after the *French* Fashion; take Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I should be glad to imitate them so far, to be in the middle of the Country before you could resist me.

Beat. Well, what Composition, Monsieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes her so cruel to my Master?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Masters? For I suppose we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldest Lady, *Theodosia*.

Beat. How dare you press your Mistress to an Inconvenience?

Mask. My Mistress? I understand not that Language; the Fortune of the Valet ever follows that of the Master; and his is desperate; if his Fate were alter'd for the Better, I should not care if I ventur'd upon you for the Worse.

Beat. I have told you already *Donna Theodosia* loves another.

Mask. Has he no Name?

Beat. Let it suffice he is born Noble, though without a Fortune. His Poverty makes him conceal his Love from her Father; but she sees him every Night in private: And to blind the World, about a Fortnight ago he took a solemn Leave of her, as if he were going into *Flanders*: In the mean time he Lodges at the House of *Don Lopez de Gamboa*; and is himself call'd *Don Melchor de Guzman*.

Mask. *Don Melchor de Guzman*! O Heav'ns!

Beat. What amazes you!

Theo. [Within.] Why, *Beatrix*, where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be sure you keep my Counsel.

Mask. Come, Sir, you see the Coast is clear. [Ex. *Beat.*
Enter *Bellamy*.

Bel. Clear, dost thou say? No, 'tis full of Rocks and Quicksands: Yet nothing vexes me so much, as that she is in love with such a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he should lodge privately in the same House with us! 'twas odly contriv'd of Fortune.

Bel.

Bel. Hang him Rogue, methinks I see him perching like an Owl by Day, and not daring to flutter out till Moon-light. The Rascal invents Love, and brews his Complements all Day, and broaches 'em at Night; just as some of our dry Wits do their Stories, before they come into Company: Well, if I could be reveng'd on either of 'em.

Mask. Here she comes again, with *Beatrix*; but, good Sir, moderate your Passion.

Enter Theodosia and Beatrix.

Bel. Nay, Madam, you are known; and must not pass till I have spoke with you. [*Bel. lifts up Theodosia's Vail.*]

Theo. This Rudeness to a Person of my Quality may cost you dear. Pray, when did I give you Encouragement for so much Familiarity?

Bel. When you scorn'd me in the Chappel.

Theo. The truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could; that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bel. Yet you have not this Aversion for all the World: However, I was in hope, though the Day frown'd, the Night might prove as propitious to me as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a Quarrel both to the Sun and Moon, because I have seen you by both their Lights.

Bel. Spare the Moon, I beseech you, Madam, she is a very trusty Planet to you.

Beat. O, *Maskall*, you have ruin'd me.

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bel. Away.

Theo. Pray, Sir, expound your Meaning; for I confess I am in the Dark.

Bel. Methinks you should discover it by Moon-light. Or if you would have me speak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a Midnight Assignment; and that it may not be discover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond Sea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders*:

Mask. A Pox on's Memory, he has not forgot one Syllable.

Theo. Ah *Beatrix*, you have betray'd and sold me.

Beat. You have betray'd and sold your self, Madam; by your own Rashness to confess it; Heav'n knows I have serv'd you but too faithfully.

Theo.

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Theo. Peace, Impudence; and see my Face no more.

Mask. Do you know what work you have made, Sir?

Bel. Let her see what she has got by slighting me.

Mask. You had best let *Beatrix* be turn'd away for me to keep: If you do, I know whose Purse shall pay for't.

Bel. That's a Curse I never thought on: Cast about quickly, and save all yet: Range, quest, and spring a Lie immediately.

Theo. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you shall go; there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the Reward of Innocence —
[Going.]

Mask. Stay, guiltless Virgin, stay; thou shalt not go.

Theo. Why, who should hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the Name of Truth. (If this hard-bound Lie would but come from me:) Madam, I must tell you it lyes in my Power to appease this Tempest with one Word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me away upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the Fellow mean?

Mask. For all your Noddings, and your Mathematical Grimaces, in short, Madam, my Master has been conversing with the Planets; and from them has had the Knowledge of your Affairs.

Bel. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for truth; that will shame you, and all your Devils: In short, Madam, this Master of mine that stands before you, without a Word to say for himself, so like an Oph, as I may say with Reverence to him——

Bel. The Raskal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greatest *Astrologer* in Christendom.

Theo. Your Master an *Astrologer*?

Mask. A most profound one.

Bel. Why you Dog, do you consider what an improbable Lie this is; which you know I can never make good: Disgorge it, you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your Throat out——

[Takes him by the Throat.]

Mask.

Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are and shall be an *Astrologer* what e'er I suffer; You know all things, see into all things, foretel all things; and if you pinch more truth out of me, I will confess you are a Conjuror.

Bel. How, Sirrah, a Conjuror?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: Own it you had best, Sir, and do not provoke me farther; [*While he is speaking, Bellamy stops his Mouth by Fits.*] What, did not I see you an Hour ago, turning over a great Folio with strange Figures in it, and then muttering to your self like any Poet, and then naming *Theodossia*, and then staring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the Ground; so that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love.

Bel. Madam, if ever I knew the least Term in *Astrology*, I am the arrantest Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat. O, Sir, for that matter you shall excuse my Lady: Nay, hide your Talents if you can, Sir.

Theo. The more you pretend Ignorance, the more we are resolv'd to believe you Skillful.

Bel. You'll hold your Tongue yet.

Mask. You shall never make me hold my Tongue, except you conjure me to Silence: What, did you not call me to look into a Crystal, and there shew'd me a fair Garden, and a *Spaniard* stalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I should know him again amongst a thousand.

Beat. Don *Melchor*, in my Conscience, Madam.

Bel. This Rogue will invent more Stories of me, than e'er were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confess then; do you think I'll stain my Honour to swallow a Lie for you?

Bel. Well, a Pox on you, I am an *Astrologer*.

Beat. O, are you so, Sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my Secrets, you will be so much a Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bel. You need not doubt me, Madam; I am more in your Power than you can be in mine: Besides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I know,

know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of the Inquisition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now; I have betray'd you, I have sold you; how can you ever make me amends for this Imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me so——

[*Cries, and claps her Hands at her.*]

Theo. Nay, prethee *Beatrix* do not cry; I'll leave off my new Gown to morrow, and thou shalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good Name from me; and you can never make me Re-compence——except you give me your new Gorget too.

Theo. No more words; thou shalt have it, Girl.

Beat. O, Madam, your Father has surpriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, and frowns.

Bel. Then I'll be gone, to avoid Suspicion.

Theo. By your Favour, Sir, you shall stay a little; the Happiness of so rare an Acquaintance, ought to be cherish'd on my side by a longer Conversation.

Alon. Theodosia, what Business have you with this Cavalier?

Theo. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him as I have been: Under the Habit of a Gallant he conceals the greatest *Astrologer* this Day living.

Alon. You amaze me, Daughter.

Theo. For my own part I have been consulting with him about some particulars of my Fortunes past and future; both which he has resolv'd me with that admirable Knowledge.——

Bel. Yes, Faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a Disaster that severely threaten'd her: And (one thing I foresee already by my Stars, that I must bear up boldly, or I am lost.)

Mask. to Bel. Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant Fellow, and credulous I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your Belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the old Prophecies of these *Nostradamusses*; but of what Nature was the Question which you ask'd him?

Theo.

Theo. What should be my Fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you answer, Sir?

Bel. I answer'd her the Truth, that she is in danger of marrying a Gentleman without a Fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into such a fright—

Alon. Never trouble your self about it, Daughter; follow my Advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bel. But the Stars say she shall not follow your Advice: If it happens otherwise, I'll burn my Folio Volumes, and my Manuscripts too, I assure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young Man; I know somewhat in *Astrology* my self; for in my younger Years I study'd it; and though I say it, made some small Proficiency in it.

Bel. Marry Heaven forbid. ————— [*Aside.*

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonstrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we split our selves!

Bel. Now my Ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and if the Evening Air should take you——beseech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be prefer'd before Health; I must needs discuss a Point with this learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult Question in that Art, which almost gravels me.

Mask. How I sweat for him, *Beatrix*, and my self too, who have brought him into this *Præsumpture*!

Beat. You must be impudent; for our old Man will stick like a Burr to you, now he's in a Dispute.

Alon. What Judgment may a Man reasonably form from the Trine Aspect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houses?

Bel. That's a Matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my Man loose to you for such a Question. —

[*Puts Maskall forward.*

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the Quarrent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your Worship knows it, I never made that Science my Study in the least, Sir.

Bel.

Bel. The Gleanings of mine are enough for that: Why, you impudent Rogue you, hold forth your Gifts, or I'll—What a Devil, must I be pester'd with every trivial Question, when there's not a Master in Town of any Science, but has his Usher for these mean Offices?

Theo. Try him in some deeper Question, Sir; you see he will not put himself forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abstruse with him: What think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg*? or of the best way of Rectification for a Nativity? Have you been conversant in the *Centiloquium* of *Trismegistus*: What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth when 'tis his own House, or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bel. I thought what your Skill was! to answer your Question in two words, *Mars* rules over the Martial; and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and so of the rest, Sir.

Alon. This every School-boy could have told me.

Bel. Why then you must not ask such School-boys Questions. (But your Carcass, Sirrah, shall pay for this.)—

[*Aside to Maskall.*

Alon. You seem not to understand the Terms, Sir.

Bel. By your Favour, Sir, I know there are five of 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hillary*, your *Easter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not understand a word of this *Fargon*.

Bel. It may be not, Sir; I believe the Terms are not the same in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear so impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The Terms of Art are the same every where.

Bel. Tell me that! you are an old Man, and they are alter'd since you studied them.

Alon. That may be, I must confess; however if you please to discourse something of the Art to me, you shall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant to Alonzo.

Ser. Sir, ———

[*Whispers.*

Alon. Sir, I am sorry a Business of Importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you some other time, to discourse more at large of *Astrology*.

Bel. Is your Business very pressing?

Alon.

Alon. It is, I assure you, Sir.

Bel. I am very sorry, for I should have instructed you in such rare Secrets; I have no Fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll dispatch my Business, and return immediately; come away, Daughter.

[*Exeunt Alon. Theo. Beat. and Serv.*]

Bel. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to my last Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was Squire *Widdrington*.

Mask. Who would have suspected it from that wicked Elder?

Bel. Suspected it? why 'twas palpable from his very Physnomy; he looks like *Haly*, and the Spirit *Fircu* in the Fortune-book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now *Bellamy*, in wrath? prethee, what's the matter?

Bel. The Story is too long to tell you; but this Rogue here has made me pass for an errant Fortune-teller.

Mask. If I had not, I am sure he must have pass'd for an errant Madman; he had discover'd, in a Rage, all that *Beatrix* had confess'd to me concerning her Mistress's Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to say he knew it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou such an Oph to be vext at this? as the Adventure may be manag'd, it may make the most pleasant one in all the Carnival.

Bel. Death! I shall have all *Madrid* about me within these two Days.

Wild. Nay, all *Spain*, i'faith, as fast as I can divulge thee: Not a Ship shall pass out from any Port, but shall ask thee for a Wind; thou shalt have all the Trade of *Lapland* within a Month.

Bel. And do you think it reasonable for me to stand Defendant to all the impertinent Questions that the Town can ask me?

Wild. Thou shalt do't, Boy: Pox on thee, thou dost not know thine own Happiness; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou dost not fit them with Fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

Mask.

Mask. Sir, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature; you need but speak doubtfully, or keep your self in general Terms, and for the most part tell good rather than bad Fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'st at particulars, have an Evasion ready like *Lilly*; as thus, It will infallibly happen if our Sins hinder not. I would undertake with one of his Almanacks to give very good Content to all Christendom, and what good Luck fell not out in one Kingdom, should in another.

Mask. The Pleasure on't will be to see how all his Customers will contribute to their own deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bel. Umh! now I begin to taste it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great Prince, a great Turk; we shall have thee within these two Days, do grace to the Ladies by throwing out a Handkerchief; 'liffe, I could feast upon thy Fragments.

Bel. If the Women come, you shall be sure to help me to undergo the Burden; for though you make me an *Astronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my Back. But who are these?

Enter Musicians with Disguises; and some in their Hands.

Wild. You know the Men, if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Musick of our Ambassador's Retinue: My Project is to give our Mistress a Serenade; this being the last Evening of the Carnival; and to prevent Discovery, here are Disguises for us too——

Bel. 'Tis very well; come *Maskall*, help on with 'em, while they Tune their Instruments.

Wild. Strike up Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song a l' *Angloise*, pray be ready with your Chorus.

S O N G.

*After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!*

When

*When with Unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the Pain,
Ah what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is,
Ah what a Pleasure to press it again!*

*When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah what a Trembling I feel, when I venture,
Ah what a Trembling does usher my Joy!*

*When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;
Ah what a Joy, 'tis beyond all expressing,
Ah what a Joy to hear, shall we again!*

Theodosia and Jacintha above.

[Jacintha throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour
ty'd to it.

Jac. Ill Musicians must be rewarded: There, Cavalier,
'tis to buy your Silence—— [Exeunt Women from above.

Wild. By this light, which at present is scarce an
Oath, an Handkerchief, and a Favour.

[Musick and Guittars tuning on the other side of the Stage.

Bel. Hark, Wildblood, do you hear? there's more Me-
lody; on my Life some Spaniards have taken up this Post
for the same Design.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bel. Prethee be patient; we shall lose the Sport else.

[Don Lopez and Don Melchor disguis'd, with Servants,
and Musicians on the other side.

Wild. 'Tis some Rival of yours or mine, Bellamy:
For he addresses to this Window.

Bel. Damn him, let's fall on then.

[The two Spaniards and the English fight: The Spani-
ards are beaten off the Stage; the Musicians on both
sides, and Servants fall confusedly one over the other.
They all get off, only Maskall remains upon the Ground.

Mask. [Rising.] So, all's past, and I am safe: A Pox on
these fighting Masters of mine, to bring me into this
Danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I

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go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-strings of my Small-guts.

To him Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there ?

Mask. 'Tis Don *Lopez* by his Voice.

Lop. The same; and by yours you should be'long to my two *English* Guests. Did you hear no Tumult hereabouts ?

Mask. I heard a clashing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my Share in't; but how came you here ?

Mask. I came hither by my Master's Order, to see if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any ?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by——Heav'n, what was I agoing to say, I had like to have discover'd all!

Lop. I find there is some Secret in't; and you dare not trust me.

Mask. If you will swear on your Honour to be very Secret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few Words, he knew it by Astrology, or Magick.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he conversant in the occult Sciences ?

Mask. Most profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary Person; but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask. He shew'd me Yesterday in a Glass, a Lady's Maid at *London*, whom I well knew; and with whom I us'd to converse on a Pallet in a Drawing-room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bed-chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treasure for a State were here! and how much might we save by this Man, in Foreign Intelligence!

Mask. And just now he shew'd me, how you were assaulted in the dark by Foreigners.

Lop. Could you guess what Countrymen ?

Mask.

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Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd most furiously at our Back-sides.

Mask. I will return to my Master with the good News of your Safety; but once again be secret; or disclose it to none but Friends——So, there's one Woodcock more in the Spring—— [Exit,

Lop. Yes, I will be very secret; for I will tell it only to one Person; but she is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the Skil of this rare Artist: She is curious as all Women are; and, 'tis probable, will desire to look into the Glasse to see *Don Melchor*, whom she believes absent. So that by this means, without breaking my Oath to him, he will be discover'd to be in Town. Then his Intrigue with *Theodosia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, discard him, and receive me. I will about it instantly:

Success, in Love, on Diligence depends;

No lazy Lover e'er attain'd his Ends. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Bellamy and Maskall.

Bel. **T**Hen, they were certainly *Don Lopez* and *Don Melchor* with whom we fought.

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bel. And when you met *Lopez*, he swallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saint's Miracle.

Bel. I see 'twill spread.

Mask. And the Fame of it will be of use to you in your next Amour: for the Women you know run mad after Fortune-tellers and Preachers.

Bel.

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Bel. But for all my Bragging, this Amour is not yet worn off. I find Constancy, and once a Night come naturally upon a Man towards thirty: Only we set a Face on't; and call our selves unconstant for our Reputation.

Mask. But, what say the Stars, Sir?

Bel. They move faster than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *English-Almanack*; by help of which in one half-hour I have learn'd to Cant with an indifferent good Grace: *Conjunction*, *Opposition*, *Trine*, *Squara* and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me, I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

—— Monsieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What, you have been taking Pains too, to divulge my Talent?

Wild. So successfully, that shortly there will be no talk in Town, but of you only: Another Miracle or two, and a Sharp Sword, and you stand fair for a New Prophet.

Bel. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-house: Where I found most of the Town-wits; the Prose-wits playing, and the Verse-wits rooking.

Bel. All sorts of Gamesters are so Superstitious, that I need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter End of a Comedy, and there whisper'd it to the next Man I knew, who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, if once they had it by the End.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, i'faith, it ran through one Row, and came back upon me in the next: At my going out I met a Knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally listning to one, who was relating it: But he told the Story so ridiculously, with his Marginal Notes upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bel. 'Twas discreetly done.

Wild. Ay, for you, but not for me: What, says he, must such Boracho's as you take upon you to vilifie a Man of Science? I tell you, he's of my intimate Acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious Person—

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Person—When I saw my Don so fierce, I thought it not Wisdom to quarrel for so slight a Matter as your Reputation, and so withdrew,

Bel. A pox of your Success! now shall I have my Chamber besieg'd to morrow Morning: There will be no stirring out for me; but I must be fain to take up their Questions in a Cleft-cane, or a Begging-box, as they do Charity in Prisons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has brought you to: Go in and Study; I foresee you will have but few Holy-days: In the mean time I'll not fail to give the World an Account of your Indowments. Fare-well: I'll to the Gaming-house. [*Exit Wild.*]

Mask. O, Sir, here is the rarest Adventure, and which is more, come home to you.

Bel. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady, and her Woman, wait in the outer Room to speak with you.

Bel. But how know you she is fair?

Mask. Her Woman 'pluck'd up her Vail when she spake to me; so that having seen her this Evening, I know her Mistress to be Donna *Aurelia*, Cousin to your Mistress *Theodosia*, and who lodges in the same House with her: She wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bel. My whole Constellation is at her Service; But what is she for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me; but sufficiently Impertinent. She is one of those Ladies who make ten Visits in an Afternoon; and entertain her they see, with speaking ill of the last, from whom they parted: In few Words, she is one of the greatest Coquette's in *Madrid*: And to shew she is one, she cannot speak ten Words without some affected Phrase that is in fashion.

Bel. For my Part I can suffer any Impertinence from a Woman, provided she be handsome: My Business is with her Beauty, not with her Morals: Let her Confessor look to them.

Mask. I wonder what she has to say to you?

Bel. I know not; but I sweat for fear I should be gravell'd.

Mask.

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Mask. Venture out of your Depth, and plunge boldly Sir; I warrant you will swim.

Bel. Do not leave me, I charge you; but when I look mournfully upon you, help me out.

Enter Aurelia and Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already. [*Aur. plucks up her Vail*]

Aur. How am I drest to Night, *Camilla*? is nothing disorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the least Hair, Madam.

Aur. No? let me see: Give me the Counsellor of the Graces.

Cam. The Counsellor of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glafs, I mean: What, will you never be so spiritual as to understand refin'd Language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retrench your Words; and say Mam; as yes Mam, and no Mam as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a Year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, Madam.

Aur. Yet again, Ignorance! Par-don, Madam! fie, fie what a Superfluity is there, and how much sweeter the Cadence is, parn me Mam! and for your Ladyship, your Laship——Out upon't, what a furious Indigence of Ribbands is here upon my Head! This Dress is a Label to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any one that had the least Revenue of common Sense have done this?

Cam. Mam the Cavalier approaches your Laship.

Bel. to Mask. *Maskall.* pump the Woman; and see if you can discover any thing to save my Credit.

Aur. Out upon it; now I should speak, I want Assistance.

Bel. Madam, I was told you meant to honour me with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my Confidence in this Visit: But I may be excus'd for waving a little modesty, to know the only Person of the Age.

Bel. I wish my Skill were more to serve you, Madam.

Aur. Sir, you are an unfit Judge of your own Merits: For my own Part I confess, I have a furious Inclination for the occult Sciences; but at present, 'tis my Misfortune ——— [Sighs.

Bel. But why that Sigh, Madam?

Aur. You might spare me the Shame of telling you; since I am sure you can divine my Thoughts: I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bel. What the Devil will become of me now! [Aside.

Aur. You may give me an Essay of your Science, by declaring to me the Secret of my Thoughts.

Bel. If I know your Thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to disguise them to me: Therefore as you tender your own Satisfaction, lay them open without Bashfulness.

Aur. I beseech you let us pass over that Chapter; for I am shame-fac'd to the last Point: Since, therefore, I cannot put off my Modesty, succour it, and tell me what I think.

Bel. Madam, Madam, that Bashfulness must be laid aside: Not, but that I know your Business perfectly; and will if you please unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me so far, I beseech you, Sir; for I furiously desire it.

Bel. But then I must call up before you a most dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns: Therefore consider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiously Furious; but rather than fail of my Expectances, I'll try my Assurance.

Bel. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable Act of Conjuratation: Remember the Sin is yours too.

Aur. I espouse the Crime also.

Bel. I see when a Woman has a Mind to't, she'll never boggle at a Sin. Pox on her, what shall I do? — Well, I'll tell you your Thoughts, Madam; but after that expect no farther Service from me; for 'tis your Confidence must make my Art successful: — Well, you are obstinate, then; I must tell you your Thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to pass over that Chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your Assistance.

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Bel. 'Tis very well; what need these Circumstances between us two? Confess freely, is not Love your Business?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the Quick, Sir.

Bel. La you there; you see I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a Man you love.

Aur. O prodigious Science! I confess I love a Man most furiously, to the last point, Sir.

Bel. Now proceed Lady, your way is open; I am resolv'd, I'll not tell you a Word farther.

Aur. Well then, since I must acquaint you with what you know much better than my self; I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handsome; this Gentleman is since gone for *Flanders*; now whether he has preserv'd his Passion inviolate or not, is that which causes my Inquietude.

Bel. Trouble not your self, Madam; he's as constant as a Romance Heroe.

Aur. Sir, your good News has ravish'd most furiously; but that I may have a Confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your Commands upon his Genius, or Idea, to appear to me this Night, that I may have my Sentence from his Mouth. This, Sir, I know is a slight Effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bel. What the Devil does she call a slight Effect! [*Aside.*] Why Lady, do you consider what you say? you desire me to shew you a Man whom your self confess to be in *Flanders*.

Aur. To view him in a Glass is nothing, I would speak with him in Person, I mean his Idea, Sir.

Bel. Ay, but, Madam, there is a vast Sea betwixt us and *Flanders*; and Water is an Enemy to Conjurat[i]on: A Witches Horse you know, when he enters into Water, returns into a Bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not so ill a Geographer, or to speak more properly, a Chorographer, as not to know there is a Passage by Land from hence to *Flanders*.

Bel. That's true, Madam, but Magick works in a direct Line. Why should you think the Devil such an

Als

As to go about? 'gad he'll not stir a step out of his Road for you or any Man.

Aur. Yes, for a Lady, Sir; I hope he's a Person that wants not that Civility for a Lady: Especially a Spirit that has the Honour to belong to you, Sir.

Bel. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam; but his Education has been in the Fire, and he's naturally an Enemy to Water, I assure you.

Aur. I beg his Pardon for forgetting his Antipathy; but it imports not much, Sir; for I have lately receiv'd a Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in Spain; and stays for a Wind in St. *Sebastians*.

Bel. Now I am lost, past all Redemption——*Mask!*——must you be smickering after Wenches, while I am in Calamity? [*Aside.*

Mask. It must be he, I'll venture on't. [*Aside.*] Alas, Sir, I was complaining to my self of the Condition of poor Don *Melchor*, who you know is wind-bound at St. *Sebastians*.

Bel. Why you impudent Villain, must you offer to name him publickly, when I have taken so much care to conceal him all this while?

Aur. Mitigate your Displeasure, I beseech you; and without making farther Testimony of it, gratifie my Expectances.

Bel. Well, Madam, since the Sea hinders not, you shall have your desire. Look upon me with a fix'd Eye——so——or a little more amorously, if you please——Good. Now favour me with your Hand.

Aur. Is it absolutely necessary you should press my Hand thus?

Bel. Furiously necessary, I assure you, Madam; for now I take Possession of it in the Name of the Idea of Don *Melchor*. Now, Madam, I am farther to desire of you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you desire him to appear, and this we Men of Art call a Compact with the Idea's.

Aur. I tremble furiously.

Bel. Give me your Hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

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Mask. to Cam. Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Master?

Cam. I think I would not serve him for the World: Nay, if he can know our Thoughts by looking on us, we Women are Hypocrites to little purpose.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by casting his Eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain small Familiar which he carries still about him, that never fails to make discovery.

Cam. See, they have done writing; not a word more, for fear he knows my Voice.

Bel. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you must subscribe your Name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; farewell Cavalier, keep your Promise, for I expect it furiously.

Cam. If he sees me, I am undone. [*Hiding her Face.*]

Bel. Camilla!

Cam. starts and shrieks. Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bel. You hide your Face in vain; for I see into your Heart.

Cam. Then, sweet Sir, have pity on my Frailty; for if my Lady has the least inkling of what we did last Night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away.

[*Exit after her Lady.*]

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profession?

Bel. Would I were well quit on't; I sweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancashire* Devils, of the Brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not wet their Feet?

Bel. Mine are honest Land Devils, good plain Foot-Posts, that beat upon the Hoof for me: But to save their Labour, here take this, and in some Disguise deliver it to *Don Melchor*.

Mask. I'll serve it upon him within this Hour, when he sallies out to his Assignment with *Theodosia*: 'Tis but counter-

counterfeiting my Voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me see, what are the Words?

Reads.] *Don Melchor, if the Magick of Love have any Power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this Night before me: You may guess the greatness of my Passion, since it has forc'd me to have recourse to Art: But no Shape which resembles you can fright*
Aurelia.

Bel. Well, I am glad there's one Point gain'd; for by this means he will be hinder'd to Night from entertaining *Theodosia*.——Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles*, I have been seeking you: I have a Present in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bel. That I could do easily; — but to shew you I am generous, I'll none of your Present; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will say now 'tis some Astrological Question, and so 'tis perhaps.

Bel. Ay, 'tis the Devil of a Question without dispute.

Alon. No, 'tis within dispute: 'Tis a certain Difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will discuss, with the Arguments on both sides.

Bel. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of Complaisance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but discuss a little.

Bel. By your Favour I'll not discuss; for I see by the Stars that if I dispute to Day, I am infallibly threatned to be thought ignorant all my Life after.

Alon. Well then, we'll but cast an Eye together, upon my eldest Daughter's Nativity.

Bel. Nativity!——

Alon. I know what you would say now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegiacalls; the Ascendant, *Medium Caeli*, Sun, Moon, and Stars: But we'll take it as it is.

Bel. Never tell me that, Sir——

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Alon. I know what you would say again, Sir——

Bel. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be sworn I do not——

[*Aside.*

Alon. You would say, Sir——

Bel. I say, Sir, there is no doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And so you may make use of your Paper for your Occasions. Come to a Man of Art without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir— [*Tears it.*

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this shall break no Squares betwixt us: [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*] I know what you would say now, that Men of Parts are always cholerick; I know it by my self, Sir. [*He goes to match the Papers.*

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don *Alonzo* in my House! this is a most happy Opportunity to put my other Design in execution; for if I can persuade him to bestow his Daughter on Don *Melchor*, I shall serve my Friend, though against his Will: And, when *Aurelia* sees she cannot be his, perhaps she will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top, sides and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldeboran*, and there *Cor Scorpis*——

Lop. Don *Alonzo*, I am happy to see you under my Roof: And shall take it——

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that though I am your Neighbour, this is the first time I have been here—— [*To Bellamy.*] But, come, Sir, by Don *Lopez* his Permission let us return to our Nativity.

Bel. Would thou wert there, in thy Mother's Belly again. [*Aside.*

Lop. But *Sennor*—— [*To Alonzo.*

Alon. It needs not *Sennor*; I'll suppose your Compliment; you would say that your House and all things in it are at my Service: But let us proceed without his Interruption.

Bel. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpose to perform the Civilities of his House to you.

Alon. But, good Sir——

Bel. I know what you would say, Sir.

[*Exit Bellamy and Maskall.*

Lop.

Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long desir'd this Opportunity to move a Sute to you in the behalf of a Friend of mine: If you please to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a Person of Worth and Virtue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour——

Alon. Of being known to me; I understand you, Sir.

Lop. If you will please to favour me with your Patience, which I beg of you a second time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier of whom I was speaking, is in Love——

Alon. Satisfie your self, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am satisfied of your Promise.

Alon. If I speak one Syllable more, the Devil take me! Speak when you please.

Lop. I am going, Sir.

Alon. You need not speak twice to me to be silent: Though I take it somewhat ill of you to be tutor'd——

Lop. This eternal old Man will make me mad. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Why when do you begin, Sir? How long must a Man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to say quickly, that I may speak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love——

Alon. You told me that before, Sir; do you speak Oracles that you require this strict Attention? Either let me share the Talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, Sir, I am almost mad to tell you, and you will not suffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir; I must tell you, Sir, you have tatled long enough; and 'tis now good Manners to hear me speak. Here's a torrent of Words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi*; will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in spite of you.

[*This next Speech of Lopez, and the next of Alonzo's, with both their Replies, are to be spoken at one time; both raising their Voices by little and little, till they bawl, and come up close to Shoulder one another.*]

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Lop. There's one *Don Melchor de Guzman*, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is desperately in Love with your eldest Daughter *Donna Theodosia*.

Alon. at the same time. 'Tis the Sentence of a Philosopher, *Loquere ut te videam*; speak that I may know thee; now if you take away the Power of speaking from me——

[Both pause a little; then speak together again.]

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; sure the Devil cannot out-talk that Gibberish——For this *Don Melchor* of *Madrid* afore said, as premised, I request, move, and supplicate, that you would give, bestow, marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter afore said, to the Cavalier afore said——not yet, thou Devil of a Man thou shalt be silent——

[Exit Lopez running.]

Alon. *[At the same time with Lopez his last Speech, and after Lopez is run out.]* Oh, how I hate, abominate, detest and abhor, these perpetual Talkers, Disputants, Controversers, and Duellers of the Tongue! But, on the other side, if it be not permitted to prudent Men to speak their Minds, appositely, and to the purpose, and in few words——If, I say, the prudent must be Tongue-ty'd; then let great Nature be destroy'd; let the order of all things be turn'd topsie-turvy; let the Goose devour the Fox; let the Infants preach to their Great-Grandfathers; let the tender Lamb pursue the Wolf, and the Sick prescribe to the Physician. Let Fishes live upon dry Land, and the Beasts of the Earth inhabit in the Water.——
Let the fearful Hare——

Enter Lopez with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder!

[Exit Alonzo running.]

Lop. There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some Women without in Masquerade; and, I believe, Persons of Quality; who are come to Play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all Respect.

Exit

Enter again the Servant, after him Jacintha, Beatrix, and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all masqued.

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wish I had more Company to entertain you:—Oh, here comes one sooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood and Maskall.

Wild. I have swept your Gaming house, i'faith, *Ecce signum*. [Shows Gold.]

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of these Ladies, if it be your Fortune.

Wild. The first Stakes I would play for, should be their Vails, and Visor Masks.

Jac. to Beat. Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your Design of passing for an African.

Jac. Well, now I shall make an absolute tryal of him; for, being thus *Incognita*, I shall discover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Sernade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whisper your Intention to the Servant, who shall deliver it to Don Lopez. [Beat. whispers to the Serv.]

Serv. to Lopez. Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they Play, to present you with a Dance; and to give you an Essay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much Honour me.

A DANCE.

After the Dance the Cavaliers take the Ladies and Court them. Wildblood takes Jacintha.

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing; for, if they be, there's a Heart gone astray, to my Knowledge.

Jac. If you pray against me before you have seen me, you'll curse me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I shall have cause to do so, if your Beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Fac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Country, with an Opinion of a little Handsomness; but, how it will pass in *Spain* is a Question.

Wild. Why Madam, are you not of *Spain*?

Fac. No, Sir, of *Morocco*: I only came hither to see some of my Relations who are settled here, and turn'd *Christians*, since the Expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan*?

Fac. A *Musullman* at your Service.

Wild. A *Musullwoman* say you? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a *Christian* Lady of my Acquaintance.

Fac. It seems you are in love then: If so, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; especially in a Country where my Ancestors have been so unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-shine of your Beauty: I find your *African-Cupid* is a much surer Archer than ours of *Europe*. Yet would I could see you; one Look would secure your Victory.

Fac. I'll reserve my Face to gratifie your Imagination with it; make what Head you please, and set it on my Shoulders.

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Nose, or a Lip shall break no Squares: The Face is but a Spans breadth of Beauty; and where there is so much besides, I'll never stand with you for that.

Fac. But, in earnest, do you love me?

Wild. Ay, by *Alha* do I, most extreamly: You have Wit in abundance, you Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Fac. And can you be constant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Fac. You Swear like a *Turk*, Sir; but, take heed: For our Prophet is a severe Punisher of Promise-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier; I honour your Prophet and his Law, for providing so well for us Lovers in the other World, black Eyes, and fresh Maidenheads every

every Day; go thy way little *Mahomet*, i'faith thou shalt have my good Word. But, by his Favour, Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumcised, in a civil way, as Lovers, have somewhat the advantage of your *Musullman*.

Fac. The Company are rejoin'd, and set to play; we must go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a Thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

[*She goes to the Company.*]

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely: Now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Bencerrages*. Hey, what Work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids* and the *Bens* of the *Arabians*!

Beat. to *Fac.* False, or true, Madam?

Fac. False as Hell; but by Heav'n, I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpose, Madam.

Fac. You shall see me win all their Mony; and when I have done, I'll return in my own Person, and ask him for the Money which he promis'd me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a streight to be so surprized: But, let us to the Table; the Company stays for us.

[*The Company sit.*]

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Most commonly they use Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets, and a Chance be thrown; and the highest Duplet wins, except you throw In and In, which is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I understand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I lose; the greatest Stake, my Heart, is gone already. [*To Jacintha. They play: and the rest by Couples.*]

Wild. So, I have a good Chance, two Quarters and a Sice.

Fac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it——

[*Sweeps the Money.*]

Wild. No matter; I'll try my Fortune once again: What have I here, two Sixes and a Quarter?——an hundred Pistoles on that Throw,

Fac. I take you, Sir. — *Beatrix*, the high running Dice,——

Beat.

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Beat. Here, Madam.——

Jac. Three Fives: I have won you, Sir.

Wild. Ay, the Pox take me for't, you have won me: It would never have vex'd me to have lost my Mony to a Christian; but to a Pagan, an Infidel——

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have some Mony.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma*! Raffle thrice together, I am out of patience.

Mask. [*To him.*] Sir, I beseech you if you will lose, to lose *en Cavalier*.

Wild. Tol de ra, tol de ra——pox and curse——tol de ra, &c. What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Africk*? [*The Ladies rise.*]

Wild. Will you be gone already, Ladies?

Lop. You have won our Mony; but however we are acknowledging to you for the Honour of your Company.

[*Jac. makes a Sign of farewell to Wild.*]

Wild. Farewel, Lady *Fatyma*.

[*Exeunt all but Wild. and Mask.*]

Mask. All the Company took notice of your Con-
cernment.

Will. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your silent Losers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of Vent.

Mask. Pray consider your Condition a little; a younger Brother in a foreign Country, living at a high Rate; your Mony lost, and without hope of a Supply. Now curse if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my self most unmercifully: For my Condition is so ridiculous that 'tis past cursing. The pleasantest Part of the Adventure is, that I have promis'd three hundred Pistoles to *Jacintha*: But there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma*'s.

Mask. *Fatyma*!

Wild. Ay, ay, a certain *African* Lady of my Acquaintance, whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir!

Enter Jacintha and Beatrix in their own Shapes.

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to Night!—A thousand Devils of this Fortune! [*Aside.*]

Jac.

Fac. I was told you had Ladies here, and Fiddles ; so I came partly for the Divertisement, and partly out of Jealousie.

Wild. Jealousie! why sure you do not think me a Pagan, an Infidel? But the Company's broke up, you see. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be so kind to take a hard Lodging with me to Night?

Fac. You shall have the Honour to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more words then, let's away to prevent Discovery.

Beat. For my Part, I think he has a Mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No : But if your Lady should want Sleep, 'twould spoil the Lustre of her Eyes to-morrow. There were a Conquest lost.

Fac. I am a peaceable Princess, and content with my own; I mean your Heart and Purse; for the truth is, I have lost my Mony to Night in Masquerade, and am come to claim your Promise of supplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me: To-morrow Morning my Servant shall wait upon you with three hundred Pistoles.

Fac. But I left my Company with promise to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and lose the Indies, I'll discharge it all to-morrow.

Fac. To Night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskall, go and bring me three hundred Pistoles immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir?

Wild. Do you expostulate, you Rascal! how he stares ; I'll be hang'd, if he have not lost my Gold at Play: If you have, confess you had best, and perhaps I'll pardon you, but if you do not confess, I'll have no Mercy : Did you lose it?

Mask. Sir 'tis not for me to dispute with you.

Wild. Why, then let me tell you, you did lose it.

Fac. Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for him : But commend me to you for a kind Master, that can let

let your Servant play off three hundred Pistoles, without the least sign of Anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a sign he has a greater Bank in store to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I must confess I have more than I will speak of at this time; but till you have given me Satisfaction——

Fac. Satisfaction; why, are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heav'n! that you should not perceive it in me: I tell you, I am mortally offended with you.

Fac. Sure, 'tis impossible.

Wild. You have done nothing, I warrant, to make a Man jealous: Going out a Gaming in Masquerade, at unseasonable Hours, and losing your Mony at Play; that Loss above all provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; because she comes to you for more.

Fac. Is this the Quarrel? I'll clear it immediately. *[Aside.*

Wild. 'Tis impossible you should clear it; I'll stop my Ears, if you but offer it. There's no Satisfaction in the Point.

Fac. You'll hear me?——

Wild. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am; had I all the Wealth of Peru, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Fac. To this I answer——

Wild. Answer nothing, for it will but inflame the Quarrel betwixt us: I must come to my self by little and little; and when I am ready for Satisfaction, I will take it: But at present it is not for my Honour to be Friends.

Beat. Pray let us neighbour Princes interpose a little.

Wild. When I have conquer'd, you may interpose; but at present the Mediation of all Christendom would be fruitless,

Fac. Though Christendom can do nothing with you, yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the sake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to suspect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than she should be. If she be turn'd Christian again, I am undone.

Fac.

Jac. By *Alha*, I am afraid on't too: By *Mahomet*, I am.

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any Man may be overtaken with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it with her: You know, no Oaths are to be kept with Infidels. But——

Jac. No, the Love you made was certainly a Design of Charity you had to reconcile the two Religions. There's scarce such another Man in *Europe* to be sent Apostle to convert the *Moor* Ladies.

Wild. Faith, I would rather widen their Breaches, than make 'em up.

Jac. I see there's no hope of a Reconcilement with you; and therefore I give it o'er as desperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your Point, you have my Money; and I was only angry, because I did not know 'twas you, who had it.

Jac. This will not serve your turn, Sir; what I have got, I have conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you use me like one that's conquer'd; for you have plunder'd me of all I had.

Jac. I only disarm'd you, for fear you should rebel again; for if you had the Sinews of War, I am sure you would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to stay without a new Servant, till I am flush again; and I will love you, and treat you, and present you at that unreasonable Rate; that I will make you an Example to all unbelieving Mistresses.

Jac. Well, I will try you once more; but you must make haste then, that we may be within our Time; methinks our Love is drawn out so subtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my Part, than the kindred of an old Pope have to preserve him.

Jac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your Score, Till you're caught tripping in some new Amour.

[*Ex. Women.*]

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deserv'd it for not having a Lie ready for my Occasions. A good Servant should be no more without

out

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out it, than a Soldier without his Arms. But prethee advise me what's to be done to get *Facintha*.

Mask. You have lost her, or will lose her by your Submitting: If we Men could but learn to value our selves, we should soon take down our Mistresses from all their Altitudes, and make 'em dance after our Pipes, longer perhaps than we had a Mind to't——But I must make haste, or I shall lose *Don Melchor*——

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be present at thy Enterprize: Then I'll once more to the Gaming-house with my small Stock, for my last Refuge: If I win, I have wherewithal to mollifie *Facintha*.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing;
And 'snatch the Mony like a Bully-Ruffin. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood: Maskall in a Visor.

Bel. **H**ERE comes one, and in all probability it must be *Don Melchor*, going to *Theodosia*.

Mask. Stand close, and you shall see me serve the Writ upon him,

Enter Don Melchor.

Wild. Now, *Maskall*.

Mask. I stay'd here, Sir, by express Order from the Lady *Aurelia*, to deliver you this Note; and to desire you from her to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear, Friend!

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd my Orders. [Mask. retires to his Masters.]

Mel. He's gone; and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious Devil has discover'd to *Aurelia* that I am in Town? It must be *Don Lopez*, who to advance his own Pretensions to her, has endeavour'd to ruin mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel.

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Mel. But I am resolv'd to see *Aurelia*; if it be but to defeat him. [Exit *Mel.*

Wild. Let's make haste after him; I long to see the End of this Adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I see some Women coming yonder.

Bel. Well; I'll leave you to your Adventures; while I prosecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Assignment to instruct some Lady in the Mathematicks.

Bel. I'll not tell you my Design; because, if it does not succeed, you shall not laugh at me. [Exit *Bel.*

Enter *Beatrix*; and *Jacintha* in the Habit of a *Mulatta*.

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and see if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your *Englishman*, and his Servant with him. But, why this second Tryal, when you engag'd to break with him, if he fail'd in the first?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconstant; Cholerick, or so.

Beat. And it seems you are not contented with those Vices; but are searching him for more. This is the Folly of a bleeding Gamester, who will obstinately pursue a losing Hand.

Jac. On t'other side you would have me throw up my Cards, before the Game be lost: Let me make this one more tryal, when he has Mony, whether he will give it me, and then, if he fails——

Beat. You'll forgive him again.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next Offence shall put him in the Pit, past all Redemption; prethee sing, to draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in this disguise.

Beat. Make haste then; for I have more Irons in the Fire: When I have done with you, I have another Assignment of my Lady *Theodosia's* to Don *Melchor*.

S O N G.

S O N G.

CALM was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
 And the new budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I,
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sate, and he laid him down by me;
 But scarcely his Breath he could draw;
 For when with a Fear he began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha!*

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
 And his Modesty curb'd his Desire;
 But streight I convinc'd all his Fear with a Smile,
 Which added new Flames to his Fire.
 O Sylvia, said he, you are cruel,
 To keep your poor Lover in awe;
 Then once more he prest with his Hand to my Breast,
 But was dash'd with *A ha, ha, ha, ha.*

I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd all his Fear;
 And therefore I pity'd his Case:
 I whisper'd him softly, There's no body near;
 And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw;
 And just as our Bliss we began with a Kiss,
 He laugh'd out with *A ha, ha, ha, ha.*

Wild. If you dare be the Sylvia, Lady, I have brought
 you a more confident Amyntas, than that bashful Gentle-
 man in your Song—— [Goes to lay hold of her.

Fac. Hold, hold, Sir; I am only an Ambassadors sent
 you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the Laws
 of Nations.

Wild. I was only searching for your Letters of Cre-
 dence: But methinks with that Beauty, you look more
 like a Herald that comes to denounce War to all Man-
 kind——

Fac.

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Jac. One of the Ladies in the Masque to Night has taken a liking to you; and sent you by me this Purse of Gold, in recompence of that, she saw you lose.

Wild. And she expects in return of it, that I should wait on her; I'll do't, where lives she? I am desperately in Love with her.

Jac. Why, can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a Bank of Love, to supply every ones Occasions; some for her, some for another, and some for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at sight, and without questioning who brought the Bill.

Jac. Heyday, you dispatch your Mistresses as fast, as if you meant to o'er-run all Woman-kind: Sure you aim at the Universal-Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a foolish Fancy to send thy Lady a Taste of my Love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impossible your Love should be so humble, to descend to a *Mulatta*.

Wild. One would think so, but I cannot help it. {Gad, I think the Reason is, because there's something more of Sin in thy Colour than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turkey-Cock* is not more provok'd at a black, than I bristle at the Sight of black. Come, be kind to me. Young, and slip an Opportunity? 'Tis an evening lost out of your Life.

Jac. These fine things you have said over a thousand times; your cold Compliment's the cold Pye of Love, which you serve up to every new Guest whom you invite.

Wild. Come; because thou art very moving, here's part of the Gold, which thou brought'st to corrupt me for thy Lady: Truth is, I had promis'd a Sum to a Spanish Lady—but thy Eyes have allur'd it from me.

Jac. You'll repent to morrow.

Wild. Let to morrow starve: or provide for himself, to Night has done: To morrow is a Cheat in Love, and I will not trust it.

Jac. Ay, but Heav'n that sees all things—

Wild. Heav'n that sees all things, will say nothing: that is, all Eyes, and no Tongue; *Et la lune, & les étoiles*,—you know the Song.

Jac.

Fac. A poor Slave, as I am——

Wild. It has been always my Humour to love downward. I love to stoop to my Prey, and to have it in my Power to Sowse at, when I please. When a Man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with Fear and Reverence; methinks there's something of Godliness in't.

Fac. Yet I cannot believe, but the Meanness of my Habit must needs scandalize you.

Wild. I tell thee, my Friend and so forth, that I exceedingly honour coarse Linnen; 'tis as proper sometimes in an under Garment, as a coarse Towel is to rub and scrub me.

Fac. Now I am altogether of the other side, I can love no where but above me: Methinks the rattling of a Coach and six sounds more eloquently, than the best Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more esteem of a Wit then?

Fac. His Commendations serve only to make others have a mind to me; he does but say Grace to me like a Chaplain; and like him is the last that shall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, than a poor Silk-weaver does by the Ribband which he works, to make a Gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Fac. To be admitted to pass my time with, while a better comes: To be the lowest Step in my Stair-case for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marquess upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I see, the great Ladies have the Appetites which you Slaves should have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies. For, I observe, that all Women of your Condition are like Women of the Play-house, still piquing at each other, who shall go the best dress'd, and in the richest Habits: Till you work up one another by your high flying, as the Heron and Jer-falcon do. If you cannot out-shine your Fellow with one Lover, you fetch her up with another: And in short, all you get by it is only to put Finery out of Countenance

and to make the Ladies of Quality go plain, because they will avoid the Scandal of your Bravery.

Beat. running in. Madam, come away; I hear Company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Fac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treasure behind you: Farewel, Fairy.

Fac. Farewel Changeling——Come, *Beatrix*.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, Sir? You think, I warrant, that it came by Fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own Industry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come? What could Fate do less for me? They are such thoughtless, and undesigning Rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and set it a shifting for you. Give me a brave Fellow like my self; that if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs; and helps himself without being beholden to Fate, that is the Hospital of Fools.

Mask. But after all your Jollity, what think you if it was *facintha* that gave it you in this Disguise? I am sure I heard her call *Beatrix* as she went away.

Wild. Umh! thou awaken'st a most villainous Apprehension in me! methought indeed I knew the Voice; but the Face was such an Evidence against it! if it were so, she is lost for ever.

Mask. And so is *Beatrix*.

Wild. Now could I cut my Throat for madness.

Mask. Now could I break my Neck for despair; if I could find a Precipice absolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to consider on't There's but one way; go you *Maskall*, and find her out, and invent some Excuse for me, and be sure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before she sleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild.

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Wild. But make haste then to relieve me; for I think over all my Thoughts in half an Hour. [Exit Mask]

Wild. solus. Hang't, now I think on't, I shall be but melancholick at my Lodging, I'll go pass my Hour at the Gaming-house, and make use of this Money while I have Tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me see, I have the Box and throw. My Don he sets me ten Pistoles; I nick him: Ten more, I sweep them too. Now in all reason he is nettled, and sets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with forty. They are all my own: In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds out to fourscore or an hundred; and I not willing to temper Fortune, come away a moderate winner of two hundred Pistoles.

The SCENE opens and discovers Aurelia and Camilla: Behind them a Table and Lights set on it. The Scene is a Garden with an Arbour in it.

The Garden Door opens! How now, *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of *Don Melchor* at the Garden Door! I'll away least I prevent the design, and within this half Hour come sailing back with full Pockets, as wantonly as a laden Galleon from the *Indies*. [Exit]

Aur. But dost thou think the *Englishman* can keep his Promise? For I confess I furiously desire to see the Idea of *Don Melchor*.

Cam. But, Madam, if you should see him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his Likeness; and then why should you desire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark *Enigma*; and one must be very spiritual to understand it. But be what it will, Body or Fantom, I am resolv'd to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without Fear?

Aur. No; I must avow it, I am furiously fearful; but yet I am resolv'd to sacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us pass over that Chapter.

[*Don Melchor without*]

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur.

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Aur. If it be he; that is to say his Specter, that is to say his Phantom, that is to say his Idea, that is to say, he and not he.

Cam. crying out. Ah, Madam, 'tis he himself; but he's as big again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.—
[Runs under the Table.]
I'll save my self.

Enter Don Melchor: They both shriek.

Aur. Oh Heav'n! Humanity is not able to support it.
[Running.]

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his Voice too; avoid, avoid Specter.

Cam. If he should find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darkness.

Mel. This Spirit of Darkness is come to see an Angel of Light by her Command; and to assure her of his Constancy, that he will be hers eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don Melchor that I would see.

Mel. Hell and Furies.

Aur. Heav'n and Angels! Ah—— [Runs out shrieking.]

Mel. This is a Riddle past my finding out, to send for me, and then to shun me; but here's one shall resolve it for me: *Camilla*, what dost thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I shall be carried away, bodily.

[She rises up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out. The Scene shuts.]

Mel. alone. Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla*! they are both run out of hearing! this amazes me; what can the meaning of it be? Sure she has heard of my Unfaithfulness, and was resolv'd to punish me by this Contrivance! to put an Affront upon me by this abrupt Departure, as I did on her by my seeming Absence.

Enter Theodosia and Beatrix.

Theo. Don Melchor! is it you, my Love, that have frighted *Aurelia* so terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither by your Appointment, and thinking my self secure in the Night

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Night without Disguise, perhaps it might work upon her Fancy, because she thought me absent.

Theo. Since 'tis so unluckily fallen out that she knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a Secret; therefore you must now pretend openly to me, and run the risque of a Denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no Question but he'll refuse me: For alas, what is it he can see in me worthy of that Honour? Or if he should be so partial to me, as some in the World are, to think me valiant, learned, and not altogether a Fool, yet my want of Fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his Consent, I may with Justice dispose of my self; and that, while you are constant, shall never be to any but your self: In witness of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Heart's firmness to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not stir; since he must know you are return'd, let him now see you.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, what make you here at this unreasonable Hour?

Theo. Sir,——

Alon. I know what you would say, that you heard a Noise, and ran hither to see what it might be——Bless us! who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your Servant *Don Melchor*; just return'd from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the Sea for *Flanders*.

Mel. I had so design'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from *St. Sebastians*?

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material——

Theo. An unexpected Law Sute has call'd him back from *St. Sebastians*.

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-Law that lives there?

Mel. In Catholick Health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

Mel.

Mel. I had, Sir, but I was set upon by the way, by Pickersons: and, in spite of my Resistance, robb'd, and my Portmantua taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now desiring me to excuse to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counsel can do you any Service in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have dispatch'd some private Business, I shall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kisses your Hands, the most oblig'd of your Servants.

[Exit Melchor.]

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, what Occasion brought you out so late? I know what you would say, that it is Melancholy; a Tincture of the Hypochondriach you mean: But, what Cause have you for this Melancholy? Give me your Hand, and answer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring—I must prevent him——Sir, I am asham'd to confess it to you; but, in hope of your Indulgence, I have lost the Table Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would say, The fear of my Displeasure has caus'd this Perturbation in you; well, do not disquiet your self too much, you say 'tis gone; I say so too. 'Tis stollen; and that by some Thief, I take it: But, I will go and consult the Astrologer immediately. [He is going.]

Theo. What have I done? To avoid one Inconvenience, I have run into another: This Devil of an Astrologer will discover that Don Melchor has it. [Aside.]

Alon. When did you lose this Diamond? The Minute and Second I should know; but the Hour will serve for the Degree ascending.

Theo. Sir, the precise time I know not; but, it was betwixt six and seven this Evening, as near as I can guess.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you: Therefore go in, and suppose it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a distance, Sir, that my Englishman may have wherewithal to answer you. [Aside.]

[Exit Theo. Beat.]

Alon.

Alon. This Melancholy wherewith my Daughter laboureth, is — a — I know what I would say, is a certain Species of the Hysterical Disease; or a certain Motion, caused by a certain Appetite, which at a certain Time heaveth in her, like a certain Motion of an Earthquake —

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. This is the Place, and very near the Time that *Theodosia* appoints her Meeting with *Don Melchor*. He is this Night otherwise dispos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my Fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If she yields, she makes me happy; if not, I shall be sure *Don Melchor* has not planted the Arms of *Spain* in the Fort before me. However, I'll push my Fortune as sure as I am an *Englishman*.

Alon. Sennor *Ingles*, I know your Voice, tho' I cannot perfectly discern you.

Bel. How the Devil came he to cross me?

Alon. I was just coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bel. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodosia* has lost a fair Diamond from her Finger, the time betwixt six and seven this Evening; now I desire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme for it, and if it be lost, or stolen, to restore it to me — This is all, Sir.

Bel. There is no end of this old Fellow; thus will he bait me from Day to Day, 'till my Ignorance be found out. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Now is he casting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgment of it to himself. This Astrology is a very mysterious Speculation. [*Aside.*]

Bel. 'Tis a madness for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he must know I am no Astrologer, I'll discover it my self to him, and blush once for all. [*Aside.*]

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What says nimble Master *Mercury* to the matter?

Bel. Sir, not to keep you longer in Ignorance, I must ingenuously declare to you that I am not the Man for whom

whom you take me. Some smattering in Astrology I have; which my Friends, by their Indiscretion, have blown abroad, beyond my Intentions. But, you are not a Person to be impos'd on like the Vulgar: Therefore, to satisfy you in one word, my Skill goes not far enough to give you knowledge of what you desire from me.

Alon. You have said enough, Sir, to persuade me of your Science; if Fame had not publish'd it, yet this very Humility of yours were enough to confirm me in the Belief of it.

Bel. Death, you make me mad, Sir: Will you have me Swear? As I am a Gentleman, a Man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths. Eats, Drinks, and Wenchs abundantly; I am a damn'd ignorant, and senseless Fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now, Gentlewoman——What, are you going to Relief by Moonshine?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a Friend that was gravell'd in a very doubtful Business.

Bel. Some good News, Fortune, I beseech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this learned Gentleman, I shall make bold to propound a Question to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Question first resolv'd.

Bel. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady——

Beat. If you please, Sir, I'll tell it in your Ear——
My Lady has given Don Melchor the Ring; in whose Company her Father found her but just now at the Garden Door.

[In whisper.]

Bel. aloud. Come to me to Morrow, and you shall receive an Answer.

Beat. Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit Beatrix.]

Alon. Sir, I shall take it very unkindly if you satisfy any other, and leave me in this Perplexity.

Bel. Sir, if my Knowledge were according——

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beseech you.

Bel. Perhaps I may know something by my Art concerning it; but, for your Quiet, I wish you would not press me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Master of my Passions?

Bel. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, the Person who has your Diamond, is he whom you saw last in your Daughter's Company.

Alon. You would say 'tis Don Melchor de Guzman. Who the Devil would have suspected him of such an Action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and Poverty it seems has inforc'd him to it: Now I think on't better, he has e'en stoln it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lie with a Theft; I'll seek him out, and tell him part of my Mind before I sleep. [Exit Alon.]

Bel. So, once more I am at Liberty: But this Astrology is so troublesome a Science——would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez, and a Servant.

Lop. Astrology, does he say? O Cavalier, is it you? not finding you at home, I came on purpose to seek you out: I have a small Request to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bel. Sir, for pity let 'em shine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies, and their Servants, and younger Brothers, they scarce get a Holy-day in a Twelvemonth.

Lop. Pray pardon me, if I am a little curious of my Destiny, since all my Happiness depends on your Answer.

Bel. Well, Sir, what is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my Love to a Lady will be successful.

Bel. 'Tis *Aurelia*, he means. [Aside.]—— Sir, in one word I answer you, that your Mistress loves another; one, who is your Friend: But comfort your self; the Dragon's Tail is between him and home, he never shall enjoy her.

Lop. But what Hope for me?

Bel. The Stars have partly assur'd me, you shall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Passion, and with the double D. aling of your Friend, who is false to her.

Lop. You speak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my Promise to that Friend, to serve him in his Passion to my Mistress.

Bel. We *English* seldom make such Scruples; Women are not compris'd in our Laws of Friendship: They are

fera natura; our common Game, like Hare and Partridge: Every Man has equal Right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Must I then betray my Friend?

Bel. In that case my Friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be so barbarous as to retain two Women to his private Use; I will be factious for all distressed Damsels; who would much rather have their Cause try'd by a full Jury, then a single Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your Counsel; and if I err, the Fault be on Love and you. [Exit *Lop.*

Bel. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the short on't; for I have engag'd my self in so many Promises, for the Sun and Moon, and those little Minc'd-meats of 'em, that I must hide before my Day of Payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Theodosia*; but now I desire the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, and almost jumbles her down. With her Camilla enters.

Aur. What Rudeness is this?

Bel. Madam, *Aurelia*, is it you?

Aur. Monsieur *Bellamy*!

Bel. The same, Madam.

Aur. My Uncle told me, he left you here: And indeed I came hither to complain of you: For you have treated me so inhumanly, that I have some reason to resent it.

Bel. What Occasion can I have given you for a Complaint?

Aur. Don *Melchor*, as I am inform'd by my Uncle, is effectively at *Madrid*: So that it was not his Idea, but himself in Person whom I saw: And since you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bel. When I spoke with you, I knew it not: But I discover'd it in the erecting of my Figure. Yet if instead of his Idea, I constrain'd himself to come, in spite of his Resolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have shown a greater Effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my self to so convincing an Argument: But by over-hearing a Discourse just now betwixt my

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Cousin *Theodosia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himself upon her Account, which has given me Jealousie to the last Point; for to avow an incontestable Truth, my Cousin is furiously handsome.

Bel. Madam, Madam, trust not your Ears too far; she talk'd on purpose, that you might hear her: But I assure you, the true Cause of Don *Melchor's* Concealment, was not Love of her, but Jealousie of you: He staid in private to observe your Actions: Build upon't, Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he sacrifice my Cousin to me?

Bel. 'Tis furiously true, Madam.

Aur. O most agreeable Assurance!

Cam. *Albricias*, Madam, for my good News; Don *Melchor* is coming this way; I know him by his Voice but he is in company with another Person.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any Umbrage, by seeing me with another Person; therefore I will go before; do you stay here, and conduct him to my Apartment. Good-night, Sir. [Exit]

Bel. I have promis'd Don *Lopez*, he shall possess her and I have promis'd her, she shall possess Don *Melchor*. 'Tis a little difficult, I confess, as to the Matrimonial Part of it; But if Don *Melchor* will be civil to her, and she be civil to Don *Lopez*, my Credit is safe without the Benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodosia*. [Exit Bel.]

Enter Don Alonzo and Don Melchor.

Cam. Don *Melchor*, a word in private.

Mel. Your Pleasure, Lady; Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am sent to you from a fair Lady, who bears you no ill Will. You may guess whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own Merits, but by knowing whom you serve: But I confess, I wonder at her late strange Usage, when she fled from me.

Cam. That was only a Mistake; but I have now, by her Command, been in a thousand Places in quest of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam. And where amongst the rest do you think, I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refresh my Memory.

Cam. In that same Street, by that same Shop: you know where by a good Token.

Mel. By what Token?

Cam. Just by that Shop, where, out of your Nobleness, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I understand you.

Cam. Not that I press you to a Performance——

Mel. Take this, and please your self in the Choice of it—— [Gives her Money.]

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me blush; in faith I——am asham'd——I swear, 'tis only because I would keep something for your sake——But my Lady expects you immediately in her Apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her, if I can possibly—— [Exit *Cam.*] But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again consider, which of the Ladies best deserves me. [Aside.]——Sir, I beg your Pardon for this Rudeness in leaving you. [To *Alon.*]

Alon. I cannot possibly resolve with my self to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll gild the Pill for him to swallow. [Aside.]

Mel. I believe he has discover'd our Amour: How he surveys me for a Son-in-Law! [Aside.]

Alon. Sir, I am sorry for your sake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to support it in it's Lustre.

Mel. You have a just Exception against the Capriciousness of Destiny; yet if I were Owner of any noble Qualities, (which I am not) I should not much esteem the Goods of Fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, Sir, your Father did not leave you flourishing in Wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andalusia*, with all the Pleasures imaginable about it: That alone, were my poor Deserts according, which I confess they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

Alon. But give me leave to come to the Point, I beseech you, Sir. I have lost a Jewel, which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your Possession: But I accuse your Wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but she were not lost, were she in Possession of a Man of Parts.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir. ———

Mel. But a Man of Honour, Sir ———

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that a Man of Honour is not capable of an unworthy Action; but therefore I do not accuse you of the Theft, I suppose the Jewel was only put into your Hands.

Mel. By honourable ways, I assure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir, will you restore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you please, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy Possessor of her? I know how to use her with that respect ———

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, but if it belongs to our Family; otherwise I assure you, it were at your Service.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family, I covet it; not that I plead my own Deserts, Sir.

Alon. Sir, I know your Deserts; but, I protest I cannot part with it: For, I must tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfather's.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean? ———

Alon. By your Patience, Sir, when I have done you may speak your Pleasure. I only lent it to my Daughter: but, how she lost it, and how it came upon your Finger, I am yet *in tenebris*.

Mel. Sir ———

Alon. I know it, Sir; but spare your self the trouble, I'll speak for you; you would say you had it from some other Hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir ———

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your speaking; from another Hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you say, Sir, and as I am saying for you, Sir, you are loath to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir, ——— let me ———

Alon.

Alon. I understand you already, Sir, that you have taken a Fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I answer, as I did before, that it is a Relick of my Family: Now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to speak without Interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you speak on, I confess —

Alon. But, what need you confess, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my Turn, Sir, but —

Alon. But, as you were saying, it is needless, because I have already spoken for you.

Mel. The truth is, Sir, I was too presumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodosia* without your Knowledge; but, you will pardon the invincible Necessity, when I tell you —

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your Necessity was the Reason of it, and that Place and Opportunity have caus'd your Error.

Mel. This is the goodest old Man I ever knew; he prevents me in my Motion for his Daughter. — Since, Sir, you know the Cause of my Errors, and are pleas'd to lay part of the Blame upon Youth and Opportunity; I beseech you favour me so far, to accept me, as fair *Theodosia* already has —

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your Excuse: Why, restore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I receiv'd it: And with it, I beg the Honour to be receiv'd by you, as your Son-in-Law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! this is the most pleasant Proposition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it so; but, I protest, I think not I deserve this Honour.

Alon. Nor I, I assure you, Sir; marry my Daughter — ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir —

Alon. I know what you would say, Sir, that there is too much Hazard in the Profession of a Thief, and therefore you would marry my Daughter to become rich, without venturing your Neck for't. I beseech

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you, Sir, steal on, be apprehended, and if you please, be hang'd, it shall make no breach betwixt us. For my Part, I'll keep your Counsel, and so good Night, Sir.

[Exit Alone.]

Mel. Is the Devil in this old Man, first to give me occasion to confess my Love, and, when he knew it, to promise he would keep my Counsel? But, who are these? I'll not be seen; but to my old Appointment with *Theodosia*, and desire her to unriddle it——

[Exit *Mel.*]

Enter Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a Man of Honour?

Jac. No.

Mask. Why there's it; if you had, I would have sworn that my Master has neither done nor intended you any Injury; I suppose you'll grant he knew you in your Disguise?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and use her so, is an Aggravation of his Crime.

Mask. Unconscionable *Beatrix*! would you two have all the Carnival to your selves? He knew you, Madam, and was resolv'd to countermine you in all your Plots. But, when he saw you so much piqued, he was too good-natur'd to let you sleep in Wrath, and sent me to you to disabuse you: for, if the Business had gone on till to Morrow, when *Lent* begins, you would have grown so peevish (as all good Catholicks are with fasting) that the Quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well; this mollifies a little: I am content he shall see me.

Mask. But, that you may be sure he knew you, he will bring the Certificate of the Purse along with him.

Jac. I shall be glad to find him innocent.

Enter Wildblood at the other end of the Stage.

Wild. No mortal Man ever threw out so often. It could not be me, it must be the Devil that did it: He took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em after I had thrown 'em: But, I'll be even with him; for, I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Master; and he is so zealous

zealous to make his Peace, that he could not stay till I call'd him to you——Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more Manners than to leave me another time: You, Rogue, you have lost me two hundred Pistoles, you and the Devil your Accomplice; you, by leaving me to my self, and he by tempting me to Play it off.

Mask. Is the Wind in that Door? Here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. O Mischief! am I fallen into her Ambush? I must face it out without another Quarrel.——[*Aside.*

Fac. Your Man has been treating your Accommodation; 'tis half made already.

Wild. Ay, on your part it may be.

Fac. He says you knew me.

Wild. Yes; I do know you so well, that my poor Heart akes for't: I was going to Bed without telling you my Mind; but, upon Consideration I am come——

Fac. To bring the Mony with you.

Wild. To declare my Grievances, which are great, and many.

Mask. Well, for Impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the first place ——

Fac. I'll hear no Grievances; where's the Mony?

Beat. Ay; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a Person to be so us'd?

Fac. We will not quarrel; where's the Mony?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Mony, Mony——

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Mony, Mony, Mony, Mony.

Wild. Do you think it a reasonable thing to put on two Disguises in a Night, to tempt a Man? (Help me, *Maskall*, for I want Arguments abominably) I thank Heav'n I was never so barbarously us'd in all my Life.

Fac. He begins to anger me in good earnest.

Mask. A thing so much against the Rules of Modesty: So undecent a thing.

Wild. Ay, so undecent a thing: Nay, now I do not wonder at my self for being angry. And then to wonder

der I should love her in those Disguises? To quarrel at the natural Desires of human Kind, assaulted by powerful Temptations; I am inrag'd at that——

Fac. Hey day! you had best quarrel too for my bringing you the Mony!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskall*, the Mony, *Maskall*; now help or we are gone.)

Mask. Would she offer to bring Mony to you? first to affront your Poverty——

Wild. Ay; to affront my Poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then, to bring you Mony. (I stick fast, Sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your Throat;) and then as I was saying, to bring me Mony——

Mask. Which is the greatest and most sweet of all Temptations; and to think you could resist it: Being also aggravated by her Handsomness who brought it.

Wild. Resist it? No; I would she would understand it, I know better what belongs to Flesh and Blood than so.

Beat. to Fac. This is plain Confederacy; I smook it; he came on purpose to quarrel with you; break first with him, and prevent it.

Fac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmost; I'll not be last in love; for that will be a Dishonour to my Sex.

Wild. And then——

Fac. Hold, Sir; there needs no more: You shall fall out; and I'll gratifie you with a new Occasion: I only try'd you in hope you would be false; and rather than fail of my Design, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As People when they have an ill Bargain, are content to lose by't, that they may get it off their Hands.

Mask. *Beatrix*, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our Honour to stand idle.

Beat. With all my Heart: Please you let us draw off to some other Ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we shall do well to put it to an issue; this is the last time you shall ever be troubled with my Addresses.

Fac.

Jac. The Favour had been greater to have spar'd this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us dispatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as fast as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy Heart.

Wild. Because I will absolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you: Therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promises. Take 'em in Imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your Frumps, I give you back your Purse of Gold: Take you that—in Imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Protestations; they are never the worse for the wearing, I assure you: Therefore take 'em, spick and span new, for the use of your next Mistress.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your Leader; here's the sixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton Haft: I can spare it, for Knives are of little use in Spain.

Beat. There's your Cizars with the stinking Brass Chain to 'em: 'Tis well there was no Love betwixt us, for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask. There's the Dandriff Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Ribbanding for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come so near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter, I have it not about me; but upon Reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting Employment.——Courage, Sir; how goes the Battle on your Wing?

Wild. Just drawing off on both Sides. Adieu Spain.

Jac. Farewell, old England.

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the Day's your own, Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their Hearts.

Wild.

Wild. Let her go first then; I'll stay, and keep the Honour of the Field.

Fac. I'll not retreat, if you stay 'till Midnight.

Wild. Are you sure then we have done loving?

Fac. Yes, very sure; I think so.

Wild. 'Tis well you are so; for otherwise I feel my Stomach a little maukish. I should have doubted another Fit of Love were coming up.

Fac. No, no; your Inconstancy secures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning. Nothing vexes me, but that you should part with me so slightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a sign you never lov'd me.

Fac. 'Tis the least of your Care whether I did or did not: It may be it had been more for the Quiet of my self, if I——but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that Satisfaction.

Wild. But what's the Reason you will not give it me?

Fac. For the Reason that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why are we quite broke off?

Fac. Why are we not?

Wild. Well, since 'tis past, 'tis past; but a Pox of all foolish quarrelling for my part.

Fac. And a Mischief of all foolish Disguisements for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Mistress, I would e'en plainly confess I had lost my Money.

Fac. And if I had to deal with another, Servant, I would learn more Wisdome than to tempt him in Disguise: For that's to throw a Venice-Glass to the Ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to please you, I see no necessity of our parting.

Fac. I protest I do it only out of Complaisance to you.

Wild. But if I should play the Fool and ask you Pardon, you would refuse it.

Fac. No, never submit, for I should spoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*? They are just upon the

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the point of Accommodation; we must make haste or they'll make a Peace by themselves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your self the Aggressor then; and I'll take you into Mercy.

Wild. The worst that you can say of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Jac. The prime Articles between *Spain* and *England* are seal'd; for the rest concerning a more strict Alliance, if you please we'll dispute them in the Garden.

Wild. But in the first place let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beseech you——

Beat. These Leagues offensive and defensive will be too strict for us, *Maskall*: A Treaty of Commerce will serve our turn.

Mask. With all my Heart; and when our Loves are veering,

We'll make no Words, but fall to privateering.

[*Exeunt, the Men leading the Women.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Lopez, Aurelia, and Camilla.

Lop. 'TIS true, if he had continu'd constant to you, I should have thought my self oblig'd in Honour to be his Friend; but I could no longer suffer him to abuse a Person of your Worth and Beauty with a feign'd Affection.

Aur. But is it possible Don *Melchor* should be false to Love? I'll be sworn I did not imagine such a Treachery could have been in Nature; especially to a Lady who had so oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the Confidence to wait upon you at an Hour which would be otherwise unseasonable.

Aur. You are the most obliging Person in the World.

Lop.

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Lop. But to clear it to you that he is false; he is at this very Minute at an Assignment with your Cousin in the Garden; I am sure he was endeavouring it not an Hour ago.

Aur. I swear this Evening's Air begins to incommode me extremely with a Cold; but yet in hope of detecting this perjur'd Man, I am content to stay abroad.

Lop. But withal you must permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but just I should have some share in a Heart which I endeavour to redeem: In the Law of Arms you know that they who pay the Ransom, have right to dispose of the Prisoner.

Aur. The Prize is so very inconsiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the Boon were small, I would not importune my Princess with the asking it: But since my Life depends upon the Grant——

Cam. Mam, I must needs tell your Laship that Don Lopez has deserv'd you: For he has acted all along like a Cavalier; and more for your Interest than his own; besides, Mam, Don Melchor is as poor as he is false: For my part I shall ne'er endure to call him Master.

Aur. Don Lopez, go along with me, I can promise nothing, but I swear I will do my best to disingage my Heart from this furious Tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a Man I could never have forsaken you: Ah those languishing Casts, Mam; and that pouting Lip of your Laship, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit.

Aur. And that Sigh too I think is not altogether disagreeable: But something *charmante* and *mignonne*.

Cam. Well, Don Lopez, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once Possessor——

Enter Bellamy and Theodosia.

Theo. O we are surpriz'd.

Bel. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em: Don Lopez?

Lop. Our famous Astrologer, how come you here!

Bel. I am infinitely happy to have met you with Donna Aurelia, that you may do me the favour to satisfy

tisfie this Lady of a Truth which I can scarce perswade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our Concernments are so equal: For I have the like Favour to ask from Donna *Theodosia*.

Theo. Don *Lopez* is too noble to be refus'd any thing within my Power; and I am ready to do him any Service, after I have ask'd my Cousin if ever Don *Melchor* pretended to her?

Aur. 'Tis the very Question which I was furiously resolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theo. I must confess he has made some Professions to me: and withal I will acknowledge my own Weakness so far as to tell you, I have given way he should often visit me, when the World believ'd him absent.

Aur. O Cavalier Astrologer; how have you betray'd me! did you not assure me that Don *Melchor's* Tender and Inclination was for me only?

Bel. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do assure you, and if that twinkled false, I cannot help it: The truth is, there's no trusting the Planet of an inconstant Man: He was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if since it has chang'd the Course, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the Truth is evident. And for this Cavalier he might easily be deceiv'd in *Melchor*, for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was most inclin'd: For he visited one, and writ Letters to the other.

Bel. to Theo. Then, Madam, I must claim your Promise, (Since I have discover'd to you that Don *Melchor* is unworthy of your Favours) that you would make me happy, who amongst my many Imperfections can never be guilty of such a Falsehood.

Theo. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchor* whom I have known so long, you cannot reasonably expect I should trust you at a Day's Acquaintance.

Bel. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a Day as you can in all your Life: All my Humours circulate like my Blood, at farthest within twenty four Hours. I am plain and true, like all my Countrymen; you see to the bottom of me as easily as you do to the Gravel of a clear Stream in Autumn.

Lop.

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Lop. You plead so well, Sir, that I desire you would speak for me too: My Cause is the same with yours, only it has not so good an Advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make my self happy, I will have the glory to felicitate another: And therefore I declare I will reward the Fidelity of Don Lopez.

Theo. All that I can say at present is, that I will never be Don Melchor's: The rest Time and your Service must make out.

Bel. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldest Servant; as Preferment falls I hope you will remember my Seniority.

Cam. Mam, Don Melchor.

Aur. Cavaliers, retire a little; we shall see to which of us he will make his Court. *[The Men withdraw.]*

Enter Don Melchor.

Don Melchor, I thought you had been a-Bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a Blessing beyond Expectation, to see you again so soon.

Aur. What important Business brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my Peace with you before I slept. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your Expectances to meet me? This is furiously incongruous.

Theo. advancing. Don Melchor, whither were you bound so late?

Mel. What shall I say? I am so confounded that I know not to which of them I should excuse my self.

[Aside.]

Theo. Pray answer me truly to one Question: Did you never make any Addresses to my Cousin?

Mel. Fie, fie, Madam, there's a Question indeed.

Aur. How, Monster of Ingratitude, can you deny the Declaration of your Passion to me?

Mel. I say nothing, Madam.

Theo. Which of us is it for whom you are concern'd?

Mel. For that, Madam, you must excuse me; I have more Discretion than to boast a Lady's Favour.

Aur.

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Aur. Did you counterfeit an Address to me?

Mel. Still I say nothing, Madam; but I will satisfy either of you in private; for these Matters are too tender for publick Discourse.

Enter Lopez and Bellamy hastily with their Swords drawn.
Bellamy and Lopez. This is strange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have disturb'd you, but as we were walking to the Garden Door, it open'd suddenly against us, and we confusedly saw by Moon-light, some Persons entering, but who they were we know not.

Bel. You had best retire into the Garden-house, and leave us to take our Fortunes, without prejudice to your Reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskall, Jacintha, and Beatrix.

Wild. to Jacintha entering. Do not fear, Madam, I think I heard my Friend's Voice.

Bel. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this hot Alarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine, the whole House is up: For seeing you two, and not knowing you, after I had enter'd the Garden-Door, I made too much haste to get out again, and have left the Key broken in it. With the Noise one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtless he is gone for Company, for you may see Lights running through every Chamber.

Theo. Jac. What will become of us?

Bel. We must have recourse to our former Resolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-house. And now I think on't, you Gentlemen shall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskall* to bear the brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beseech you let me go in with the Ladies too; dear *Beatrix*, speak a good word for me, I protest 'tis more out of Love to thy Company than for any Fear I have.

Bel. You Dog, I have need of your Wit and Counsel. We have no time to deliberate. Will you stay, Sir?

[To *Maskall*.]

Mask. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Safety.

Bel.

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Bel. Will you in, Sir?

[*To Melchor.*

Mel. No, Sir, 'tis not for my Honour, to be assisting to you: I'll to Don *Alonzo*, and help to revenge the Injury you are doing him.

Bel. Then we are lost, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of Honour, by your leave, Sir. I hate your *Spanish* Honour ever since it spoil'd our *English* Plays, with Faces about and t'other side.

[*Falls upon him and throws him down.*

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Must Valour be oppress'd by Multitudes?

Wild. Come yarely my Mates, every Man to his share of the Burthen. Come yarely hay.

[*The four Men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying Murder.*

Theo. If this *Englishman* save us now, I shall admire his Wit.

Beat. Good Wits never think themselves admir'd till they are well rewarded: You must pay him in *specie*, Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

[*Enter the Men again.*

Bel. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden-house with these Cavaliers——

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too!

[*Is going with them.*

Bel. Come you back, Sirrah. [*Stops him.*] Think yourselves as safe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet whatever happens.

Jac. Come away then, they are upon us.

[*Exeunt all but Bel. and Mask.*

Mask. Hark, I hear the Foe coming: Methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better when there is a Wall betwixt me and Danger.

Bel. Peace, I have occasion for your Wit to help me to lie.

Mask. Sir, upon the Faith of a Sinner you have had my last Lie already; I have not one more to do me Credit, as I hope to be fav'd, Sir.

Bel. *Victore, Victore*; knock under you Rogue, and confess me Conqueror, and you shall see I'll bring all off.

[*Enter*

Enter Don Alonzo and six Servants; with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Alon. Search about there.

Bel. Fear nothing, do but vouch what I shall say.

Mask. For a passive Lie I can yet do something.

Alon. Stand: Who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Alon. Friends? Who are you?

Bel. Noble Don *Alonzo*, such as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor *Ingles*? Why all this Noise and Tumult? Where are my Daughters and my Niece? But in the first place, though last nam'd, how came you hither, Sir?

Bel. I came hither——by Astrology, Sir.

Mask. My Master's in, Heavens send him good shipping with his Lie, and all kind Devils stand his Friends.

Alon. How, by Astrology, Sir? Meaning you came hither by Art Magick.

Bel. I say by pure Astrology, Sir; I foresaw by my Art, a little after I had left you, that your Niece and Daughters would this Night run a Risque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the Wonders of this Speculation!

Bel. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my Sword, and came in all haste to advertise you; but I see there's no resisting Destiny, for just as I was entring the Garden Door, I met the Women with their Gallants all under sail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me he but draws by my Advice——

Bel. How now, Mr. Raskal? Are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go snip with you in this Lie, and be not too covetous of Honour? You know I never stood with you; now my Courage is come to me, I cannot resist the Temptation.

Bel. Content; tell on.

Mask. So in short, Sir, we drew, first I, and then my Master; but, being overpower'd, they have escap'd us, so that I think you may go to Bed and trouble your self no further, for gone they are.

Bel.

Bel. You tell a Lie! you have curtail'd my Invention: You are not fit to invent a Lie for a Bawd, when she would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Justice, I'll have the Town search'd immediately.

Bel. 'Tis in vain, Sir; I know by my Art you'll never recover 'em: Besides, 'tis an Affront to my Friends the Stars, who have otherwise dispos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-door, and the Door lock'd, so that of necessity they must be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Disperse your selves, some into the Wilderness, some into the Allies and some into the Parterre: You *Diego*, go try to get out the Key, and run to the Corrigan-dore for his Assistance: In the mean time I'll search the Garden-house my self. *[Exeunt all the Servants but one.]*

Mask. I'll be unbetted again if you please, Sir, and leave you all the Honour of it. *[To Bellamy aside.]*

Alon. Come Cavalier, let us in together.

Bel. holding him. Hold, Sir, for the love of Heav'n, you are not mad.

Alon. We must leave no Place unsearch'd. A Light there.

Bel. Hold I say, do you know what you are undertaking? and have you arm'd your self with Resolution for such an Adventure?

Alon. What Adventure?

Bel. A Word in private——The place you would go into is full of Enchantments; there are at this time, for ought I know, a Legion of Spirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with Wonder, Sir!

Bel. I have been making there my magical Operations, to know the Event of your Daughters flight: And, to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits of several Orders: And there they are humming like a Swarm of Bees, some stalking about upon the Ground, some flying, and some sticking upon the Walls like Rear-mice.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

Alon.

Alon. Now, Sir, I shall try the truth of your Friendship to me. To confess the Secret of my Soul to you, I have all my Life been curious to see a Devil: And to that purpose have con'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made Experiment of all his Rules, *Pari die & incremento Luna*, and yet could never compass the sight of one of these *Demoniums*: If you will ever oblige me, let it be on this Occasion.

Mask. There's another Storm arising.

Bel. You shall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expose you to that Peril for the World, without due Preparations of Ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a Talisman about me; that will secure me: And therefore I will venture in, a God's Name, and defie 'em all once. *[Going in.]*

Mask. How the Pox will he get off from this?

Bel. Well, Sir, since you are so resolv'd, send off your Servant, that there may be no Noise made on't, and we'll take our venture.

Alon. *Pedro*, leave your Light, and help the Fellows search the Garden. *[Exit Servant.]*

Mask. What does my incomprehensible Master mean?

Bel. Now I must tell you, Sir, you will see that which will very much astonish you, if my Art fail me not. *[Goes to the Door.]* You Spirits and Intelligences that are within there, stand close, and silent, at your Peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own Shapes, boldly.—*Maskall*, open the Door.

[Maskall goes to one Side of the Scene, which draws, and discovers Theo. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop. Wild. standing all without Motion in a rank.]

Now, Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here: We need search no farther. Ah you ungracious Baggages!

[Going toward them.]

Bel. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: These are the very Shapes I conjur'd up, and truly represent to you in what Company your Niece and Daughters are, this very Moment.

Alon. Why, are they not they? I durst have sworn that

that

Alon.

360 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

that some of 'em had been my own Flesh and Blood—
Look; one of them is just like that Rogue your Com-
rade. [Wildblood *shakes his Head and frowns at him.*

Bel. Do you see how you have provok'd that *English*
Devil: Take heed of him; if he gets you once into his
Clutches:—— [Wildblood *embracing Jacintha.*

Alon. He seems to have got Possession of the Spirit
of my *Jacintha*, by his hugging her.

Bel. Nay, I imagin'd as much: Do but look upon his
Physiognomy, you have read *Baptista Porta*: Has he not
the leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Niece *Aurelia*,
with the Spirit of *Don Lopez*; but that's well enough;
and my Daughter *Theodosia* all alone: Pray how comes that
about?

Bel. She's provided for with a Familiar too: One that
is in this very Room with you, and by your Elbow;
but I'll shew you him some other time.

Alon. And that Baggage *Beatrix*, how I would swinge
her if I had her, here; I'll lay my Life she was in the
Plot for the flight of her Mistress.

[*Bat. claps her Hands at him.*

Bel. Sir, you do ill to provoke her: For being the
Spirit of a Woman, she is naturally mischievous: You
see she can scarce hold her Hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your Quarrel upon
Beatrix: If e'er she come to Light, I'll take a Course
with her, I warrant you, Sir.

Bel. Now come away, Sir, you have seen enough:
The Spirits are in pain whilst we are here: We keep
'em too long condens'd in Bodies: If we were gone, they
would rarifie into Air immediately. *Maskall*, shut the
Door. [Maskall goes to the Scene and it closes]

Alon. *Monstrum hominis!* O Prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchor.

Bel. Now help me with a Lie, *Maskall*, or we are lost.

Mask. Sir, I could never lie with Man or Woman in a
fright.

Ser. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagg'd,
and he desir'd us to bring him to you with all haste ima-
ginable. *Mel.*

Mel. O Sir, Sir, your two Daughters and your Niece—

Bel. They are gone, he knows it: But are you mad, Sir, to set this pernicious Wretch at liberty?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able—

Mask. Now, Sir, I have it for you—*[Aside to his Master.]* He was endeavouring indeed to have got away with 'em: For your Daughter *Theodosia* was his Prize. But we prevented him, and left him in the Condition in which you see him.

Alon. I thought somewhat was the matter, that *Theodosia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Sister had.

Bel. This was he I meant to shew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir?

Bel. No, no, believe him, Sir: You know his Truth, ever since he stole your Daughter's Diamond.

Mel. I swear to you by my Honour.

Alon. Nay, a Thief I knew him, and yet after that he had the Impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bel. Was he so impudent? The Case is plain, Sir, put him quickly into Custody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, Sir, and I'll discover all to you.

Bel. Hear him not, Sir: For my Art assures me if he speaks one Syllable more, he will cause great Mischief.

Alon. Will he so? I'll stop my Ears, away with him.

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this Fellow and his Accomplices.

Alon. *at the same time drowning him.* I'll stop my Ears, I'll stop my Ears.

Bel. *Mask. at the same time also.* A Thief, a Thief, away with him. *[Servants carry Melchor off struggling.]*

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his Confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key and open'd the Door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corridor, and desire him to come hither in Person to examine a Malefactor. *[Wildblood sneezes within.]* Hark, what Noise is that within? I think one Sneezes.

362 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Bel. One of the Devils I warrant you has got a Cold with being so long out of the Fire.

Alon. Bless his Devilship, as I may say.

[Wildblood freezes again.]

Ser. to Don Alonzo. This is a Man's Voice; do not suffer your self to be deceiv'd so grossly, Sir.

Mask. A Man's Voice, that's a good one indeed! that you should live to these Years, and yet be so silly as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't than I imagin'd: Hold up your Torch and go in first, *Pedro*, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the Honour to be your Usher.

[Takes the Torch and goes in.]

Mask. within. Help, help, help!

Alon. What's the Matter?

Bel. Stir not upon your Life, Sir.

Enter Maskall again without the Torch.

Mask. I was no sooner enter'd, but a huge Giant seiz'd my Torch, and fell'd me along, with the very whiff of his Breath as he past by me.

Alon. Bless us!

Bel. at the Door to them within. Pass out now while you have time in the dark: The Officers of Justice will be here immediately, the Garden-door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bel. Only dismissing these Spirits of Darkness, that they may trouble you no further: Go out, I say.

[They all come out upon the Stage, groaping their way, Wildblood falls into Alonzo's Hands.]

Alon. I have caught some Body; are these your Spirits? Another Light quickly, *Pedro*.

Mask. slipping between Alonzo and Wildblood. 'Tis Maskall you have caught, Sir; do you mean to strangle me, that you press me so hard between your Arms?

Alon. letting Wildblood go. Is it thee, *Maskall*? I durst have sworn it had been another.

Bel. Make haste now, before the Candle comes.

[Aurelia falls into Alonzo's Arms.]

Alon. Now I have another.

Ans. 'Tis *Maskall* you have caught, Sir.

Alon.

Alon. No, I thank you Niece, this Artifice is too gross! I know your Voice a little better. What ho, bring Lights there.

Bel. Her Impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights and Swords drawn.

Serv. Sir, the Corigidor is coming according to your Desire: In the mean time we have secur'd the Garden Doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make some of 'em severe Examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, so let us die together: But we'll shew the Don some Sport first.

Theo. What will become of us!

Fac. We'll die for Company: Nothing vexes me, but that I am not a Man to have one Thrust at that malicious old Father of mine, before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corigidor's Band.

Fac. A match i'faith: We'll venture our Bodies with you: You shall put the Baggage in the Middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I say no more, but I shall be somewhat angry with him:—[To Alonzo.] In the mean time I arrest you, Sir, in the behalf of this good Company. As the Corigidor uses us, so we'll use you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bel. You murder your self, if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may scrape his Weefson, that the Bristles may not hinder me, when I come to cut it.

Bel. What need you bring matters to that Extremity? you have your Ransom in your Hand: Here are three Men, and there are three Women; you understand me.

Fac. If not, here's a Sword, and there's a Throat. You understand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The Propositions are good, and Marriage is as honourable as it us'd to be.

Beat. You had best let your Daughters live branded with the Name of Strumpets: For whatever befalls the Men, that will be sure to be their Share.

Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Fac. I would have thee to know, thou graceless old Man, that I defie a Nunnery: Name a Nunnery once more, and I disown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Custom of the Country, in this case, Sir: 'Tis either Death or Marriage: The Business will certainly be Publick; and if they die, they have sworn you shall bear 'em company.

Alon. Since it must be so, run *Pedro*, and stop the Corridor: Tell him it was only a Carnival Merriment, which I mistook for a Rape and Robbery.

Fac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into grace.

Bel. Among the rest of your Mistakes, Sir, I must desire you to let my Astrology pass for one: My Mathematicks, and Art Magick were only a Carnival Device; and now that's ending, I have more mind to deal with the Flesh, than with the Devil.

Alon. No Astrologer! 'tis impossible!

Mask. I have known him, Sir, this seven Years, and dare take my Oath, he has been always an utter Stranger to the Stars: And indeed to any thing that belongs to Heav'n.

Lop. Then I have been cozen'd among the rest.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam; who have been the Cause on't: but what he wants in Astrology, he shall make up to you some other way, I'll pass my Word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bel. As good as the Cid himself, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans*——

Wild. As ever was *Marc Anthony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages——

Mask. They are both desperate, Sir; especially their Fortunes.

Theo. to Bel. You should not have had my Consent so soon, but only to revenge my self upon the Falseness of *Don Melchor*.

Air.

Aur. I must avow that Gratitude for Don Lopez, is as prevalent with me, as Revenge against Don Melchor.

Alon. Lent you know begins to morrow; when that's over Marriage will be proper.

Fac. If I stay till after Lent, I shall be to marry when I have no Love left: I'll not bate you an Ace of to Night, Father; I mean to bury this Man e'er Lent be done, and get me another before Easter.

Alon. Well, make a Night on't then. [*Giving his Daughters.*]

Wild. *Facintha Wildblood*, welcome to me: Since our Stars have doom'd it so, we cannot help it: But 'twas a meer Trick of Fate to catch us thus at unawares: To draw us in, with a what do you lack, as we pass'd by: Had we once separated to Night, we should have had more Wit, than ever to have met again to morrow.

Fac. 'Tis true, we shot each other flying: We were both upon the Wing, I find; and had we pass'd this Critical Minute, I should have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland* e'er we had met in a Bed, upon consideration.

Mask. You have quarrell'd twice to Night without Bloodshed, 'ware the third time.

Fac. *A propos!* I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover, that was ever quarrelling with his Mistress: I think it will fit our Amour so well, that if you please, I'll give it you for an Epithalamium: And you shall sing it. [*Gives him a Paper.*]

Wild. I never sung in all my Life; nor ever durst try, when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Fac. Just me, up and down; but for a Frolick, let's sing together: For I am sure, if we cannot sing now, we shall never have cause when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll set my Voice to't.

Fac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fala, fala, fala. Is this your Best, upon the Faith of a Virgin?

Fac. Ay, by the Muses, I am at my Pitch.

Wild. Then do your Worst: And let the Company be judge who sings worst.

Fac. Upon Condition the best Singer shall wear the Breeches: Prepare to strip, Sir; I shall put you into your Drawers presently.

366 *An EVENING'S LOVE; Or,*

Wild. I shall be reveng'd, with putting you into your Smock anon; St. George for me.

Jac. St. James for me: Come start, Sir.

S O N G.

Damon. Celimena, of my Heart
None shall e'er bereave you:
If, with your good Leave, I may
Quarrel with you once a Day,
I will never leave you.

Celimena. *Passion's but an empty Name,*
Where Respect is wanting:
Damon, you mistake your Aim;
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you must be ranting.

Damon. Love as dull and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

Celimena. Love by Quarrels to beget
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague fit
Put me in a Fever.

Damon. Anger rouzes Love to fight,
And his only bait is,
'Tis the Spur to dull Delights,
And is but an eager Bite,
When desire at Height is.

Celimena. If such Drops of Heat can fall
In our Wooing Weather;
If such Drops of Heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

Wild.

The Mock-Astrologer. 367

Wild. Your Judgment, Gentlemen; a Man, or a Maid?

Bel. And you make no better Harmony after you are married than you have before, you are the miserablest Couple in Christendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good Voice she would have spoil'd it before to Morrow.

Bel. When *Maskall* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her Life into a Lease then.

Wild. Upon Condition that when I drop into your House from hunting, I may set my Slippers at your Door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jew's*, that you may not enter.

Theo. And while you refresh your self within, he shall wind the Horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Lease first.

Bel. Why, thou would'st not be so impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy self only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll pass my Word he shall degenerate into as tame, and peaceable a Husband as a civil Woman would wish to have.

Enter Don Melchor with a Servant.

Mel. Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, but your Discove-ry comes too late now.

Mel. Why, the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their Inclinations are lost, I can assure you.

Fac. Look you, Sir, there goes the Game: Your Plate-Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are justly punish'd for loving two.

Mel. Yet I have the Comfort of a cast Lover: I will think well of my self; and despise my Mistresses. [*Exit.*]

D A N C E.

Bel. Enough, enough; let's end the Carnival abed.

Wild. And for these Gentlemen, when e'er they try;
May they all speed as soon, and well as I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

MY Part being small, I have had time to Day,
 To mark your various Censures of our Play.
 First, looking for a Judgment or a Wit,
 Like Jews I saw 'em scatter'd through the Pit:
 And where a Knot of Smilers lent an Ear
 To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there,
 The Club of Jests went round; he who had none,
 Borrow'd o'th' next, and told it for his own:
 Among the rest they kept a fearful stir,
 In whispering that he stole th' Astrologer;
 And said, betwixt a French and English Plot
 He eas'd his half-tir'd Muse, on Pace and Trot.
 Up starts a Monsieur, new come o'er; and warm
 In the French Stoop; and the Pull-back o'th' Arm;
 Mortieu dit il, and cocks, I am a Ro ue
 But he has quite spoil'd the feign'd Astrologue:
 'Pox, says another; here's so great a stir
 With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
 A Rule where nothing must decorum shock!
 Dam' me 'ts as dull as Dining by the Clock.
 An Evening! Why the Devil should we be vext,
 Whether he gets the Wench this Night, or next?
 When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
 Told him the House was full of Discontent,
 And ask'd him what Excuse he could invent.
 He neither swore or storm'd, as Poets do,
 But, most unlike an Author, row'd 'twas true.
 Yet said, he us'd the French like Enemies,
 And did not steal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
 But should he all the Pains and Charges count
 Of taking 'em, the Bill so high wou'd mount
 That, like Prize-goods, which through the Office come,
 He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
 He still must write; and Banquier-like, each Day
 Accept new Bills, and he must break, or pay.
 When through his Hands such Sums must yearly run,
 You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
 His haste his other Errors might excuse;
 But there's no Mercy for a guilty Muse:
 For, like a Mistress, she must stand or fall,
 And please you to a heighth, or not at all.

TYRANNICK LOVE;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Non jam prima peto — neque vincere certo;

Extremum rediisse pudet —

Virg.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

TYRANNICK LOVE;

OR THE

Royal Mystery.

A

TRAGEDY.



THEAT

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Printed by J. G. Smith, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.



Printed in the Year 1753.



To the most Illustrious PRINCE,

JAMES *Duke of MONMOUTH*
and BUCCLUGH,

*One of His Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council; and Knight of the
most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

S I R,



HE favourable Reception which your
Excellent Lady afforded to one of
my former Plays, has encourag'd me
to double my Presumption, in ad-
dressing this to your Grace's Patro-
nage. So dangerous a thing it is to
admit a Poet into your Family, that you can ne-
ver afterwards be free from the Chiming of ill
Verses, perpetually sounding in your Ears, and
more troublesome than the Neighbourhood of
Steeple. I have been favourable to my self in
this Expression; a zealous Fanatick would have
gone farther; and have called me the Serpent,
who first presented the Fruit of my Poetry to
the Wife, and so gain'd the Opportunity to se-
duce the Husband. Yet I am ready to a-
vow a Crime so advantageous to me; but the
World, which will condemn my Boldness, I am
sure will justifie and applaud my Choice. All
Men will join with me in the Adoration which
I pay you; they would wish only I had brought
you

The Epistle Dedicatory.

you a more noble Sacrifice. Instead of an Heroick Play, you might justly expect an Heroick Poem, filled with the past Glories of your Ancestors, and the future Certainities of your own. Heaven has already taken care to form you for an Heroe. You have all the Advantages of Mind and Body, and an Illustrious Birth, conspiring to render you an extraordinary Person. The *Achilles* and the *Rinaldo* are present in you, even above their Originals; you only want a *Homer* or a *Tasso* to make you equal to them. Youth, Beauty, and Courage (all which you possess in the height of their Perfection) are the most desirable Gifts of Heaven: And Heaven is never prodigal of such Treasures, but to some uncommon Purpose. So goodly a Fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar Guest. He shewed the Value which he set upon your Mind, when he took care to have it so Nobly, and so Beautifully lodg'd. To a graceful Fashion and Deportment of Body, you have joined a winning Conversation, and an easie Greatness, derived to you from the Best, and best-belov'd of Princes. And with a great Power of obliging, the World has observed in you, a Desire to oblige, even beyond your Power. This, and all that I can say on so excellent and large a Subject, is only History, in which Fiction has no Part; I can employ nothing of Poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble Protestation which I make, to continue ever

Your GRACE's most Obedient

and most devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



THE P R E F A C E.



Was mov'd to write this Play by many Reasons: Amongst others, the Commands of some Persons of Honour, for whom I have a most particular Respect, were daily sounding in my Ears, that it would be of good Example to undertake a Poem of this Nature. Neither were my own Inclinations wanting to second their Desires. I considered that Pleasure was not the only End of Poesie; And that even the Instructions of Morality were not so wholly the Business of a Poet, as that the Precepts and Examples of Piety were to be omitted. For to leave that Employment altogether to the Clergy, were to forget that Religion was first taught in Verse: (which the Lazyness or Dulness of succeeding Priesthood, turn'd afterwards into Prose.) And it were also to grant, (which I never shall) that Representations of this kind may not as well be conducing to Holiness, as to good Manners. Yet far be it from me, to compare the use of Dramatick Poesie with that of Divinity: I only maintain, against the Enemies of the Stage, that Patterns of Piety, decently Represented, and equally Remov'd from the Extreames of Superstition and Prophaneness, may be of excellent Use

P R E F A C E.

Use to second the Precepts of our Religion. By the Harmony of Words we elevate the Mind to a Sense of Devotion, as our solemn Musick, which is inarticulate Poesie, does in Churches. And by the lively Images of Piety, adorn'd by Action, through the Senses allure the Soul: Which while it is charmed in a silent Joy of what it sees and hears, is struck at the same time with a secret Veneration of Things Celestial; and is wound up insensibly into the Practice of that which it admires. Now, if, instead of this, we sometimes see on our Theaters, the Examples of Vice rewarded, or at least unpunish'd; yet it ought not to be an Argument against the Art, any more than the Extravagances and Impieties of the Pulpit in the late Times of Rebellion, can be against the Office and Dignity of the Clergy.

But many times it happens, that Poets are wrongfully accus'd; as it is my own Case in this very Play; where I am charg'd by some ignorant or malicious Persons, with no less Crimes than Propbanness and Irreligion.

The Part of Maximin, against which these holy Criticks so much declaim, was designed by me to set off the Character of St. Catharine. And those who have read The Roman History, may easily remember, that Maximin was not only a bloody Tyrant, vastus corpore, animo ferus, as Herodian describes him; but also a Persecutor of the Church, against which he rais'd the Sixth Persecution. So that whatsoever he speaks or acts in this Tragedy, is no more than a Record of his Life and Manners; a Picture as near as I could take it, from the Original. If with much Pains, and some Success, I have drawn a deform'd Piece, there is as much of Art, and as near an Imitation of Nature, in a
Lazare

P R E F A C E.

Lazare as in a Venus. Maximin was an Heathen, and what he speaks against Religion, is in Contempt of that which he profess'd. He defies the Gods of Rome, which is no more than St. Catharine might with Decency have done. If it be urged, that a Person of such Principles who scoffs at any Religion, ought not to be presented on the Stage; why then are the Lives and Sayings of so many wicked and prophane Persons, recorded in the Holy Scriptures? I know it will be answer'd, That a due Use may be made of them; that they are remembered with a Brand of Infamy fixt upon them; and set as Sea-marks for those who behold them to avoid. And what other Use have I made of Maximin? have I propos'd him as a Pattern to be imitated, whom, even for his Impiety to his false Gods, I have so severely punished? Nay, as if I had foreseen this Objection, I purposely remov'd the Scene of the Play which ought to have been at Alexandria in Egypt, (where St. Catharine suffer'd) and laid it under the Walls of Aquileia in Italy, where Maximin was slain: That the Punishment of his Crime might immediately succeed its Execution.

This, Reader, is what I ow'd to my just Defence, and the due Reverence of that Religion which I profess, to which all Men, who desire to be esteem'd Good or Honest, are oblig'd: I have neither Leisure nor Occasion to write more largely on this Subject, because I am already justified by the Sentence of the best and most discerning Prince in the World, by the Suffrage of all unbiass'd Judges; and above all, by the Witness of my own Conscience, which abhors the Thought of such a Crime; to which I ask leave to add my outward Conversation, which shall never be justly tax'd with the Note of Atheism or Prophaneness.

In

P R E F A C E.

In what else concerns the Play, I shall be brief: For the Faults of the Writing and Contrivance, I leave them to the Mercy of the Reader. For I am as little apt to defend my own Errors, as to find those of other Poets. Only I observe, that the great Censors of Wit and Poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill Nature, and a very little Judgment, go far in finding the Mistakes of Writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be correct: This Poem, especially, which was contrived and written in seven Weeks, though afterwards hindred by many Accidents from a speedy Representation, which would have been its best Excuse.

Yet the Scenes are every where unbroken, and the Unities of Place and Time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requisite in a Tragedy; or at least, than I have since preserv'd them in the Conquest of Granada.

I have not every where observed the Equality of Numbers, in my Verse; partly by reason of my haste; but more especially, because I would not have my Sense a Slave to Syllables.

'Tis easie to discover, that I have been very bold in my Alteration of the Story, which of it self was too barren for a Play: And, that I have taken from the Church two Martyrs, in the Persons of Porphyrius, and the Empress, who suffer'd for the Christian Faith, under the Tyranny of Maximin.

*I have seen a French Play, called the Martyrdom of St. Catharine: But those who have read it, will soon clear me from stealing out of so dull an Author. I have only borrow'd a Mistake from him, of one Maximin for another: For finding him in
the*

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the French Poet, call'd the Son of a Thracian Herdsman, and an Alane Woman, I too easily believ'd him to have been the same Maximin mention'd in Herodian. Till afterwards, consulting Eusebius and Metaphrastes, I found the Frenchman had betrayed me into an Error (when it was too late to alter it) by mistaking that first Maximin for a second, the Contemporary of Constantine the Great, and one of the Usurpers of the Eastern Empire.

But neither was the other Name of my Play more Fortunate: For, as some, who had heard of a Tragedy of St. Catharine, imagin'd I had taken my Plot from thence; so others, who had heard of another Play called *L'Amour Tyrannique*, with the same Ignorance, accus'd me to have borrow'd my Design from it, because I have accidentally given my Play the same Title; not having to this Day seen it: And knowing only by Report, that such a Comedy is extant in French, under the Name of *Monsieur Scudery*.

As for what I have said of Astral or Aerial Spirits, it is no Invention of mine, but taken from those who have written on that Subject. Whether there are such Beings or not, it concerns not me; 'tis sufficient for my Purpose, that many have believ'd the Affirmative: And that these Heroick Representations, which are of the same Nature with the Epick, are not limited, but with the extreamest Bounds of what is credible.

For the little Criticks, who pleas'd themselves with thinking, they have found a Flaw in that Line of the Prologue, (And he who servilely creeps after Sence, is safe, &c.) as if I patroniz'd my own Nonsense, I may reasonably suppose they have never
read

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read Horace. *Serpit humi tutus, &c.* are his Words: *He, who creeps after plain, dull, common Sense, is safe from committing Absurdities; but, can never reach any height, or excellence of Wit: And sure I could not mean, that any Excellence were to be found in Nonsense. With the same Ignorance or Malice, they would accuse me for using empty Arms, when I writ of a Ghost or Shadow: Which has only the Appearance of a Body or Limbs, and is empty or void of Flesh and Blood; and vacuis amplectitur ulnis, was an Expression of Ovid's on the same subject. Some Fool before them, had charg'd me in The Indian Emperor with Nonsense in these Words, And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue. Which was borrow'd from Virgil, in the sixth of his Æneids, Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem. I quote not these to prove, that I never write Nonsense; but only to shew, that they are so unfortunate as not to have found it.*

Vale.



P R O-



PROLOGUE.

*S*elf-Love (which never rightly understood)
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are good,
And Malice in all Criticks, reigns so high,
That for small Errors, they whole Plays decry;
So that to see this Fondness, and that Spite,
You'd think that none but Mad-men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
T' impose upon you, what he writes, for Wit;
So hopes, that leaving you your Censures free,
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half, who only Faults will see. }
Poets like Lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their Business with an Over-care.
And he who servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis our Poet, in his Conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full Scope and Swing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full Career;
Yet Rashness is a better Fault than Fear.
He saw his Way; but in so swift a Pace,
To chuse the Ground, might be to lose the Race.
They then, who of each Trip th' Advantage take,
Find but those Faults, which they want Wit to make.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Maximin, *Tyrant of Rome,* *Major Mohun.*
 Porphyrius, *Captain of the Pre-* } *Mr. Hart.*
 torian Bands,
 Charinus, *the Emperor's Son,* *Mr. Harris.*
 Placidius, *a great Officer.* *Mr. Kynaston.*
 Valerius, } *Tribunes of the* } *Mr. Lydal.*
 Albinus, } *Army,* } *Mr. Littlewood.*
 Nigrinus, *a Tribune and Con-* } *Mr. Beeston.*
 jurer,
 Amariel, *Guardian-Angel to* } *Mr. Bell.*
 St. Catharine,
 Apollonius, *a Heathen Phi-* } *Mr. Cartwright.*
 losopher,

W O M E N.

Berenice, *Wife to Maximin,* *Mrs. Marshal.*
 Valeria, *Daughter to Maximin,* *Mrs. Ellen Guyn.*
 St. Catharine, *Princess of A-* } *Mrs. Bowtel.*
 lexandria,
 Felicia, *her Mother,* *Mrs. Knepp.*
 Erotion, } *Attendants,* } *Mrs. Uphill.*
 Cydnon, } *Mrs. Eastland.*

SCENE the Camp of Maximin, under
 the Walls of Aquileia.

TYRAN.



TYRANNICK LOVE;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Camp or Pavilion Royal.*

Enter Maximin, Charinus, Placidius, Albinus, Valerius, Apollonius, and Guards.

MAXIMIN.



HUS far my Arms have with Success been
crown'd; [they found.

And found no Stop, or vanquish'd what
The German Lakes my Legions have o'er-
past,

With all the Bars which Art or Nature cast:

My Foes, in watry Fastnesses inclos'd,

I fought, alone, to their whole War expos'd.

Did first the Depth of trembling Marshes found,

And fix'd my Eagles in unfaithful Ground:

By

382 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

By Force submitted to the *Roman* Sway
Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey:
And now, for my Reward, ungrateful *Rome*,
For which I fought abroad, rebels at home

Alb. Yet 'tis their Fear which does this War maintain:
They cannot brook a Martial Monarch's Reign:
Your Valour would their Sloth too much accuse;
And therefore, like themselves, they Princes chuse.

Plac. Two tame gown'd Princes, who at ease debate,
In lazy Chairs, the Business of the State:
Who reign, but while the People they can please,
And only know the little Arts of Peace.

Char. In Fields they dare not fight, where Honour calls;
But breathe a faint Defiance from their Walls.
The very Noise of War their Souls does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own Trumpets sound.

Val. An easie Summons but for Form they wait,
And to your Fame will open wide the Gate.

Plac. I wish our Fame that swift Success may find;
But Conquests, Sir, are easily design'd:
However soft within themselves they are,
To you they will be valiant by Despair:
For having once been Guilty, well they know
To a revengeful Prince they still are so.

Alb. 'Tis true, that, since the Senates Succours came,
They grow more bold.

Max. — That Senate's but a Name:
Or they are Pageant Princes which they make;
That Pow'r they give away, they would partake.
Two equal Pow'rs, two different Ways will draw,
While each may check, and give the other Law.
True, they secure Propriety and Peace;
But are not fit an Empire to increase.
When they should Aid their Prince, the Slaves dispute;
And fear Success should make him absolute.
They let Foes conquer, to secure the State,
And lend a Sword, whose Edge themselves rebate.

Char. When to increase the Gods you late are gone,
I'll swiftly chuse to die, or reign alone:
But these half Kings our Courage cannot fright;
The thrifty State will bargain e'er they fight:

Give just so much for every Victory;
And rather lose a Fight, than over-buy.

Max. Since all Delays are dangerous in War,
Your Men, *Albinus*, for Assault prepare;
Crispinus and *Menephilus*, I hear
Two Consulars, these *Aquileians* cheer;
By whom they may, if we protract the time,
Be taught the Courage to defend their Crime.

Plac. Put off th' Assault but only for this Day:
No Loss can come by such a small Delay.

Char. We are not sure to Morrow will be ours:
Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours:
Let us use all; for if we lose one Day;
That white one, in the Crowd, may slip away.

Max. Fate's dark Recesses we can never find;
But Fortune at some Hours to all is kind;
The lucky have whole Days, which still they chuse;
Th' unlucky have but Hours, and those they loose.

Plac. I have consulted one, who reads Heav'n's Doom,
And sees, as present, things which are to come.

'Tis that *Nigrinus*, made by your Command
A Tribune in the new *Pannonian* Band.
Him have I seen, (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd) bind the head-long Flood
In sudden Ice; and where most swift it flows,
In crystal Nets, the wond'ring Fishes close.

Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Streams inlarge,
And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.

In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall
He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who, flow, to wounden Bodies did repair,
And loath to enter, shiver'd in the Air;
These his dread Wand did to short Life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battels to foretel.

Max. 'Tis wond'rous strange! But, good *Placidius*, say,
What prophecies *Nigrinus* of this Day?

Plac. In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angles, made by that Circumference,
Bore holy Words-inscrib'd. of mystick Sense.

When

384 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low,
Around the Fields did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the Day.
'Midst this, was heard the shrill and tender Cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
'Till to the Magick Circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We saw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.

Char. Speak without fear; what did the Vision shew?

Plac. A Curtain drawn presented to our view,
A Town besieg'd; and on the neighb'ring Plain
Lay heaps of visionary Soldiers slain.

A rising Mist obscur'd the gloomy Head
Of one, who in Imperial Robes lay dead.
Near this, in Fetters stood a Virgin, crown'd;
Whom many *Cupids* strove in vain to wound:
A Voice, To Morrow, still to Morrow rung:
Another *Io*; *Io*, *Paan* sung.

Char. Visions and Oracles still doubtful are,
And ne'er expounded till th'event of War.
The Gods fore-knowledge on our Swords will wait:
If we fight well, they must fore-show good Fate.

To them a Centurion.

Cent. A rising Dust which troubles all the Air,
And this way travels, shews some Army near.

Char. I hear the Sound of Trumpets from afar.

[Exit Albinus]

Max. It seems the voice of Triumph, not of War.

To them Albinus again.

Alb. Health and Success our Emperor attends:
The Forces marching on the Plain, are Friends.
Porphyrius, whom you *Ægypt's* Prætor made,
Is come from *Alexandria* to your Aid.

Max. It well becomes the Conduct and the Care
Of one so fam'd and fortunate in War.
You must resign, *Placidius*, your Command
To him I promis'd the Prætorian Band.
Your Duty in your swift Compliance show,
I will provide some other Charge for you.

Plac.

Plac. May *Cesar's* Pleasure ever be obey'd
With that Submission, which by me is paid.—
Now all the Curses Envy ever knew,
Or could invent, *Porphyrus* pursue.

[*Aside.*

Alb. *Placidius* does too tamely bear his Loss;

[*To Charinus.*

This new Pretender will all Pow'r ingross:
All things must now by his Direction move;
And you, Sir, must resign your Father's Love.

Char. Yes; every Name to his Repute must bow;
There grow no Bays for any other Brow.

He blasts my early Honour in the Bud,
Like some tall Tree the Monster of the Wood,
O'er-shading all which under him would grow,
He sheds his Venome on the Plants below.

Alb. You must some noble Action undertake;
Equal with his your own Renown to make.

Char. I am not for a slothful Envy born,
I'll do't this Day, in the dire Vision's Scorn.
He comes: We two, like the twin Stars appear;
Never to shine together in one Sphere. [*Exit cum Alb.*

Enter Porphyrus attended.

Max. *Porphyrus*, welcome, welcome as the Light
To chearful Birds; or as to Lovers, Night.
Welcome as what thou bring'st me, Victory.

Por. That waits, Sir, on your Arms, and not on me.
You left a Conquest more than half atchiev'd;
And for whose Easiness I almost griev'd.
Yours only the *Ægyptian* Laurels are;
I bring you but the Reliques of your War.
The Christian Princess, to receive your Doom,
Is from her conquer'd *Alexandria* come.
Her Mother in another Vessel sent,
A Storm surpriz'd; nor know I the Event:
Both from your Bounty must receive their State;
Or must on your triumphant Chariot wait.

Max. From me they can expect no Grace, whose Minds
An execrable Superstition blinds.

[*mand,*

Apol. The Gods, who rais'd you to the World's Com-
Require these Victims from your grateful Hand.

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R

For.

386 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Por. To Minds resolv'd, the Threats of Death are vain;
They run to Fires, and there enjoy their Pain:
Not *Mucius* made more haste his Hand t' expose
To greedy Flames, than their whole Bodies those.

Max. How, to their own Destruction, they are blind!
Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind.

Por. They all our fam'd Philosophers despise;
And would our Faith by force of Reason try.

Apol. I beg it, Sir, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
That in their right, this Combat may be mine.

Max. It shall; and fifty Doctors of our Laws,
Be added to you, to maintain the Cause.

*Enter Berenice the Empress, Valeria Daughter to the
Emperor, Erotion.*

Plac. The Empress and your Daughter, Sir, are here.

Por. What Dangers in those charming Eyes appear!

[Looking on the Empress.]

How my old Wounds are open'd at this view!

And in my Murd'rer's Presence bleed anew!

Max. I did expect your coming, to partake *[To the Ladies.]*
The general gladness which my Triumphs make.

You did *Porphyrius* as a Courtier know,
But as a Conqueror behold him now.

Ber. You know (I read it in your blushing Face) *To Por.*
To merit, better than receive a Grace:

And I know better silently to own,

Than with vain words to pay your Service done.

Por. Princes, like Gods, reward e're we deserve;

[Kneeling to kiss her Hand.]

And pay us in permitting us to serve.

O might I still grow here, and never move! *[Lower.]*

Ber. How dangerous are these Ecstasies of Love!

He shews his Passion to a thousand Eyes!

He cannot stir, nor can I bid him rise!

That Word my Heart refuses to my Tongue! *[Aside.]*

Max. Madam, you let the General kneel too long.

Por. Too long! as if Eternity were so! *[Aside.]*

Ber. Rise, good *Porphyrius*, (since it must be so.) *[Aside.]*

Por. Like Hermits from a Vision I retire; *[Rising.]*

With Eyes too weak to see what I admire. *[Aside.]*

Val.

The ROYAL MARTYR. 387

Val. The Empress knows your Worth; but, Sir, there
be [To Porphyrius, who kisses her Hand.
Those who can value it as high as she.

And 'tis but just (since in my Father's Cause
You fought) your Valour should have my Applause.

Plac. O Jealousie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd!
She loves; and would her Love in Praises hide:
How am I bound this Rival to pursue,
Who ravishes my Love and Fortune too! [Aside.

[A dead March within, and Trumpets.

Max. Somewhat of mournful, sure, my Ears does wound;
Like the hoarse murmurs of a Trumpet's sound,
And Drums unbrac'd, with Soldiers broken Cries.

Enter Albinus.

Albinus, whence proceeds this dismal Noise?

Alb. Too soon you'll know what I want words to tell.

Max. How fares my Son? Is my Charinus well?
Not answer me! Oh my prophetick Fear!

Alb. How can I speak; or how, Sir, can you hear?
Imagine that which you would most deplore,
And that which I would speak, is it, or more.

Max. Thy mournful Message in thy Looks I read:
Is he (oh that I live to ask it) dead?

Alb. Sir—— [last:

Max. Stay; if thou speak'st that word, thou speak'st thy
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past:
Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.

Alb. Then, what I dare not speak, look back and see.
[Charinus born in dead by Soldiers.

Max. See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and Wo,
You've done me the worst Office you can do,
You've shown me Destiny's preposterous Crime;
An unripe Fate; disclos'd e're Nature's time.

Plac. Asswage, great Prince, your Passion, lest you show
There's somewhat in your Soul which Fate can bow.

Por. Fortune should by your Greatness be controul'd:
Arm your great Mind, and let her take no hold.

Max. To tame Philosophers teach Constancy;
There is no farther use of it in me.
Gods (but why name I you!

388 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

All that was worth a Pray'r to you is gone:)

I ask not back my Virtue, but my Son.

Alb. His too great Thirst of Fame his Ruin brought.
Though, Sir, beyond all human Force he fought.

Plac. This was my Vision of this fatal Day!

Alb. With a fierce haste he led our Troops the way:
While fiery Show'rs of Sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the Battlements he gain'd:
There with a Forest of their Darts he strove;
And stood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*.

With his broad Sword the Boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the Town.
And turn'd the Iron Leaves of its dark Book,
To make new Dooms; or mend what it mistook.
Till fought by many Deaths, he sunk though late,
And by his Fall asserted doubtful Fate.

Val. Oh my dear Brother! whom Heav'n let us see,
And would not longer suffer him to be!

Max. And didst not thou a Death with Honour chuse,
[To Alb.]

But impudently liv'st to bring this News?

After his Loss how did'st thou dare to breath?

—— But thy base Ghost shall follow him in death.

A Decimation I will strictly make
Of all, who my *Charinus* did forsake.
And of each Legion, each Centurion
Shall die:—— *Placinius*, see my Pleasure done.

Por. Sir, you will lose, by this Severity,
Your Soldiers Hearts.

Max. —— Why, they take Pay to die.

Por. Then spare *Albinus* only.

Max. —— I consent
To leave his Life to be his Punishment.
Discharg'd from Trust; branded with Infamy
Let him live on, till he ask leave to die.

Ber. Let me petition for him.

Max. —— I have said:
And will not be intreated, but obey'd.
But, Empress, whence does your Compassion grow?

Ber. You need not ask it, since my Birth you know.

Th:

The Race of *Antonines* was nam'd the Good:
I draw my Pity from my Royal Blood.

Max. Still must I be upbraided with your Line?
I know you speak it in Contempt of mine.
But your late Brother did not prize me less,
Because I could not boast of Images.

And the Gods own'd me more, when they decreed
A *Thracian* Shepherd should your Line succeed.

Ber. The Gods! O do not name the Pow'r's divine,
They never mingled their Decrees with thine.
My Brother gave me to thee for a Wife,
And for my Dowry thou didst take his Life.

Max. The Gods by many Victories have shown,
That they my Merits and his Death did own.

Ber. Yes: They have own'd it; witness this just Day,
When they begin thy Mischiefs to repay.
See the Reward of all thy wicked Care,
Before thee thy Succession ended there.

Yet, but in part my Brother's Ghost is pleas'd:
Restless till all the groaning World be eas'd.
For me; no other Happiness I own,
Than to have born no Issue to thy Throne.

Max. Provoke my Rage no farther, lest I be
Revenge'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Por. What horrid Tortures seize my lab'ring Mind! [*Aside.*
O, only excellent of all thy Kind!
To hear thee threatned while I idle stand:
Heav'n! was I born to fear a Tyrant's Hand?

Max. to Ber. Hence from my Sight---thy Blood, if thou
dost stay----

Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'st the way.
[*Going.*

Por. Let baser Souls from falling Fortunes fly:
I'll pay my Duty to her, though I die. [*Exit leading her.*

Max. What made *Porphyrius* so officious be?
The Action look'd as done in Scorn of me.

Val. It did, indeed, some little Freedom show;
But somewhat to his Services you owe.

Max. Yet, if I thought it his Presumption were

Plac. Perhaps he did not your Displeasure hear.

Max. My Anger was too loud, not to be heard.

Plac. I'm loth to think he did it not regard.

Max. How, not regard!

Val. Placidius, you foment,

On too light Grounds, my Father's Discontent.

But when an Action does two Faces wear,

'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair.

I think, that knowing what Respect there rests

For her late Brother in the Soldiers Breasts,

He went to serve the Emp'r: And design'd

Only to calm the Tempest in her Mind,

Lest some Sedition in the Camp should rise.

Max. I ever thought him Loyal as he's wife.

Since therefore all the Gods their spight have shown

To rob my Age of a successive Throne;

And you who now remain

The only Issue of my former Bed,

In Empire cannot by your Sex succeed:

To bind *Porphyrus* firmly to the State,

I will this Day my *Cesar* him create:

And, Daughter, I will give him you for Wife.

Val. O Day, the best and happiest of my Life!

Plac. O Day, the most accurst I ever knew! [*Aside.*]

Max. See to my Son perform'd each Funeral due:

Then to the Toils of War we will return,

And make our Enemies our Losses mourn. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Royal Camp.*

Enter Berenice and Porphyrus.

Ber. **P**orphyrus, you too far did tempt your Fate,
In owning her the Emperor does hate.

'Tis true, your Duty to me it became;

But, praising that, I must your Conduct blame.

Por. Not to have own'd my Zeal at such a time,
Were to Sin higher than your Tyrant's Crime.

Ber

Ber. 'Twas too much, my Disgrace t'accompany;
A silent Wish had been enough for me.

Por. Wishes are Aids faint Servants may supply,
Who ask Heav'n for you what themselves deny.
Could I do less than my Respect to pay,
Where I before had giv'n my Heart away?

Ber. You fail in that Respect you seem to bear,
When you speak Words unfit for me to hear.

Por. Yet you did once accept those Vows I paid.

Ber. Those Vows were then to *Berenice* made;
But cannot now be heard without a Sin,
When offer'd to the Wife of *Maximin*.

Por. Has, then, the Change of Fortune chang'd your Will?
Ah! why are you not *Berenice* still?

To *Maximin* you once declar'd your Hate;
Your Marriage was a Sacrifice to th' State:
Your Brother made it to secure his Throne,
Which this Man made a step to mount it on.

Ber. Whatever *Maximin* has been, or is,
I am to bear, since Heav'n has made me his.
For Wives, who must themselves of Pow'r divest,
When they love blindly, for their Peace love best.

Por. If mutual Love be vow'd when Faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits first, has lost his Right.

Ber. Husbands a forfeiture of Love may make;
But what avails the Forfeit none can take?
As in a general Wreck

The Pirate sinks with his ill-gotten Gains,
And nothing to another's use remains:

So, by his Loss, no Gain to you can fall:
The Sea, and vast Destruction swallows all.

Por. Yet he, who from the Shore, the Wreck descries,
May lawfully enrich him with the Prize.

Ber. Who sees the Wreck, can yet no Title plead,
Till he be sure the Owner first is dead.

Por. If that be all the Claim I want to Love,
This Pirate of your Heart I'll soon remove;
And, at one Stroke, the World and you set free.

Ber. Leave to the Care of Heav'n that World and me.

Por. Heav'n as its instrument my Courage sends.

Ber. Heav'n ne'er sent those who fight for private Ends,

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We both are bound by Trust, and must be true;
I to his Bed, and to his Empire you.
For he who to the Bad betrays his Trust,
Though he does good, becomes himself unjust.

Por. When *Brutus* did from *Cesar* Rome redeem,
The Act was good.

Ber. ——— But was not good in him.
You see the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the Event on *Cesar's* Side.
'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all;
Or not conspire our Benefactor's Fall.

Por. You doom me then to suffer all this Ill,
And yet I doom my self to love you still.

Ber. Dare not *Porphyrius* suffer then with me,
Since what for him, I for my self decree?

Por. How can I bear those Grievs you disapprove?

Ber. To ease 'em, I'll permit you still to love.

Por. T'at will but haste my Death, if you think fit
Not to reward, but barely to permit.

Love without Hope does like a Torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain, to touch the Ground.

Ber. If Hope, then, to your Life so needful be,
Hope still.

Por. ——— Blest News!

Ber. ——— But hope, in Heav'n, not me.

Por. Love is too noble such Deceits to use.
Referring me to Heav'n, your Gift I lose.
So Princes cheaply may our Wants supply,
When they give that their Treasurers deny.

Ber. Love blinds my Virtue. If I longer stay,
It will grow dark, and I shall lose my Way.

Por. One Kiss from this fair Hand can be no Sin;
I ask not that you gave to *Maximin*.
In full Reward of all the Pains I've past,
Give me but one.

Ber. ——— Then let it be your last.

Por. 'Tis gone!
Like Soldiers prodigal of their Arrears,
One Minute spends the Pay of many Years.
——— Let but one more be added to the Sum,
And pay at once for all my Pains to come.

Ber.

Ber. Unthrifts will ftarve, if we before-hand give:

[Pulling back her Hand.]

I'll fee you fhall have juft enough to live.

Enter Erotion.

Ero. Madam, the Emperor is drawing near;
And comes, they fay, to feek *Porphyrius* here.

Ber. Alas!

Por. — I will not ask what he intends;
My Life, or Death, alone, on you depends.

Ber. I muft withdraw; but muft not let him know

[Afide.]

How hard the Precepts of my Virtue grow!
But what e'er Fortune is for me design'd,
Sweet Heav'n, be ftill to brave *Porphyrius* kind!

[Exit cum Erotion.]

Por. She's gone unkindly, and refus'd to caft
One Glance to feed me for fo long a Faft.

Enter Maximin, Placidius, and Guards.

Max. *Porphyrius*, fince the Gods have ravish'd one,
I come in you to feek another Son.

Succeed him then in my Imperial State;
Succeed in all, but his untimely Fate.

If I adopt you with no better Grace,
Pardon a Father's Tears, upon my Face,
And give 'em to *Charinus*' Memory:
May they not prove as ominous to thee.

Por. With what Misfortunes Heav'n torments me ftill!
Why muft I be oblig'd to one fo ill?

[Afide.]

Max. Thofe Offers which I made you, Sir, were fuch,
No private Man fhould need to ballance much.

Por. Who durft his Thoughts to fuch Ambition lift?

[Kneeling.]

The Greatnefs of it made me doubt the Gift.
The Distance was fo vaft, that to my View
It made the Object feem at firft untrue;
And now 'tis near, the fudden Excellence
Strikes through, and flafhes on my tender Senfe.

Max. Yet Heav'n and Earth, which fo remote appear,

[Raising him.]

Are by the Air, which floys betwixt 'em, near.

R 5

And

Ber.

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And 'twixt us two my Daughter be the Chain,
One end with me, and one with you remain.

Por. You press me down with such a glorious Fate,

[*Kneeling again.*]

I cannot rise against the mighty Weight.

Permit I may retire some little space,

And gather Strength to bear so great a Grace. [*Exit bowing.*]

Plac. How Love and Fortune lavishly contend,

Which should *Porphyrius'* Wishes most befrend!

The Midstream's his; I, creeping by the Side,

Am shoulder'd off by his impetuous Tide.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Valerius hastily.

Val. I hope my Business may my Haste excuse;

For, Sir, I bring you most surprizing News.

The Christian Princess in her Tent confers

With fifty of your learn'd Philosophers;

Whom with such Eloquence she does persuade,

That they are Captives to her Reasons made.

I left 'em yielding up their vanquish'd Cause,

And all the Soldiers shouting her Applause;

Ev'n *Apollonius* does but faintly speak,

Whose Voice the Murmurs of th' Assistants break.

Max. Conduct this Captive Christian to my Tent;

She shall be brought to speedy Punishment.

I must in time some Remedy provide,

[*Exit Val.*]

Left this contagious Error spread too wide.

Plac. T'infected Zeal you must no Mercy show:

For, from Religion all Rebellions grow.

Max. The silly Crowd, by factious Teachers brought

To think that Faith untrue their Youth was taught,

Run on in new Opinions blindly bold;

Neglect, contempt, and then assault the Old.

Th' infectious Madness seizes every part,

And from the Head distils upon the Heart.

And first they think their Prince's Faith not true,

And then proceed to offer him a New;

Which if refus'd, all Duty from 'em cast,

To their new Faith they make new Kings at last.

Plac. Those Ills by Male-contentment are often wrought,

That by their Prince their Duty may be bought.

They

They head those holy Factions which they hate,
To sell their Duty at a dearer Rate.
But, Sir, the Tribune is already here
With your fair Captive.

Max. ——— Bid 'em both appear.

Enter St. Catharine, Valerius, Apollonius, and Guards.

See where she comes with that high Air and Meen,
Which marks, in Bonds, the Greatness of a Queen.

What Pity 'tis! — but I no Charms must see

In her who to our Gods is Enemy ———

Fair Foe of Heav'n, whence comes this haughty Pride,

[To her.]

Or is it Frenzy does your Mind misguide

To scorn our Worship, and new Gods to find?

S. Cath. Nor Pride, nor Frenzy, but a settled Mind,
Enlightned from above, my way does mark.

Max. Though Heav'n be clear, the Way to it is dark.

S. Cath. But where our Reason with our Faith does go,
We're both above enlightned, and below.

But Reason with your fond Religion fights,

For many Gods are many Infinites:

This to the first Philosophers was known,

Who, under various Names, ador'd but one.

Though your vain Poets after did mistake,

Who ev'ry Attribute a God did make.

And so obscene their Ceremonies be,

As good Men loath, and *Cato* blush'd to see.

Max. War is my Province; Priest, why stand you mute?
You gain by Heav'n, and therefore should dispute.

Apol. In all Religions, as in ours, there are
Some solid Truths, and some things popular.

The Popular in pleasing Fables lye,

The Truths, in Precepts of Morality.

And these to human Life are of that use,

That no Religion can such Rules produce.

S. Cath. Then let the whole Dispute concluded be
Betwixt these Rules and Christianity.

Apol. And what more noble can your Doctrine preach,
Than Virtues which Philosophy does teach?

To keep the Passions in severest Awe,

To live to Reason (Nature's greatest Law.)

To

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To follow Virtue, as its own reward;
And Good and Ill, as things without, regard. [gave;

S. Cath. Yet few could follow those strict Rules they
For human Life will human Frailties have;
And Love of Virtue is but barren Praise,
Airy as Fame: Nor strong enough to raise
The Actions of the Soul above the Sense.
Virtue grows cold without a Recompence.
We virtuous Acts as Duty do regard;
Yet are permitted to expect Reward.

Apol. By how much more your Faith Reward assures,
So much more frank our Virtue is than yours.

S. Cath. Blind Men! you seek ev'n those Rewards you
But ours are solid; yours an empty Name. [blame;
Either to open Praise your Acts you guide,
Or else reward your selves with secret Pride.

Apol. Yet still our moral Virtues you obey;
Ours are the Precepts, though apply'd your Way.

S. Cath. 'Tis true, your Virtues are the same we teach;
But in our Practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take another's due;
But we forbid ev'n to desire it too.
Revenge of Injuries you Virtue call;
But we Forgiveness of our Wrongs extol:
Immodest Deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we proscribe the least immodest Thought.
So much your Virtues are in ours refin'd,
That yours but reach the Actions, ours the Mind.

Max. Answer in short to what you heard her speak.

[To Apol.

Apol. Where Truth prevails, all Arguments are weak.
To that convincing Power I must give place:
And with that Truth that Faith I will embrace.

Max. O Traytor to our Gods; but more to me;
Dar'st thou of any Faith but of thy Prince's be?
But sure thou rav'st; thy foolish Error find:
Cast up the Poison that infects thy Mind;
And shun the Torments thou art sure to feel.

Apol. Nor Fire, nor Torture, nor revenging Steel
Can on my Soul the least Impression make:
How gladly, Truth, I suffer for thy sake!

Once

Once I was ignorant of what was so;
But never can abandon Truth I know:
My Martyrdom I to thy Crown prefer;
Truth is a Cause for a Philosopher.

S. Cath. Lose not that Courage which Heav'n does inspire;
[To Apol.]

But fearless go to be baptiz'd in Fire.
Think 'tis a Triumph, not a Danger near:
Give him your Blood; but give him not a Tear.
Go, and prepare my Seat: And hovering be
Near that bright space which is reserv'd for me.

Max. Hence with the Traytor; bear him to his Fate.

Apol. Tyrant, I fear thy Pity, not thy Hate:
A Life Eternal I by Death obtain.

Max. Go, carry him, where he that Life may gain.

[Ex. Apol. Val. and Guards.]

Plac. From this Enchantress all these Ills are come:
You are not safe till you pronounce her Doom.
Each Hour she lives a Legion sweeps away;
She'll make your Army Martyrs in a Day.

Max. 'Tis just: This Christian Sorcerer's shall die.
(Would I had never prov'd her Sorcery:)
Not that her charming Tongue this Change has bred;
I fear 'tis something that her Eyes have said.
I love; and am ashamed it should be seen.

[Aside.]

Plac. Sir, shall she die?

Max. ——— Consider she's a Queen.

Plac. Those Claims in *Cleopatra* ended were.

Max. How many *Cleopatra's* live in her!

[Aside.]

Plac. When you condemn'd her, Sir, she was a Queen.

Max. No, Slave; she only was a Captive then.

S. Cath. My joyful Sentence you defer too long.

Max. I never knew that Life was such a Wrong.
But if you needs will die: — It shall be so.

—— Yet think it does from your Perverseness flow.
Men say, indeed, that I in Blood delight;
But you shall find — Haste, take her from my Sight.
—— For *Maximin* I have too much confest:
And for a Lover not enough exprest.

Absent;

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Absent, I may her Martyrdom decree;
But one Look more will make that Martyr me.

[Exit S. Cath. guarded.]

Plac. What is it, Sir, that shakes your mighty Mind?

Max. Somewhat I am asham'd that thou shouldst find.

Plac. If it be Love which does your Soul possess—

Max. Are you my Rival, that so soon you guess?

Plac. Far, mighty Prince, be such a Crime from me;

[Kneeling.]

Which, with the Pride, includes Impiety.

Could you forgive it, yet the Gods above

Would never pardon me a Christian Love.

Max. Thou ly'st:—There's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.

Ev'n *Jove* would try more Shapes her Love to win:

And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts would Sin:

At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin*.

Plac. A Captive, Sir, who would a Martyr die?

Max. She courts not Death, but shuns Captivity.

Great Gifts, and greater Promises I'll make;

And what Religion is't, but they can shake?

She shall live high:—Devotion in distress

Is born, but vanishes in Happiness.

[Exit Max.]

Plac. *solus*. His Son forgot, his Empress unappeas'd;
How soon the Tyrant with new Love is seiz'd!

Love various Minds does variously inspire:

He stirs in gentle Nature's gentle Fire,

Like that of Incense on the Altars laid:

But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade.

A Fire which every windy Passion blows;

With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.

But I accurs'd, who servilely must move;

And sooth his Passion for his Daughter's Love!

Small Hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty Care;

But of all Passions Love does last despair.

[Exit.]

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Royal Pavilion.**Maximin, Placidius, Guards and Attendants.*

Max. **T**HIS Love that never could my Youth engage,
 Peeps out his coward Head to dare my Age.
 Where hast thou been thus long, thou sleeping Form,
 That wak'st like drowfie Sea-men in a Storm?
 A fullen Hour thou chusest for thy Birth:
 My Love shoots up in Tempests, as the Earth
 Is stirr'd and loosen'd in a blust'ring Wind,
 Whose Blasts to waiting Flowers her Womb unbind.

Plac. Forgive me, if I say your Passions are
 So rough, as if in Love you would make War.
 But Love is soft——

And with soft Beauty tenderly complies;
 In Lips it laughs, and languishes in Eyes.

Max. There let it laugh; or, like an Infant, weep:
 I cannot such a supple Passion keep.

Mine, stiff with Age, and stubborn as my Arms,
 Walks upright; stoops not to, but meets her Charms.

Plac. Yet Fierceness suits not with her gentle Kind;
 They brave Assaults; but may be undermin'd.

Max. Till I in those mean Arts am better read,
 Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my stead.

Enter S. Catharine.

She comes; and now, methinks, I could obey:
 Her Form glides thro' me, and my Heart gives way:
 This Iron Heart, which no Impression took
 From Wars, melts down, and runs, if she but look.

[*Exit Maximin.*]

Plac. Madam, I from the Emperor am come
 T' applaud your Virtue, and reverse your Doom.
 He thinks; whatever your Religion be,
 This Palm is owing to your Constancy.

S. Cath.

S. Cath. My Constancy from him seeks no Renown;
Heav'n, that propos'd the Course, will give the Crown.

Plac. But Monarchs are the Gods Vicegerents here;
Heav'n gives Rewards; but what it gives, they bear:
From Heav'n to you th' *Ægyptian* Crown is sent,
Yet 'tis a Prince who does the Gift present.

S. Cath. The Deity I serve, had he thought fit,
Could have preserv'd my Crown unconquer'd yet:
But when his secret Providence design'd
To level that, he levell'd too my Mind;
Which, by contracting its Desires, is taught
The humble quiet of possessing nought.

Plac. To Stoicks leave a Happiness so mean:
Your Virtue does deserve a nobler Scene.
You are not for Obscurity design'd:
But, like the Sun, must cheer all human Kind.

S. Cath. No Happiness can be, where is no Rest:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of Man is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his Retreat:
And, when from far, the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent Joy; that he's not there.

Plac. You have a Pilot who your Ship secures;
The Monarch both of Earth and Seas is yours.
He who so freely gives a Crown away,
Yet asks no Tribute but what you may pay.
One Smile on him a greater Wealth bestows,
Than *Ægypt* yields, when *Nilus* overflows.

S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have liv'd such Words as these to hear.
O Heav'n, which dost of Chastity take care!——

Plac. Why do you lose an unregarded Pray'r?
If Happiness, as you believe, be Rest,
That Quiet sure is by the Gods possess'd:——
'Tis Greatness to neglect, or not to know
The little Business of the World below.

S. Cath. This Doctrine well befitted him who thought
A casual World was from wild Atoms wrought:

But

But such an Order in each Chance we see,
(Chain'd to its Cause, as that to its Decree,) That none can think a Workmanship so rare
Was built, or kept, without a Workman's Care.

To them Maximin, Attendants and Guards.

Max. Madam, you from *Placidius* may have heard
Some News, which will your Happiness regard.
For what a greater Happiness can be
Than to be courted, and be lov'd by me?
Th' *Ægyptian* Crown I to your Hands remit;
And, with it, take his Heart who offers it. [*She turns aside.*
Do you my Person and my Gift contemn?

S. Cath. My Hopes pursue a brighter Diadem.

Max. Can any brighter than the *Roman* be?
I find my proffer'd Love has cheapen'd me:
Since you neglect to answer my Desires,
Know, Princess, you shall burn in other Fires.
—Why should you urge me to so black a Deed?
Think all my Anger did from Love proceed.

S. Cath. Nor Threats nor Promises my Mind can move:
Your furious Anger, nor your impious Love.

Max. The Love of you can never impious be;
You are so pure——

That in the Act 'twould change th' Impiety.
Heav'n would unmake it Sin——

S. Cath. I take my self from thy detested Sight:
To my Respect thou hast no longer Right:
Such Pow'r in Bonds true Piety can have,
That I command, and thou art but a Slave. [*Ex. S. Cath.*

Max. To what a height of Arrogance she swells!
Pride or Ill-Nature still with Virtue dwells;
Her Death shall set me free this very Hour;

——But is her Death within a Lover's Pow'r?
Wild with my Rage, more wild with my Desire,
Like meeting Tides——but mine are Tides of Fire.
What petty Promise was't that caus'd this Frown?

Plac. You heard: No less than the *Ægyptian* Crown.

Max. Throw *Ægypt's* by, and offer in the stead;
Offer——the Crown on *Berenice's* Head.

I am resolv'd to double till I win;
About it straight, and send *Porphyrius* in.

[*Ex. Plac.*
We

402 TYRANNICK LOVE: Or,

We look like Eagles tow'ring in the Sky;
While her high Flight still raises mine more high.

To him Porphyrius.

Por. I come, Sir, to expect your great Commands.

Max. My Happiness lies only in thy Hands.

And, since I have adopted thee my Son,
I'll keep no Secret from thy Breast unknown.

Led by the Int'rest of my rising Fate,
I did espouse this Empress whom I hate:

And therefore with less Shame I may declare,
That I the Fetters of thy Captive wear.

Por. Sir, you amaze me with so strange a Love.

Max. Pity, my Son, those Flames you disapprove.
The cause of Love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.

Por. Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts:
And all Mankind lies open to their Darts:

Whose Sovereignty, without dispute, we grant;
Such Graces, sure, your Empress does not want.

Max. Beauty has Bounds,——

And can no more to every Heart be so,

Than any Coin thro' every Land can go.

Some secret Grace, which is but so to me,
Tho' not so great, may yet more pow'rful be:

All guard themselves when stronger Foes invade;

Yet, by the weak, Surprizes may be made:

But you, my Son, are not to judge, but aid.

Por. What is it, Sir, you can require of me?

Max. I would from *Berenice's* Bonds be free:

This Yoke of Marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, tho' neither love.

Por. Neither the Gods nor Man will give consent
To put in Practice your unjust Intent.

Max. Both must consent to that which I decree.

Por. The Soldiers love her Brother's Memory;
And for her sake some Mutiny will stir.

Max. Our parting therefore—shall be fought by her.
Go, bid her sue for a Divorce, or die;

I'll cut the Knot, if she will not untie:

Haste to prepare her, and thy self return;

Thy *Hymen's* Torch this Day with mine shall burn. [Exit.

Per.

Por. Rather my Funeral-torch;—for tho' I know
Valeria's fair, and that she loves me too,
 'Gainst her my Soul is arm'd on every part:
 Yet there are secret Rivets to my Heart,
 Where *Berenice's* Charms have found the way;
 Subtile as Lightnings, but more fierce than they.
 How shall I this avoid, or gain that Love!
 So near the Rock, I to the Port must move.

To him Valeria attended.

Val. Porphyrius, now my Joy I may express,
 Nor longer hide the Love I must possess.
 Should I have stay'd till Marriage made us one,
 You might have thought it was by Duty done;
 But of my Heart I now a Present make;
 And give it you e're it be yours to take.
 Accept it as when early Fruit we send:
 And let the Rareness the small Gift commend.

Por. Great Monarchs, like your Father, often give
 What is above a Subject to receive.

But faithful Officers should countermand,
 And stop the Gift that passes thro' their Hand:
 And to their Prince that mass of Wealth restore,
 Which lavish'd thus, would make whole Nations poor.

Val. But to this Gift a double Right you have:
 My Father gives but what before I gave.

Por. I vain you such unequal Presents make,
 Which I still want Capacity to take.
 Such fatal Bounty once the *Gauls* did show;
 They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.
 Bounty so plac'd, does more like Ruin look;
 You pour the Ocean on a narrow Brook.

Val. Yet, if your Love before prepares a Boat,
 The Stream so pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.

Por. But when the Vessel is on Quick-sands cast,
 The flowing Tide does more the sinking haste.

Val. And on what Quick-sands can your Heart be
 Can you a Love besides *Valeria's* own? [thrown?

Por. If he who at your Feet his Heart would lay,
 Be met with first, and robb'd upon the way,
 You may indeed the Robber's Strength accuse,
 But pardon him who did the Present lose.

Fal.

[Exit.
Por.

Val. Who is this Thief that does my Right possess?
Name her, and then we of her Strength may guess.
From whence does your unwonted Silence come?

Por. She bound and gagg'd me, and has left me dumb.

Val. But of my Wrongs I will aloud complain:
False Man, thou would'st excuse thy self in vain:
For thee I did a Maiden's Blush forsake;
And own'd a Love thou hast refus'd to take.

Por. Refus'd it!——like a Miser midst his Store,
Who grasps and grasps, till he can hold no more;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back, and sighs on what he left behind.

Val. No, I resume that Heart thou didst possess;
My Father shall my Injuries redress:
With me thou losest his Imperial Crown,
And speedy Death attends upon his Frown.

Por. You may revenge your Wrongs a nobler way;
Command my Death, and I will soon obey.

Val. No, live; for on thy Life my Cure depends:
In Debter's Deaths all Obligation ends:
'Twill be some Ease Ungrateful thee to call;
And, Bankrupt-like, say, trusting him lost all.

Por. Upbraided thus, what gen'rous Man would live!
But Fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuse, (as in few Hours I must)
This offer'd Grace, your Father will be just.

Val. Be just! say rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only Person I can love.
Yet so it is!——

Your Int'rest in the Army is so high,
That he must make you his, or you must die!
It is resolv'd! who e'er my Rival be, [*Aside after a pause.*]
I'll show that I deserve him more than she.
And if at last he does ingrateful prove,
My Constancy it self rewards my Love. [Exit.]

Por. She's gone, and gazing round about, I see
Nothing but Death, or glorious Misery;
Here Empire stands, if I could Love displace;
There, hopeless Love, with more Imperial Grace:
Thus, as a sinking Hero compass'd round,
Beckens his bravest Foe for his last Wound,

And

And him into his part of Fame does call,
I'll turn my Face to Love, and there I'll fall.

To him *Berenice*, and *Erocion*.

Ber. I come, *Porphyrius*, to Congratulate
This happy Change of your exalted Fate:
You to the Empire are, I hear, design'd;
And fair *Valeria* must th' Alliance bind.

Por. Would Heav'n had my Succession so decreed,
That I in all might *Maximin* succeed!
He offers me th' Imperial Crown, 'tis true:
I would succeed him, but it is in you.

Ber. In me! I never did accept your Love;
But you, I see, would handsomly remove:
And I can give you Leave, without a Frown:
I always thought you merited a Crown.

Por. I never sought that Crown but on your Brow;
But you with such Indifference would allow
My Change, that you have kill'd me with that Breath:
I feel your Scorn cold as the Hand of Death.

Ber. You'll come to Life in your *Valeria's* Arms:
'Tis true, I cannot boast of equal Charms;
Or if I could, I never did admit
Your Love to me, but only suffer'd it.
I am a Wife, and can make no return;
And 'twere but vain, in hopeless Fires to burn.

Por. Unkind! can you whom only I adore,
Set open to your Slave the Prison-door?
You use my Heart just as you would afford
A fatal Freedom to some harmless Bird,
Whom, breeding, you ne'er taught to seek its Food;
And now let fly to perish in the Wood.

Ber. Then, if you will love on, and disobey,
And lose an Empire for my sake, you may.
Will a kind Look from me pay all this Score,
For you well know you must expect no more?

Por. All I deserve it will, not all I wish:
But I will brave the Tyrant's Rage, for this.
If I refuse, my Death must needs ensue;
But you shall see that I dare die for you.

Ber. Would you for me,
A Beauty, and an Empire too deny?
I love you now so well—that you shall die,

Die mine; 'tis all I can with with Honour give:
Nor should you die, if after, I would live.

But when your Marriage and your Death I view,
That makes you false, but this will keep you true.

Por. Unbind thy Brows, and look abroad to see,
O mighty Love, thy mightiest Victory!

Ber. And yet——is there no other way to try?
'Tis hard to say I love, and let you die.

Por. Yes, there remains some help which you might
If you, as I would die for Love, would live. [give,

Ber. If Death for Love be sweet, sure Life is more:
Teach me the means your Safety to restore.

Por. Your Tyrant the *Aegyptian* Princess loves;
And to that height his swelling Passion moves,
That, fearing in your Death the Soldiers force,
He from your Bed does study a Divorce.

Ber. Th' *Aegyptian* Princess I disputing heard,
And as a Miracle her Mind regard.
But yet I wish that this Divorce be true. [Gives her Hand.

Por. 'Tis, Madam, but it must be fought by you.
By this he will all Mutinies prevent;
And this, as well, secures your own Content.

Ber. I hate this Tyrant, and his Bed I loath;
But, once submitting, I am ty'd to both:
Ty'd to that Honour, which all Women owe,
Tho' not their Husband's Person, yet their Vow.
Something so sacred in that Bond there is,
That none should think there could be ought amiss:
And if there be, we should in silence hide
Those Faults, which blame our Choice when they are spy'd.

Por. But, since to all the World his Crimes are known,
And, by himself the Civil War's begun,
Would you th' advantage of the Fight delay,
If, striking first, you were to win the Day?

Ber. I would, like *Jews*, upon their Sabbath fall:
And rather than strike first, not strike at all.

Por. Against your self you sadly prophesie:
You either this Divorce must seek, or die.

Ber. Then Death from all my Grievs shall set me free.

Por. And would you rather chuse your Death, than me?

Ber. My earthy part——

Which

Which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove,
 I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
 With silent Steps I'll follow you all Day,
 Or else before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
 I'll lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
 And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves.
 At Night, I will within your Curtains peep;
 With empty Arms embrace you while you sleep.
 In gentle Dreams I often will be by;
 And sweep along, before your closing Eye.
 All Dangers from your Bed I will remove;
 But guard it most from any future Love.
 And when at last, in pity, you will die,
 I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:
 Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair;
 And teach you your first flight in open Air.

[Exit Berenice cum Erotio.]

Per. She has but done what Honour did require:

Nor can I blame that Love, which I admire.

But then her Death!

I'll stand betwixt, it first shall pierce my Heart:

We will be stuck together on his Dart.

But yet the Danger not so high does grow:

I'll charge Death first, perhaps repulse him too.

But, if o'er-power'd, I must be overcome;

Forc'd back, I'll fight each Inch into my Tomb. [Exit.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Indian Cave.*

*Enter Placidius, and Nigrinus. Nigrinus with two drawn
 Swords, held upward in his Hands.*

Plac. **A**LL other means have fail'd to move her Heart;
 Our last Recourse is, therefore, to your Art.

Nig. Of Wars, and Bloodshed, and of dire Events,
 Of Fates, and fighting Kings, their Instruments,

I

408 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

I could with greater Certainty foretel;
Love only does in Doubts and Darknes dwell.
For, like a Wind, it in no Quarter stays;
But points and veers each Hour a thousand ways.
On Women Love depends, and they on Will;
Chance turns their Orb, while Destiny sits still.

Plac. Leave nothing unattempted in your Pow'r;
Remember you oblige an Emperor.

Nig. An earthy Fiend by Compact me obeys;
But him to light Intents I must not raise.
Some astral Forms I must invoke by Pray'r,
Fram'd all of purest Atoms of the Air;
Not in their Natures simply good or ill;
But, most subservient to bad Spirits Will.

Nakar of these does lead the mighty Band,
For eighty Legions move at his Command:
Gentle to all, but, far above the rest,
Mild *Nakar* loves his soft *Damilcar* best.

In aery Chariots they together ride;
And sip the Dew as thro' the Clouds they glide:
These are the Spirits which in Love have Pow'r.

Plac. Haste, and invoke 'em in a happy Hour.

Nig. And so it proves: For, counting sev'n from Noon,
'Tis *Venus* Hour, and in the waxing Moon.

With Chalk I first describe a Circle here,
Where these Ætherial Spirits must appear.
Come in, come in; for here they will be strait:
Around, around, the Place I fumigate:

My Fumigation is to *Venus*, just:
The Souls of Roses, and red Coral's Dust:

A Lump of *Sperma Ceti*; and to these
The Stalks and Chips of *Lignum Aloes*.

And, last, to make my Fumigation good,
'Tis mixt with Sparrows Brains, and Pigeons' Blood.

[*Nigrinus* takes up the Swords.

They come, they come, they come! I hear 'em now.

Plac. A death-like Damp sits cold upon my Brow,
And misty Vapours swim before my Sight.

Nig. They come not in a Shape to cause your Fright.

Nakar

Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing.

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the Care

Of longing Lovers in Despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East
Half tipp'd at a Rain-bow Feast.

Dam. In the bright Moon-shine while Winds whistle loud,
Troy, troy, troy, we mount and we fly,

All racking along in a downy white Cloud:

And lest our Leap from the Sky should prove too far,
We slide on the Back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. And drop from above
In a Gelly of Love!

Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red,
The Spirits of Fire against us make head!

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the Air:
Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair;
And to my light Horse-men repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to Night;
The Wind is for us, and blows full in their Sight:
And o'er the wide Ocean we fight!

Like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiss in the Water —

Both. And hiss in the Water and drown!

Nakar. But their Men lye securely intrench'd in a Cloud:
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to Battel sounds loud.

Dam. Now Mortals that spy
How we tilt in the Sky
With Wonder will gaze;

And fear such Events as will ne'er come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the Man will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the Battel is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air
To pity the Lover, and succour the Fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft God
Is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

[The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down.]

Nig. I charge thee, Spirit, stay; and by the Pow'r

[To Damilcar.]

410 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Of *Nakar's* Love, and of this holy Wand
On the North Quarter of my Circle stand.
(Sev'n Foot around for my Defence I take!)
To all my Questions faithful Answers make,
So may'st thou live thy thousand Years in Peace;
And see thy Aery Progeny increase:
So may'st thou still continue young and fair,
Fed by the Blast of pure Ætherial Air.
And, thy full Term expir'd, without all Pain,
Dissolve into thy Astral Source again.

Dam. Name not my hated Rival *Gemory*,
And I'll speak true whate'er thy Questions be.

Nig. Thy Rival's hated Name I will refrain:
Speak, shall the Emperor his Love obtain?

Dam. Few Hours shall pass before your Emperor shall be
Possess'd of that he Loves, or from that Love be free.

Plac. Shall I enjoy that Beauty I adore? [plore:

Dam. She Suppliant-like, e'er long, thy Succour shall im-
And thou with her thou lov'st in Happiness may'st live:
If she not dies before, who all thy Joys can give.

Nig. Say, what does the Ægyptian Princess now?

Dam. A gentle Slumber sits upon her Brow.

Nig. Go, stand before her in a golden Dream:
Set all the Pleasures of the World to show,
And in vain Joys let her loose Spirit flow.

Dam. Twice fifty Tents remove her from your sight,
But I'll cut through 'em all with Rays of Light:
And covering other Objects to your Eyes,
Show where intranc'd in silent Sleep she lies.

Damilcar stamps, and the Bed arises with St. Catharine in it.

Damilcar Singing.

You pleasing Dreams of Love and sweet Delight,
Appear before this slumb'ring Virgin's Sight:
Soft Visions set her free
From mournful Piety.
Let her sad Thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the melancholy Love
Of those remoter Joys above
Give place to your more sprightly Fire.

Let

Let purling Streams be in her Fancy seem;
 And flowry Meads, and Vales of chearful green:
 And in the midst of deathless Groves
 Soft sighing Wishes lye,
 And smiling Hopes just by,
 And just beyond 'em ever-laughing Loves.

A SCENE of a Paradise is discovered.

Plac. Some pleasing Objects do her Mind employ;
 For on her Face I read a wandering Joy.

S O N G.

Dam. *Ah how sweet it is to Love,
 Ah how gay is young Desire !
 And what pleasing Pains we prove
 When we first approach Love's fire !
 Pains of Love be sweeter far
 Than all other Pleasures are.*

*Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
 Do but gently heave the Heart :
 Ev'n the Tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart.
 Lovers when they lose their Breath,
 Bleed away in easie Death.*

*Love and Time with reverence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting Friend :
 Nor the golden Gifts refuse
 Which in Youth sincere they send :
 For each Year their Price is more,
 And they less simple than before.*

*Love like Spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful Vein :
 But each Tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again :
 If a flow in Age appear,
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.*

412 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

At the end of the Song a Dance of Spirits. After which Amariel, the Guardian-Angel of St. Catharine, descends to soft Musick, with a flaming Sword. The Spirits crawl off the Stage amazedly, and Damilcar runs to a Corner of it.

Amar. From the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heav'n's Commission stay,
Amariel flies: (A darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame,
Bid me to thee, my Royal Charge, repair,
To guard thee from the Dæmons of the Air;
My flaming Sword above 'em to display,
(All keen and ground upon the Edge of Day;)
The Flat to sweep the Visions from thy Mind,
The Edge to cut 'em through that stay behind.)
Vain Spirits, you that shunning Heav'n's high Noon,
Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon,
What Folly, or what Rage your Duty blinds,
To violate the Sleep of holy Minds?
Hence, to the Task assign'd you here below:
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow:
Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air.
From pointed Sun-beams take the Mists they drew,
And scatter 'em again in pearly Dew:
And of the bigger Drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow.

Dam. Mercy, bright Spirit, I already feel
The piercing Edge of thy immortal Steel:
Thou, Prince of Day, from Elements art free;
And I all Body when compar'd to thee.
Thou tread'st th' Abyss of Light!
And where it streams with open Eyes canst go:
We wander in the Fields of Air below:
Changelings and Fools of Heav'n: and thence shut out,
Wildly we roam in Discontent about:
Gross-heavy-fed, next Man in Ignorance and Sin,
And spotted all without; and dusky all within.
Without thy Sword I perish by thy fight,
I reel, and stagger, and am drunk with Light.

Amar. If e'er again thou on this Place art found,
Full fifty Years I'll chain thee under Ground;

The Damps of Earth shall be thy daily Food:
All swoln and bloated like a dungeon Toad:
And when thou shalt be freed, yet thou shalt lye
Gasping upon the Ground, too faint to fly;
And lag below thy Fellows in the Sky.

Dam. O pardon, pardon this accursed Deed,
And I no more on Magick Fumes will feed;
Which drew me hither by their pow'rful Steams.

Amar. Go expiate thy Guilt in holy Dreams. [*Ex. Dam.*
But thou, sweet Saint, henceforth disturb'd no more

[*To S. Cath.*

With Dreams not thine, thy Thoughts to Heav'n restore.

[*The Angel ascends, and the Scene shuts.*

Nig. Some holy Being does invade this Place,
And from their Duty does my Spirits chase.

I dare no longer near it make Abode:

No Charms prevail against the Christian's God. [*Exit.*

Plac. How doubtfully these Specters Fate foretell!

In double Sense, and twi-light Truth they dwell:

Like fawning Courtiers for Success they wait;

And then come smiling, and declare for Fate.

*Enter Maximin and Porphyrius, attended by Valerius
and Guards.*

But see, the Tyrant and my Rival come:

I, like the Fiends, will flatter in his Doom:

None but a Fool distastful Truth will tell,

So it be new and please, 'tis full as well.

[*Plac. whispers with the Emperor, who seems pleas'd.*

Max. You Charm me with your News, which I'll re-
By Hopes we are for coming Joys prepar'd: [*ward:*

Possess her Love, or from that Love be free —

Heav'n speaks me fair: If she as kind can prove,

I shall possess, but never quit my Love.

Go, tell me when she wakes — [*Exit Plac.*

[*Porphyrius seems to beg something of him.*

Porphyrius, no;

She has refus'd, and I will keep my Vow.

Por. For your own sake your cruel Vow defer;

The time's unsafe, your Enemies are near.

And to displease your Men when they should fight —

Max. My Looks alone my Enemies will fright;

414 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

And o'er my Men I'll set my careful Spies,
To watch Rebellion in their very Eyes.
No more, I cannot bear the least Reply.

Por. Yet, Tyrant, thou shalt perish e'er she die. [*Aside.*

Enter Valeria.

Valeria here! how Fortune treats me still
With various Harms, magnificently Ill!

Max. *Valeria*, I was sending to your Tent, [*To Val.*
But my Commands your Presence does prevent.
This is the Hour, wherein the Priest shall join
Your holy Loves, and make *Porphyrius* mine.

Val. Now hold, my Heart, and *Venus* I implore,
Be Judge if she he loves deserves him more. [*Aside.*

Por. Past Hope! and all in vain I would preserve
My Life, not for my self, but her I serve. [*Aside.*

Val. I come, great Sir, your Justice to demand.

[*To the Emperor.*

Max. You cannot doubt it from a Father's Hand.

Por. Sir, I confess, before her Suit be known;
And, by my self condemn'd, my Crime I own.
I have refus'd——

Val. ——Peace, peace, while I confess
I have refus'd thee for Unworthiness.

Por. I am amaz'd.

Max. ——What Riddles do you use?
Dare either of you my Commands refuse?

Val. Yes, I dare own howe'er 'twas wisely done
T' adopt so mean a Person for your Son:
So low you should not for your Daughter chuse:
And therefore, Sir, this Marriage I refuse.

Max. You lik'd the Choice when first I thought it fit.

Val. I had not then enough consider'd it.

Max. And you have now consider'd it too much:
Secrets of Empire are not safe to touch.

Por. Let not your mighty Anger rise too high;
'Tis not *Valeria* merits it, but I.

My own Unworthiness so well I knew,
That from her Love I consciously withdrew.

Val. Thus rather than endure the little Shame
To be refus'd, you blast a Virgin's Name.

You

You to refuse, and I to be deny'd!

Learn more Discretion, or be taught less Pride.

Por. O Heav'n, in what a Lab'rinth am I led!

I could get out, but she detains the Thread!

Now must I wander on till I can see,

Whether her Pity or Revenge it be!

[*Aide.*

Max. With what Child's Anger do you think you play?

I'll punish both, if either disobey.

Val. Since all the Fault was mine, I am content

Porphyrius should not share the Punishment.

Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not see

'Twas all th' effect of Generosity.

She loves me, ev'n to suffer for my sake;

And on her self would my Refusal take.

[*Aide.*

Max. Children to serve their Parents Int'rest live.

Take heed what Doom against your self you give. [*To Val.*

Por. Since she must suffer, if I do not speak,

'Tis time the Laws of Decency to break.

She told me, Sir, that she your Choice approv'd:

And (tho' I blush to own it) said she lov'd.

Lov'd me desertless, who, with Shame, confess

Another Flame had seiz'd upon my Breast.

Which when, too late, the generous Princess knew,

And fear'd your Justice would my Crime pursue,

Upon her self she makes the Tempests fall,

And my Refusal her Contempt would call.

Val. He raves, Sir, and to cover my Disdain,

Unhandsomely would his Denial feign.

And all Means failing him, at last would try

T' usurp the credit of a Scorn, and die.

But——let him live:——his Punishment shall be

The Grief his Pride will bring for losing me.

Max. You both obnoxious to my Justice are;

And, Daughter, you have not deserv'd my Care.

'Tis my Command you strictly guarded be,

Till your fantastick Quarrel you agree.

Por. Sir——

Max. I'll not hear you speak, her Crime is plain,

She owns her Pride, which you perhaps may feign.

She shall be Prisoner till she bend her Mind

To that which is for both of you design'd.

416 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Val. You'll find it hard my Free-born Will to bound.

Max. I'll find that Pow'r o'er Wills which Heav'n ne'er
Free-will's a Cheat in any one but me: [found.

In all but Kings, 'tis willing Slavery.

An unseen Fate which forces the Desire:

The Will of Puppets danc'd upon a Wyre.

A Monarch is

The Spirit of the World in every Mind;

He may match Wolves to Lambs, and make it kind.

Mine is the Business of your little Fates:

And though you War, like petty wrangling States,

You're in my Hand; and when I bid you cease,

You shall be crush'd together into Peace.

Val. Thus by the World my Courage will be priz'd; [*Aside*
Seeming to scorn, who am, alas, despis'd:

Dying for Love's fulfilling Honour's Laws;

A secret Martyr while I own no Cause. [*Exit Val.*

Max. *Porphyrius*, stay; there's something I would hear:
You said you lov'd, and you must tell me where.

Por. All Heav'n is to my sole Destruction bent. [*Aside.*

Max. You would, it seems, have leisure to invent.

Por. Her Name in pity, Sir, I must forbear,
Lest my Offences you revenge on her.

Max. My Promise for her Life I do engage.

Por. Will that, Sir, be remember'd in your Rage?

Max. Speak, or your Silence more my Rage will move;
'Twill argue that you Rival me in Love.

Por. Can you believe that my ambitious Flame
Should mount so high as *Berenice's* Name?

Max. Your Guilt dares not approach what it would hide;
But draws me off, and (Lapwing-like) flies wide.

'Tis not my Wife, but Mistress, you adore:

Though that affront, yet this offends me more.

Who courts my Wife——

Does to my Honour more injurious prove;

But he who courts my Mistress, wrongs my Love.

Por. Th' *Egyptian* Princess ne'er could move my Heart.

Max. You could not perish by a nobler Dart.

Por. Sir, I presume not Beauties to compare;
But in my Eye, my Princess is as fair.

Max.

Max. Your Princess! then it seems, though you deny
Her Name you love, you own her Quality.

Por. Though not by Birth or Title so; yet she
Who rules my Heart, a Princess is to me.

Max. No, no——

'Tis plain that Word you unawares did use,
And told a Truth which now you would excuse.
Besides my Wife and Mistress, here are none
Who can the Title of a Princess own.

Por. There is one more——

Your Daughter, Sir: Let that your doubt remove.

Max. But she is not that Princess whom you love.

Por. I nam'd not Love, though it might doubtful seem;
She's fair; and is that Princess I esteem.

Max. Go, and to Passion your Esteem improve,
While I command her to receive your Love. [Exit *Por.*

Enter St. Catharine.

S. Cath. I come not now, as Captive to your Pow'r,
To beg; but as high Heav'n's Ambassador,
The Laws of my Religion to fulfil:

Heav'n sends me to return you good for ill.
Your Empress to your Love I would restore;
And to your Mind the Peace it had before.

Max. While in another's Name you Peace declare,
Princess, you in your own proclaim a War.
Your too great Pow'r does your Design oppose;
You make those Breaches which you strive to close.

S. Cath. That little Beauty which too much you prize,
Seeks not to move your Heart, or draw your Eyes:
Your Love to *Berenice* is due alone:
Love, like that Pow'r which I adore, is one.
When fixt to one, it safe at Anchor rides,
And dares the Fury of the Winds and Tides:
But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born,
It drives away at will, to every Wave a Scorn.

Max. If to new Persons I my Love apply,
The Stars and Nature are in fault, not I:
My Loves are like my old Prætorian Bands,
Whose Arbitrary Pow'r their Prince commands:
I can no more make Passion come or go,
Than you can bid your *Nilus* ebb or flow.

418 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

'Tis Lawless, and will Love, and where it list:
And that's no Sin which no Man can resist:
Those who impute it to me a Crime,
Would make a God of me before my Time.

S. Cath. A God, indeed, after the *Roman* stile,
An Eagle mounting from a kindled Pile:
But you may make your self a God below:
For Kings who rule their own Desires, are so.
You roam about, and never are at Rest;
By new Desires, that is, new Torments, still possess.
Qualmish and loathing all you had before:
Yet with a sickly Appetite to more.
As in a fev'rish Dream you still drink on;
And wonder why your Thirst is never gone.
Love, like a ghostly Vision haunts your Mind;
'Tis still before you what you left behind.

Max. How can I help those Faults which Nature made?
My Appetite is sickly and decay'd,
And you forbid me change (the sick Man's ease)
Who cannot cure, must humour his Disease.

S. Cath. Your Mind should first the Remedy begin;
You seek without, the Cure that is within.
The vain Experiments you make each Day,
To find Content, still finding it decay,
Without attempting more, should let you see
That you have sought it where it ne'er could be.
But when you place your Joys on things above,
You fix the wand'ring Planet of your Love:
Thence you may see
Poor human Kind all daz'd in open Day,
Err after Bliss, and blindly miss their Way:
The greatest Happiness a Prince can know,
Is to love Heav'n above, do Good below.

To them Berenice and Attendants.

Ber. That Happiness may *Berenice* find,
Leaving these empty Joys of Earth behind:
And this frail Being, where so short a while
Th' Unfortunate lament, and Prosp'rous smile.
Yet a few Days, and those which now appear
In Youth and Beauty like the blooming Year,

In life's swift Scene shall change; and Cares shall come,
And heavy Age, and Death's relentless Doom. [would shun;

S. Cath. Yet Man, by Pleasures seeks that Fate which he
And, suck'd in by the Stream, does to the Whirl-pool run.

Max. How, Madam, are you to new ways inclin'd?
I fear the Christian Sect perverts your Mind. [To Ber.

Ber. Yes, Tyrant, know that I their Faith embrace,
And own it in the midst of my Disgrace.

That Faith, which abject as it seems to thee,
Is nobler than thy Purple Pageantry;

A Faith, which still with Nature is at strife;
And looks beyond it to a future Life.

A Faith which vicious Souls abhor and fear,
Because it shows Eternity too near.

And therefore every one——
With seeming Scorn of it the rest deceives:

All joining not to own what each believes.
S. Cath. O happy Queen! whom Pow'r leads not astray,

Nor Youth's more pow'rful Blandishments betray.
Ber. Your Arguments my Reason first inclin'd,

And then your bright Example fix'd my Mind.
Max. With what a holy Empress am I blest,

What scorn of Earth dwells in her heav'nly Breast!
My Crown's too mean; but he whom you adore,

Has one more bright, of Martyrdom, in store.
She dies, and I am from the Envy freed: [Aside.

She has, I thank her, her own Death decreed.
No Soldier, now, will in her Rescue stir;

Her Death is but in complaisance to her.
I'll haste to gratifie her holy Will;

Heav'n grant her Zeal may but continue still.
Tribune, a Guard to seize the Empress strait, [To Val.

Secure her Person Pris'ner to the State. [Exit Max.

Val. Going to her. Madam, believe 'tis with regret I come
To Execute my angry Prince's Doom.

Enter Porphyrius.

Por. What is it I behold! Tribune, from whence
Proceeds this more than barbarous Insolence?

Val. Sir, I perform the Emperor's Commands.

Por. Villain, hold off thy sacrilegious Hands,

Or

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Or by the Gods——retire without Reply:
And, if he asks who bid thee, say 'twas I.

[Valerius retires to a distance.

Ber. Too generously your Safety you expose,
To save one Moment her whom you must lose.

Por. 'Twixt you and Death ten thousand Lives there stand;
Have Courage, Madam, the Pretorian Band
Will all oppose your Tyrant's Cruelty.

S. Cath. And I have Heav'n implor'd she may not die.
As some to witness Truth Heav'n's Call obey;
So some on Earth must, to confirm it, stay.

Por. What Faith, what Witness is it that you name?

Ber. Knowing what she believes, my Faith's the same.

Por. How am I cross'd what way so e'er I go!
To the Unlucky every thing is so.

Now, Fortune, thou hast shown thy utmost spight:
The Soldiers will not for a Christian fight.
And, Madam, all that I can promise now,
Is but to die before Death reaches you.

Ber. Now Death draws near, a strange Perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage, uncertain Dangers may abate;
But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate?

S. Cath. The wisest and the best some Fear may show;
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

Ber. As some faint Pilgrim standing on the Shore,
First views the Torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his Staff do's Tryal make,
How deep it is; and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his Leap: And then
Runs to the Bank, but there stops short again;
So I at once——

Both heav'nly Faith, and human Fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest Voyage I with Joy prepare;
Yet am ashamed to be a Stranger there.

S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepar'd to die:
Earth hangs too heavy for your Soul to fly.

Por.

Por. One way (and Heav'n I hope inspires my Mind),
I for your Safety in this straight can find:
But this fair Queen must farther my Intent.

S. Cath. Name any way your Reason can invent.

Por. to Ber. Though your Religion (which I cannot blame,
Because my secret Soul avows the same)
Has made your Life a Forfeit to the Laws,
The Tyrant's new-born Passion is the Cause.
Were this bright Princess once remov'd away,
Wanting the Food, the Flame would soon decay.
And I'll prepare a faithful Guard this Night
T'attend her Person, and secure her Flight. [freed,

Ber. to S. Cath. By this way I shall both from Death be
And you unforc'd to any wicked Deed. [strife;

S. Cath. Madam, my Thoughts are with themselves at
And Heav'n can witness how I prize your Life:
But 'tis a doubtful Conflict I must try
Betwixt my Pity, and my Piety.

Staying, your precious Life I must expose:
Going, my Crown of Martyrdom I lose.

Por. Your equal Choice when Heav'n does thus divide;
You should, like Heav'n, still lean on Mercy's side.

S. Cath. The Will of Heav'n, judg'd by a private Breast,
Is often what's our private Interest.

And therefore those, who would that Will obey,
Without their Int'rest must their Duty weigh.

As for my self, I do not Life despise;

But as the greatest Gift of Nature prize.

My Sex is weak, my Fears of Death are strong;

And whate'er is, its Being would prolong.

Were there no sting in Death, for me to die,

Would not be Conquest, but Stupidity.

But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,

And sense of Shame the fear of Death controul;

How much more then should Faith uphold the Mind,

Which, showing Death, shows future Life behind?

Ber. Of Death's Contempt, Heroick Proofs you give:
But, Madam, let my weaker Virtue live.

Your Faith may bid you, your own Life resign;

But not when yours must be involv'd with mine.

Since,

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Since, then, you do not think me fit to die,
Ah, how can you that Life I beg, deny!

S. Cath. Heav'n does in this my greatest Tryal make,
When I, for it, the Care of you forsake.
But I am plac'd, as on a Theatre,
Where all my Acts to all Mankind appear,
To imitate my Constancy, or Fear.
Then, Madam, judge what course I should pursue,
When I must either Heav'n forsake, or you.

Por. Were saving *Berenice's* Life a Sin,
Heav'n had shut up your Flight from *Maximin*. [we found,

S. Cath. Thus, with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will
That vast Abyfs where human Wit is drown'd!
In our small Skiff we must not launch too far;
We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers, are.
Faith's necessary Rules are plain and few;
We, many, and those needless, Rules pursue:
Faith from our Hearts into our Heads we drive;
And make Religion all Contemplative.
You, on Heav'n's Will may witty Glosses feign;
But that which I must practise here, is plain:
If the All-great decree her Life to spare,
He will the Means, without my Crime, prepare [Ex. *S. Cath.*

Por. Yet there is one way left! it is decreed
To save your Life that *Maximin* shall bleed.
'Midst all his Guards I will his Death pursue,
Or fall a Sacrifice to Love and you.

Ber. So great a Fear of Death I have not shown,
That I would shed his Blood to save my own.
My Fear is but from human Frailty brought,
And never mingled with a wicked Thought.

Por. 'Tis not a Crime, since one of you must die;
Or is excus'd by the Necessity.

Ber. I cannot to a Husband's Death consent;
But, by revealing, will your Crime prevent:
The horror of this deed——
Against the Fear of Death has arm'd my Mind;
And now less Guilt in him than you I find:
If I a Tyrant did detest before,
I hate a Rebel and a Traitor more:
Ungrateful Man——

Remember

Remember whose Successor thou art made,
And then thy Benefactor's Life invade.
Guards to your Charge I give your Pris'ner back:
And will from none but Heav'n my Safety take.

[Exit with Valerius and Guards.

Por. *solus*. 'Tis true, what she has often urg'd before;
He's both my Father, and my Emperor!
O Honour, how can'st thou invent a way
To save my Queen, and not my Trust betray!
Unhappy I that e'er he trusted me!
As well his Guardian-Angel may his Murd'rer be.
And yet — let Honour, Faith, and Virtue fly,
But let not Love in *Berenice* die.
She lives! —

That's put beyond Dispute, as firm as Fate:
Honour and Faith let Argument debate.

Enter Maximin and Valerius talking, and Guards.

Max. 'Tis said; but I am loth to think it true, [To Por.
That my late Orders were contemn'd by you:
That *Berenice* from her Guards you freed.

Por. I did it, and I glory in the Deed.

Max. How, glory my Commands to disobey!

Por. When those Commands would your Renown betray.

Max. Who should be Judge of that Renown you name,
But I?

Por. ——— Yes, I, and all who love your Fame.

Max. *Porphyrius*, your Replies are insolent.

Por. Sir, they are just, and for your Service meant.
If, for Religion you our Lives will take;
You do not the Offenders find, but make.
All Faiths are to their own Believers just;
For none believe, because they will, but must.
Faith is a Force from which there's no Defence;
Because the Reason it does first convince.
And Reason Conscience into Fetters brings;
And Conscience is without the Pow'r of Kings.

Max. Then Conscience is a greater Prince than I:
At whose each erring Call a King may die.
Who Conscience leave to its own free Command,
Puts the worst Weapon in a Rebel's Hand.

Por.

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Por. Its Empire, therefore, Sir, should bounded be;
And, but in acts of its Religion, free:
Those who ask civil Pow'r and Conscience too,
Their Monarch to his own Destruction woo.
With needful Arms let him secure his Peace;
Then, that wild Beast he safely may release.

Max. I can forgive these Liberties you take,
While but my Counsellor your self you make:
But you first act your Sense, and then advise:
That is, at my Expence you will be wise.
My Wife, I for Religion do not kill;
But she shall die——because it is my Will.

Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done;
And therefore merit not to be your Son:
I render back the Honours which you gave;
My Liberty's the only Gift I crave.

Max. You take too much——but, e'er you lay it down,
Consider what you part with in a Crown:
Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain,
Because they would be pity'd while they reign;
For still the greater Troubles they confess,
They know, their Pleasures will be envy'd less.

Por. Those Joys I neither envy nor admire;
But beg I from the Troubles may retire.

Max. What Soul is this which Empire cannot stir!
Supine and tame as a Philosopher!
Know then, thou wert adopted to a Throne,
Not for thy sake so much as for my own.
My Thoughts were once about thy Death at strife;
And thy Succession's thy Reprieve for Life.

Por. My Life and Death are still within your Pow'r:
But your Succession I renounce this Hour.
Upon a bloody Throne I will not sit;
Nor share the Guilt of Crimes which you commit.

Max. If you are not my *Cesar*, you must die.

Por. I take it as the nobler Destiny.

Max. I pity thee, and would thy Faults forgive;
But thus presuming on, thou canst not live.

Por. Sir, with your Throne your Pity I restore;
I am your Foe; nor will I use it more.

Now

Now all my Debts of Gratitude are paid,
I cannot trusted be, nor you betray'd: [Is going.

Max. Stay, stay! in threat'ning me to be my Foe,
You give me warning to conclude you so.
Thou to succeed a Monarch in his Seat!

Enter Placidius.

No, Fool, thou art too honest to be great!

Placidius, on your Life this Pris'ner keep:

Our Enmity shall end before I sleep.

Plac. I still am ready, Sir, whene'er you please, [To Por.
To do you such small Services as these.

Max. The fight with which my Eyes shall first be fed.
Must be my Empress and this Traitor's Head.

Por. Where-e'er thou standst, I'll level at that Place
My gushing Blood, and spout it at thy Face.

Thus, not by Marriage, we our Blood will join:
Nay more, my Arms shall throw my Head at thine.

[Exit guarded.

Max. There, go Adoption: I have now decreed
That Maximin shall Maximin succeed:
Old as I am, in Pleasures I will try
To waste an Empire yet before I die:
Since Life is fugitive, and will not stay,
I'll make it fly more pleasantly away.

[Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Valeria and Placidius.

Val. IF, as you say, you silently have been
So long my Lover, let my Pow'r be seen:
One Hour's Discourse before Porphyrius die,
Is all I ask, and you too may be by.

Plac. I must not break
The Order, which the Emperor did sign.

Val. Has then his Hand more Pow'r with you than mine?

Plac. This Hand, if given, would far more pow'rful be
Than all the Monarchs of the World to me:

But 'tis a Bait which would my Heart betray:

And, when I'm fast, will soon be snatcht away.

Val. O say not so; for I shall ever be
Oblig'd to him who once obliges me.

Plac. Madam, I'll wink, and favour your Deceit:
But know, fair Coz'ner, that I know the Cheat:
Though to these Eyes I nothing can refuse,
I'll not the Merit of my Ruin lose:
It is enough I see the Hook, and Bite:
But first I'll pay my Death with my Delight.

[*Kisses her Hand, and Exits.*]

Val. What can I hope from this sad Interview!
And yet my brave Design I will pursue.
By many signs I have my Rival found:
But Fortune him, as deep as me, does wound.
For, if he loves the Empress, his sad Fate
More moves my Pity, than his Scorn my Hate.

To her Placidius with Porphyrius.

Plac. I am, perhaps, the first
Who forc'd by Fate, and in his own Despight,
Brought a lov'd Rival to his Mistress fight.

Val. But, in revenge, let this your Comfort be,
That you have brought a Man who loves not me.
However, lay your causeless Envy by;
He is a Rival, who must quickly die.

Por. And yet I could with less Concernment bear
That Death of which you speak, than see you here.
So much of Guilt in my Refusal lyes,
That Debtor-like, I dare not meet your Eyes.

Val. I do not blame you, if you love elsewhere:
And, would to Heav'n, I could your Sufferings bear;
Or once again could some new Way invent,
To take upon my self your Punishment:
I sent for you, to let you know that still
(Though now I want the Pow'r) I have the Will.

Plac. Can all this Ocean of your Kindness be
Pour'd upon him, and not one Drop on me?

Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful Man,
Like drops of Water from a rising Swan.
Upon his Breast no sign of wet remains;
He bears his Love more proudly than his Chains.

Por. This thankless Man his Death will soon remove,
And quickly end so undeserv'd a Love.

Val.

Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But still I love too well to see you die.

Placidius, can you love, and see my Grief,
And for my sake not offer some Relief?

Plac. Not all the Gods his Ruin shall prevent;
Your Kindness does but urge his Punishment.
Besides, what can I for his Safety do?

He has declar'd himself your Father's Foe.

Val. Give out he is escap'd, and set him free:
And, if you please, lay all the Fault on me.

Por. O do not on those Terms my Freedom name:
Freed by your Danger I should die with Shame.

Plac. I must not farther by your Prayers be won:
All I could do, I have already done. [To her.

Val. To bring *Porphyrius* only to my sight,
Was not to show your Pity, but your Spight:
Would you but half oblige her you adore?
You should not have done this, or should do more.

Plac. Alas, what hope can there be left for me,
When I must sink into the Mine I see?
My Heart will fall before you, if I stay;
Each word you speak saps part of it away.—
—Yet all my Fortune on his Death is set:
And he may love her, tho' he loves not yet.
He must—and yet she says he must not die.
O, if I could but wink, I could deny.

To them *Albinus*.

Alb. The Emperor expects your Pris'ner strait:
And, with Impatience, for his Death does wait.

Plac. Nay, then it is too late my Love to weigh.
Your Pardon, Madam, if I must obey. [Exit Alb.

Por. I am prepar'd, he shall not long attend.

Val. Then hear my Pray'rs, and my Submissions end.
Placidius know, that Hour in which he dies,
My Death (so well I Love) shall wait on his.

Plac. O, Madam, do not fright me with your Death!

Val. My Life depends alone upon his Breath.
But, if I live in him, you do not know

How far my Gratitude to you may go.

I do not promise—but it so may prove,
That Gratitude, in time, may turn to Love.

Try me— *Plac.*

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Plac. —Now I consider it; I will: [*Musing a little.*]
 'Tis is your Pow'r to save him or to kill.
 I'll run the hazard to preserve his Life,
 If, after that, you vow to be my Wife:

Val. Nay, good *Placidius*, now you are too hard:
 Would you do nothing but for meer Reward?
 Like Usurers to Men in Want you prove,
 When you would take Extortion for my Love.

Plac. You have concluded then that he must die.

[*Going with Porphyrius.*]

Val. O stay, if no Price else his Life can buy,
 My Love a Ransom for his Life I give:
 Let my *Porphyrius* for another live.

[*Holding her Handkerchief before her Face.*]

Por. You too much value the small Merchandise:
 My Life's o'er-rated, when your Love's the Price.

Enter Albinus.

Alb. I long have listen'd to your generous Strife,
 As much concern'd for brave *Porphyrius'* Life.
 For mine I to his Favour ow'd this Day;
 Which with my future Service I will pay.

Plac. Least any your intended Flight prevent;
 I'll lead you first the back-way to my Tent:
 Thence, in disguise, you may the City gain,
 While some Excuse for your Escape I feign.

Val. Farewel, I must not see you when you part:

[*Turning her Face away.*]

For that last Look would break my tender Heart.
 Yet——let it break——I must have one Look more:

[*Looking on him.*]

Nay, now I'm less contented than before.
 For that last Look draws on another too;
 Which sure I need not, to remember you.
 For ever——yet I must one Glance repeat:
 But quick and short as starving People eat.
 So much Humanity dwells in your Breast,
 Sometimes to think on her who loves you best.

[*Going, he takes her Hand and kisses it.*]

Por. My wandring Steps where-ever Fortune bear,
 Your Memory I in my Breast will wear.
 Which, as a precious Amulet, I still
 Will carry, my Defence and Guard from Ill. Tho'.

Tho' to my former Vows I must be true,
 I'll ever keep one Love entire for you.
 That Love which Brothers with chaste Sisters make:
 And by this holy Kifs, which now I take
 From your fair Hand——

This common Sun which absent both shall see,
 Shall ne'er behold a Breach of Faith in me.

Val. Go, go, my Death will your short Vows restore:
 You've said enough, and I can hear no more.

[*Exit Val. one way, and Por. and Alb. another.*]

Plac. Love and good Nature, how do you betray!
 Mis-leading those who see and know their way!
 I, whom deep Arts of State could ne'er beguile,
 Have sold my self to Ruin for a Smile.
 Nay, I am driv'n so low, that I must take
 That Smile, as Alms, giv'n for my Rival's sake.

Enter Maximin talking with Valerius.

Max. And why was I not told of this before?

Val. Sir, she this Evening landed on the Shore.
 For with her Daughter being Pris'ner made,
 She in another Vessel was convey'd.

Max. Bring hither the *Ægyptian* Princess's strait. [*To Plac.*
 And you, *Valerius*, on her Mother wait. [*Exit Val.*

Plac. The Mother of th' *Ægyptian* Princess here!

Max. *Porphyrus*' Death I will a while defer.

And this new Opportunity improve
 To make my last Effort upon her Love.— [*Exit Plac.*
 Those who have Youth, may long endure to court;
 But he must swiftly catch whose Race is short.
 I in my Autumn do my Siege begin;
 And must make haste, e'er Winter comes, to win.
 This Hour——no longer shall my Pains endure:
 Her Love shall ease me, or her Death shall cure.

Enter at one Door Felicia and Valerius, at the other
St. Catharine and Placidius.

S. Cath. O, my dear Mother!

Fel. —— With what Joy I see
 My dearest Daughter from the Tempest free.

S. Cath. Dearer than all the Joys vain Empire yields,
 Or than to youthful Monarchs conquer'd Fields.
 Before you came——my Soul

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All fill'd with Heav'n did earthly Joys disdain:
But you pull back some part of me again.

Plac. You see, Sir, she can own a Joy below.

Max. It much imports me that this Truth I know.

Fel. How dreadful Death does on the Waves appear!
Where Seas we only see, and Tempests hear.

Such frightful Images did then pursue
My trembling Soul, that scarce I thought of you.

Plac. All Circumstances to your Wish combine;
Her fear of Death advances your Design.

Fel. But to that only Pow'r we serve I pray'd,
Till he, who bid it rise, the Tempest laid.

Max. You are a Christian then! [To Felicia.

For Death this very Hour you must prepare:
I have decreed no Christian's Life to spare.

Fel. For Death! I hope you but my Courage try:
What ever I believe, I dare not die.

Heav'n does not, sure, that Seal of Faith require;
Or, if it did, would firmer Thoughts inspire.

A Woman's Witness can no Credit give
To Truths Divine, and therefore I would live.

Max. I cannot give the Life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your Daughter's Hand;
Ask her, if she will yet her Love deny;
And bid a Monarch, and her Mother die.

Fel. Now, mighty Prince, you cancel all my Fear:
My Life is safe, when it depends on her.

How can you let me languish thus in pain! [To S. Cath.
Make haste to cure those Doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, speak and ease me of my Fear.

S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear.
Some wicked Fiend assumes your Voice and Face,
To make frail Nature triumph over Grace.
It cannot be——

That she who taught my Childhood Piety,
Should bid my riper Age my Faith deny:
That she who bid my Hopes this Crown pursue,
Should snatch it from me when 'tis just in view.

Fel. Peace, peace, too much my Age's Shame you show:
How easie 'tis to teach! how hard to do!

My

My lab'ring Thoughts are with themselves at strife:
I dare not die, nor bid you save my Life.

Max. You must do one, and that without delay;
Too long already for your Death I stay.

I cannot with your small Concerns dispence;
For Deaths of more Importance call me hence.

Prepare to execute your Office strait. [To his Guards.

Fel. O stay, and let 'em but one Minute wait.

Such quick Commands for Death you would not give,
If you but knew how sweet it were to live.

Max. Then bid her Love.

Fel. ——— Is Duty grown so weak, [To S. Cath.
That Love's a harder Word than Death to speak?

S. Cath. Oh!

Fel. Mistake me not, I never can approve
A thing so wicked as the Tyrant's Love.

I ask you would but some false Promise give,
Only to gain me so much time to live.

[Privately to S. Cath.

S. Cath. That Promise is a Step to greater Sin:

The Hold once lost, we seldom take again.

Each bound to Heav'n we fainter Essays make:

Still losing somewhat till we quite go back.

Max. Away, I grant no longer a Reprieve.

Fel. O do but beg my Life, and I may live. [To S. Cath.

Have you not so much Pity in your Breast?

He stays to have you make it your Request.

S. Cath. To beg your Life——

Is not to ask a Grace of *Maximin*:

It is a silent Bargain for a Sin.

Could we live always, Life were worth our Cost;

But now we keep with Care what must be lost.

Here we stand shiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,

When we should plunge into Eternity.

One Moment ends our Pain;

And yet the shock of Death we dare not stand,

By Thought scarce measur'd, and too swift for Sand:

'Tis but because the Living Death ne'er knew,

They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.

Let me th' Experiment before you try,

I'll show you first how easie 'tis to die.

Max.

Max. Draw then that Curtain, and let Death appear,
And let both see how easie 'twill be there.

The S C E N E opens, and shews the Wheel.

Fel. Alas, what Torments I already feel!

Max. Go, bind her Hand and Foot beneath that Wheel:
Four of you turn the dreadful Engine round;
Four others hold her fasten'd to the Ground:
That by degrees her tender Breasts my feel,
First the rough razings of the pointed Steel:
Her Paps then let the bearded Tenters stake,
And on each Hook a gory Gobbet take.
Till th' upper Flesh by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating Heart shall to the Sun display.

Fel. My dearest Daughter, at your Feet I fall; [*Kneeling*]
Hear, oh yet hear your wretched Mother's Call.
Think, at your Birth, ah think what Pains I bore,
And can your Eyes behold me suffer more?
You were the Child which from your Infancy
I still lov'd best, and then you best lov'd me.
About my Neck your little Arms you spread,
Nor could you sleep without me in the Bed;
But sought my Bosom when you went to Rest,
And all Night long would lie across my Breast.
Nor without Cause did you that Fondness show:
You may remember when our Nile did flow,
While on the Bank you innocently stood,
And with a Wand made Circles in the Flood,
That rose, and just was hurrying you to Death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of Breath
Ran and rush'd in——

And from the Waves my floating Pledge did bear,
So much my Love was stronger than my Fear.
But you——

Max. Woman, for these long Tales your Life's too short;
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the Sport.

Fel. No, in her Arms my Sanctuary's plac'd,
Thus I will cling for ever to her Waste.

[*Running to her Daughter*]

Max. What, must my Will by Women be controul'd?
Haste, draw your Weapons, and cut off her Hold.

S. Cath.

S. Cath. Thus my last Duty to you let me pay:
[Kissing her Mother.]

Yet, Tyrant, I to thee will never pray.
Tho' hers to save I my own Life would give,
Yet by my Sin, my Mother shall not live.
To thy foul Lust I never can consent;
Why dost thou then defer my Punishment?
I scorn those Gods thou vainly dost adore:
Contemn thy Empire, but thy Bed abhor.
If thou would'st yet a bloodier Tyrant be,
I will instruct thy Rage, begin with me.

Max. I thank thee that thou dost my Anger move:
It is a Tempest that will wreck my Love.
I'll pull thee hence, close hidden as thou art,

[Claps his Hand to his Breast.]

And stand with my drawn Sword before my Heart.
Yes, you shall be obey'd, though I am loath;
Go, and while I can bid you, bind 'em both,
Go, bind 'em e're my Fit of Love return:
Fire shall quench Fire, and Anger Love shall burn.
Thus I prevent those Follies I should do;
And 'tis the nobler Fever of the two.

Fel. Torn piece by piece, alas what horrid Pains!

S. Cath. Heav'n is all Mercy, who that Death ordains.
And that which Heav'n thinks best, is surely so:
But bare and naked, Shame to undergo,
'Tis somewhat more than Death!

Expos'd to lawless Eyes I dare not be,
My Modesty is sacred, Heav'n, to thee.
Let not my Body be the Tyrant's Spoil;
Nor Hands nor Eyes thy Purity defile.
Amariel descends swiftly with a flaming Sword, and strikes at the Wheel, which breaks in pieces, then he ascends again.

Max. Is this th' Effect of all your boasted Skill?
These brittle Toys to execute my Will?

A Puppet-show of Death I only find,
Where I a strong and finewy Pain design'd.
By what weak Infant was this Engine wrought?

Val. From *Bilbilis* the temper'd Steel was brought;
Metal more tough the Anvil ne'er did beat,
Nor, from the Forge, did hissing Waters heat.

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Plac. I saw a Youth descend all Heav'nly fair,
Who in his Hand a flaming Sword did bear,
And, Whirlwind-like, around him drove the Air.
At his rais'd Arm the rigid Iron shook;
And, bending backwards, fled before the Stroke.

Max. What! Miracles, the tricks of Heav'n to me?
I'll try if she be wholly Iron free.

If not by Sword, then she shall die by Fire;
And one by one her Miracles I'll tire.

If proof against all kind of Death she be,
My Love's Immortal, and she's fit for me.

S. Cath. No, Heav'n has shewn its Pow'r, and now
Thee to thy former Fury to remit. [thinks fit

Had Providence my longer Life decreed,
Thou from thy Passion hadst not yet been freed.
But Heav'n, which suffer'd that, my Faith to prove,
Now to its self does vindicate my Love.

A Pow'r controuls thee which thou dost not see;
And that's a Miracle it works in thee.

Max. The Truth of this new Miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you must take the Pains to die.
Bring me their Heads——

Fel. That Mercy, Tyrant, thou deny'st to me,
At thy last Breath may Heav'n refuse to thee.
My Fears are going, and I Death can view:
I see, I see him there thy Steps pursue,
And with a lifted Arm, and silent Pace,
Stalk after thee, just aiming in his Chace.

S. Cath. No more, dear Mother; ill in Death it shows
Your Peace of Mind by Rage to discompose:
No streak of Blood (the Relicks of the Earth)
Shall stain my Soul in her immortal Birth;
But she shall mount all pure, a white, and Virgin Mind;
And full of all that Peace, which there she goes to find.

[*Exeunt St. Catharine and Felicia, with Valerius,
and Guards. The Scene shuts.*

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my Heart-strings as she
Were Penitence no shame, I could repent. [went.
Yet 'tis of bad Example she should live;
For I might get th'ill Habit to forgive.

Thou

Thou soft Seducer of my Heart, away——
 Who ling'ring would'st about its Confiner stay
 To watch when some Rebellion would begin;
 And ready at each Sigh to enter in.
 In vain; for thou
 Dost on the outside of the Body play,
 And when drawn nearest, shalt be whirl'd away.
 What ails me, that I cannot lose thy Thought!
 Command the Empress hither to be brought; [To Place
 I in her Death shall some Diversion find,
 And rid my Thoughts at once of Woman-kind.

Plac. 'Tis well he thinks not of *Porphyrius* yet. [*Aide Exit*]

Max. How hard it is this Beauty to forget!
 My Stormy Rage has only shook my Will:
 She crept down lower, but she sticks there still.
 Fool that I am to struggle thus with Love!
 Why should I that which pleases me remove?
 True, she should die, were she concern'd alone;
 But I love, not for her sake, but my own.
 Our Gods are Gods, cause, they have Pow'r and Will;
 Who can do all things, can do nothing ill.
 Ill is Rebellion 'gainst some higher Pow'r:
 The World may Sin, but not its Emperor.
 My Empress then shall die, my Princess live;
 If this be Sin, I do my self forgive.

To him Valerius.

Val. Your Will's obey'd; for mighty Emperor,
 The Princess and her Mother are no more.

Max. She is not dead!

Val. ——Great Sir, your Will was so.

Max. That was my Will of half an Hour ago.
 But now 'tis alter'd; I have chang'd her Fate,
 She shall not die.

Val. ——Your Pity comes too late.
 Betwixt her Guards she seem'd by Bride-men led,
 Her Cheeks with cheerful Blushes were o'erspread,
 When, smiling, to the Ax she bow'd her Head.
 Just at the Stroke——
 Ætherial Musick did her Death prepare;
 Like joyful Sounds of Spousals in the Air.

436 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

A radiant Light did her crown'd Temples gild,
And all the Place with fragrant Scents was fill'd.
The Balmy Mist came thick'ning to the Ground,
And sacred Silence cover'd all around,
But when (its work perform'd) the Cloud withdrew,
And Day restor'd us to each others view,
I sought her Head to bring it on my Spear;
In vain I sought it, for it was not there.
No part remain'd; but from afar our Sight
Discover'd in the Air long Tracks of Light;
Of charming Notes we heard the last rebounds,
And Musick dying in remoter Sounds.

Max. And dost thou think
This lame Account fit for a Love-sick King?
Go — from the other World a better bring.

[Kills him, then sets his Foot on him, and speaks on.]
When in my Breast two mighty Passions strove,
Thou had'st err'd better in obeying Love.
'Tis true, that way thy Death had follow'd too.
But I had then been less displeas'd than now.
Now I must live unquiet for thy sake;
And this poor Recompence is all I take. *[Spurns the Body.]*

Here the SCENE opens and discovers Berenice on a Scaffold, the Guards by her, and amongst them Porphyrius and Albinus, like Moors, as all the Guards are. Placidius enters, and whispers the Emperor whilst Porphyrius speaks.

Por. From Berenice I cannot go away;
But, like a Ghost, must near my Treasure stay.

Alb. Night and this Shape secure us from their Eyes.

Por. Have Courage then for our bold Enterprize.
Duty and Faith no tie on me can have,
Since I renounc'd those Honours which he gave.

Max. The time is come we did so long attend, *[To Ber.]*
Which must these Discords of our Marriage end.
Yet Berenice, remember you have been
An Empress, and the Wife of Maximin.

Ber. I will remember I have been your Wife;
And therefore, dying, beg from Heav'n your Life:
Be all the Discords of our Bed forgot,
Which, Virtue witness, I did never spot.

What

What Errors I have made, though while I live,
You cannot pardon, to the dead forgive.

Max. How much she is to Piety inclin'd!
Behead her while she's in so good a Mind.

Por. Stand firm, *Albinus*, now the time is come
To free the Empress.

Alb. ——— And deliver *Rome*.

Por. Within I feel my hot Blood swell my Heart,
And generous Tremblings in each outward Part.
'Tis done——Tyrant, this is thy latest Hour.

[*Porphyrius and Albinus draw, and are making at the Emperor.*]

Ber. Look to your self, my Lord the Emperor :—
Treason, help, help, my Lord!

[*Maximin turns and defends himself, the Guards set on
Porphyrius and Albinus.*]

Max. Disarm 'em, but their Lives I charge you spare.
[*After they are disarm'd.*]

Unmask 'em, and discover who they are.

Good Gods, is it *Porphyrius* whom I see!

Plac. I wonder how he gain'd his Liberty.

Max. Traytor!

Por. ——— Know, Tyrant, I can bear that Name
Rather than Son, and bear it with less Shame.

Traytor's a Name, which, were my Arm yet free,
The Roman Senate would bestow on thee.

Ah, Madam, you have ruin'd my Design,

[*To Ber.*]

And lost your Life; for I regard not mine.

Too ill a Mistress, and too good a Wife.

Ber. It was my Duty to preserve his Life.

Max. Now I perceive

[*To Por.*]

In what close walk your Mind so long did move:

You scorn'd my Throne, aspiring to her Love.

Ber. In Death I'll own a Love to him so pure,

As will the Test of Heav'n it self endure.

A Love so chaste, as Conscience could not chide;

But cherish it, and kept it by its side.

A Love which never knew a hot Desire,

But flam'd as harmless as a lambent Fire.

A Love which, pure from Soul to Soul might pass,

As Light transmitted through a Crystal Glais.

438 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Which gave *Porphyrius* all without a Sin;
Yet kept entire the Right of *Maximin*.

Max. The best return that I to both can make,
Shall be to suffer for each others sake.

Por. *Barbarian*, do not dare her Blood to shed,
Who from my Vengeance sav'd thy curst Head.
A flight no Honour ever reach'd before;
And which succeeding Ages will adore.

Ber. *Porphyrius*, I must die!
That common Debt to Nature paid must be;
But I have left a Debt unpaid to thee.

To *Maximin*

I have perform'd the Duty of a Wife;
But, saving his, I cast away thy Life.
Ah, what ill Stars upon our Loves did shine,
That I am more thy Murd'rer than he mine.

Max. Make haste.

Por. So hasty none in Execution are,
But they allow the Dying time for Pray'r.
Farewel, sweet Saint, my Prayer shall be to you:
My Love has been unhappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me! Alas what have I said?
You must die too!

But yet remember me when you are dead.

Ber. If I die first, I will
Stop short of Heav'n, and wait you in a Cloud;
For fear we lose each other in the Crowd.

Por. Love is the only Coin in Heav'n will go:
Then take all with you, and leave none below.

Ber. 'Tis want of Knowledge, not of Love, I fear.
Lest we mistake when Bodies are not there,
O, as a mark that I could wear a Scroul,
With this Inscription, *Berenice's* Soul.

Por. That needs not, sure, for none will be so bright,
So pure, or with so small Allays of Light.

Max. From my full Eyes, fond Tears begin to start;
Dispatch, they practise Treason on my Heart.

Por. Adieu: This farewell Sigh, I as my last bequeath,
Catch it, 'tis Love expiring in a Breath.

Ber. This Sigh of mine shall meet it half the way,
As pledges giv'n that each for other stay.

Enter

Enter Valeria and Cydon.

Val. What dismal Scene of Death is here prepar'd!

Max. Now strike.

Val. They shall not strike till I am heard.

Max. From whence does this new Impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I decreed?

Val. Ah, Sir, to what strange Courses do you fly,
To make your self abhor'd for Cruelty!

The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vast Body bleeds in ev'ry Vein.

Gasping and pale, and fearing more, it lyes;

And now you stab it in the very Eyes:

Your *Cæsar* and the Partner of your Bed!

Ah, who can wish to live when they are dead?

If ever gentle Pity touch'd your Brest——

I cannot speak——my Tears shall speak the rest.

[Weeping and sobbing.]

Por. She adds new Grief to what I felt before,
And Fate has now no room to put in more.

Max. Away, thou shame and slander of my Blood.

[To Valeria.]

Who taught thee to be pitiful or good?

Val. What hope have I

The Name of Virtue should prevail with him,

Who thinks ev'n it, for which I plead, a Crime?

Yet Nature, sure, some Argument may be;

If them you cannot pity, pity me.

Max. I will, and all the World shall judge it so:

I will th'excess of Pity to you show.

You ask to save

A dangerous Rebel, and disloyal Wife,

And I in Mercy——will not take your Life.

Val. You more than kill me by this Cruelty,

And in their Persons bid your Daughter die.

I honour *Berenice's* Virtue much;

But for *Porphyrius* my Love is such,

I cannot, will not live when he is gone.

Max. I'll do that Cure for you, which on my self is done.

You must, like me, your Lover's Life remove;

Cut off your Hope, and you destroy your Love.

If

Enter

440 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

If it were hard, I would not bid you try
The Med'cine: But 'tis but to let him die.
Yet since you are so soft, (which you call good)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in Blood
To see his Death;
Your Frailty shall be favour'd with this Grace,
That they shall suffer in another Place.
If after they are dead, their Memory
By any chance into your Mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with some other thought:
Away with 'em.

[*Exeunt Ber. Por. and Alb. carried off by Guards.*]

Val. Since Pray'rs nor Tears can bend his cruel Mind,
[*Looking after Por.*]

Farewel, the best and bravest of Mankind;
How I have lov'd Heav'n knows: but there's a Fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.
My Father's Crimes hang heavy on my Head,
And like a gloomy Cloud about me spread;
I would in vain be Pious, that's a Grace
Which Heav'n permits not to a Tyrant's Race.

Max. Hence to her Tent the foolish Girl convey.

Val. Let me be just before I go away:
Placidius, I have vow'd to be your Wife;
Take then my Hand, 'tis yours while I have Life.
One moment here, I must another's be:
But this, *Porphyrius*, gives me back to thee.

[*Stabs her self twice, and then Placidius wrests the Dagger from her.*]

Plac. Help, help, the Princess, help!

Max. What rage has urg'd this act which thou hast done?

Val. Thou, Tyrant, and thy Crimes have pull'd it on.
Thou who canst Death with such a Pleasure see,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy sight in me.
But — I'll th' Occasion of my Death forget;
Save him I love, and be my Father yet:
I can no more — *Porphyrius*, my Dear —

Cyd. Alas, she raves, and thinks *Porphyrius* here.

Val. Have I not yet deserv'd thee now I die?
Is *Berenice* still more fair than I?

Porphyrius,

Porphyrius, do not swim before my Sight;
Stand still, and let me, let me aim aright.
Stand still, but while thy poor *Valeria* dies,
And sighs her Soul into her Lover's Eyes. [Dies.]

Plac. She's gone from Earth, and with her went away
All of the Tyrant that deserv'd to stay:

I've lost in her all Joys that Life can give;
And only to revenge her Death would live—— [Aside.]

Cyd. The Gods have claim'd her, and we must resign.

Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?

Did I molest your Heav'n?——

Why should you then make *Maximin* your Foe,
Who paid you Tribute, which he need not do?

Your Altars, I with smoke of Gums did crown:
For which you lean'd your hungry Nostrils down,

All daily gaping for my Incense there,
More than your Sun could draw you in a Year.

And you for this these Plagues on me have sent;
But by the Gods, (by *Maximin*, I meant)

Henceforth I, and my World,
Hostility with you and yours declare,

Look to it, Gods; for you th' Aggressors are.
Keep you your Rain and Sun-shine in your Skies,

And I'll keep back my Flame and Sacrifice.
Your Trade of Heav'n shall soon be at a stand,

And all your Goods lye dead upon your Hand.

Plac. Thus, Tyrant, since the Gods th' Aggressors are,
[Stabbing him.]

Thus by this stroke they have begun the War.
[*Maximin struggles with him, and gets the Dagger from him.*]

Max. Thus I return the Strokes which they have giv'n;
[Stabbing *Placidius*.]

Thus, Traytor, thus, and thus I would to Heav'n.
[*Placidius falls, and the Emperor staggers after him, and sits down upon him, the Guards come to help the Emperor.*]

Max. Stand off, and let me, e're my Strength begone,
Take my last Pleasure of Revenge, alone.

Enter a Centurion.

Cen. Arm, arm, the Camp is in a Mutiny:
For Rome and Liberty the Soldiers cry.

Porphy-

442 TYRANNICK LOVE; Or,

Porphyrus mov'd their Pity, as he went
To rescue *Berenice* from Punishment,
And now he heads their new-attempted Crime.

Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their
You think [time.

To save your Credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give my self the strength to rise.

[*He strives to get up, and being up, staggers.*

It wonnot be——

My Body has not pow'r my Mind to bear.

I must return again—— and Conquer here.

[*Sits down upon the Body.*

My Coward Body does my Will controul;

Farewel thou base Deserter of my Soul.

I'll shake this Carcass off, and be obey'd;

Reign an Imperial Ghost without its aid.

Go, Soldiers, take my Ensigns with you, fight,

And vanquish Rebels in your Sovereign's Right:

Before I die——

Bring me *Porphyrus* and my Empress dead,

I would brave Heav'n, in my each Hand a Head.

Plac. Do not regard a dying Tyrant's Breath.

He can but look Revenge on you in Death.

[*To the Soldiers.*

Max. Vanquish'd, and dar'st thou yet a Rebel be?

Thus——I can more than look Revenge on thee.

[*Stabs him again.*

Plac. Oh, I am gone!

[*Dies.*

Max. ——And after thee, I go,

Revenging still, and following ev'n to th' other World
my Blow. [*Stabs him again.*

And shoving back this Earth on which I sit,

I'll mount——and scatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*

Enter Porphyrus, Berenice, Albinus, Soldiers. Porphyrus

looks on the Bodies entring, and speaks.

Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty Work of Fate!)

And I am glad our Swords are come too late.

He was my Prince; and tho' a bloody one,

I should have conquer'd, and have Mercy shown.

Sheath all your Swords, and cease your Enmity;

They are not Foes, but *Romans* whom you see.

Ber.

Ber. He was my Tyrant, but my Husband too;
And therefore Duty will some Tears allow.

Por. *Placidius* here!

And fair *Valeria* new depriv'd of Breath?
Who can unriddle this dumb-show of Death?

Cyd. When, Sir, her Father did your Life deny,
She kill'd her self, that she with you might die.

Placidius made the Emp'r's Death his Crime;
Who, dying, did revenge his Death on him.

[*Porphyrius kneels and takes Valeria's Hand.*]

Por. For thy dear sake, I vow each Week I live,
One Day to Fasting and just Grief I'll give:
And what hard Fate did to thy Life deny,
My Gratitude shall pay thy Memory.

Cen. Mean time to you belongs th' Imperial Pow'r:
We with one Voice salute you Emperor.

Soldiers. Long live *Porphyrius* Emperor of the Romans.

Por. Too much, my Country-men, your Love you show,
That you have thought me worthy to be so.
But, to requite that Love, I must take care
Not to ingage you in a Civil War.
Two Emperors at *Rome* the Senate chose,
And whom they chuse, no *Roman* should oppose.
In Peace or War, let Monarchs Hope or Fear;
All my Ambition shall be bounded here.

[*Kissing Berenice's Hand.*]

Ber. I have too lately been a Prince's Wife,
And fear th' unlucky Omen of the Life.
Like a rich Vessel beat by Storms to Shoar,
'Twere Madness should I venture out once more.
Of glorious Troubles I will take no part,
And in no Empire reign, but of your Heart.

Por. Let to the Winds your golden Eagles flye,

[*To the Soldiers.*]

Your Trumpets sound a bloodless Victory:
Our Arms no more let *Aquileia* fear,
But to her Gates our peaceful Ensigns bear.
While I mix *Cypress* with my Myrtle Wreath:
Joy for your Life, and mourn *Valeria's* Death.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Ellen, when she was to be
carried off dead by the Bearers.

To the Bearer.

HOLD, are you mad? You damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind Gentlemen, strange News to tell ye,

I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.

Sweet Ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil,

I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.

For after Death, we Sprights have just such Natures

We had for all the World, when human Creatures;

And therefore I that was an Actress here,

Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.

Gallants, look to't, you say there are no Sprights;

But I'll come dance about your Beds at Nights.

And Faith you'll be in a sweet kind of raking,

When I surprize you between sleep and waking.

To tell you true, I walk because I die

Out of my Calling, in a Tragedy.

O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove

So senseless! to make Nelly die for Love;

Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime

Of Easter-Term, in Tart and Cheese-Cake time!

I'll fit the Fopp; for I'll not one Word say

T' excuse his goaly out-of-fashion Play.

A Play, which if you dare but twice sit out,

You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout

But, farewell Gentlemen, make haste to me,

I'm sure e'er long to have your Company.

As for my Epitaph when I am gone,

I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who, though she liv'd a Slatter'n,

Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in St. Cathar'n.

11 FEB 69

The End of the Second Volume.